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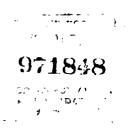
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JANUARY, 1848.

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ERRATA IN LAST NUMBER.

In page 222, line 16 to 20, [When the——King:] should read on as text-Page 224, line 25, read sister-heart for sister-head.



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Adbertigement.

NEW SERIES OF THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE.

For twelve months the Metropolitan Magazine has been under the management of the present editor. That his endeavours to improve its character have not been unsuccessful, is evident from the notices that from time to time have appeared in the columns of the weekly and daily press. proprietors, however, now feel that the time has come to seek for the METROPOLITAN a wider support than that it has hitherto received. To this end, arrangements are in progress to reduce the price, and to give to the magazine a more earnest character and a higher aim. Light literature, as usual, will occupy a part of the magazine; but the proprietors feel that, in times like the present, when every day tells of political change,—when human wrongs are being abolished, and human rights proclaimed, -when hearts that have long been weighed down with sorrow by the sight of human degradation and woe, are beginning to leap up with joy,—it becomes them to aid the cause of progress, and to make the METROPOLITAN of man, wherever he may be, the advocate and friend.

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METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE.

THE LITERARY FORGERIES OF CHATTERTON.

BY THE EDITOR.

In the year 1768, there appeared in Farley's Weekly Journal—a Bristol newspaper—an account of the opening of the old bridge in that place, said to have been taken from a very ancient MS.; attention was drawn to it, inquiries were made respecting the source whence it was derived. After a little search, it was traced to a lad of the name of Chatterton.

This was the first step towards that great imposition with which this singularly-endowed, but unfortunate youth, attempted to deceive the public. It was quickly followed by others; verses, ascribed to Rowley, Canynge, and others, appeared in swift succession; the puzzle of scholars versed in antique lore, affording ample materials for a controversy as famous as that between Boyle and Bentley, enlisting on one side or the other the acutest critics of the day — Warton, Tyrrwhit, Walpole, the Dean of Exeter, president of the Antiquarian Society, and others less known to fame—carried on with a sincere desire to know the truth, and, with what is rare, even in antiquarian discussions, without any of that personality and recrimination with which literary warfare even is too often disgraced. This controversy, the fruitful source of at least twenty-eight publications, long survived him who by his forgeries gave rise to it. Alienated by misconduct from his friends, -by his own folly rendered poor, at the early age of eighteen,the victim of want, of disappointment, of scorn-Chatterton committed suicide. The day of trial came, and, like a coward, he forsook his post. Far more wisely did Johnson act. He lived on, and won for himself fame and power. Crabbe did the same, and became chaplain to a duke.

It is not our purpose to give an account of the life of Chatterton. Those few events which marked the short space of eighteen years,

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January, 1848.—vol. LI.—no. cci.

have been preserved by the pen of the biographer, and have been embalmed and rendered sacred by the talents and sympathy paid by men who, gifted themselves, could rightly esteem and sincerely lament genius struggling with adversity, chilled by poverty, quenched by early death. With tears have they watered his grave—with cypress have they beautified it. His memory is graven on all hearts, for it is married to immortal verse. Poetry and prose have been employed to build a memorial to him who walked this earth as a stranger in a strange land, against whom beat its bitterest blasts—who, leaning on broken reeds, bending the knee to idols formed of clay, burning with hopes destined to be blasted, glowing with visions of deep joy, which faded as he gazed—found life and all life's concerns to be vain, delusive, and unsatisfying—found earth and all its scenes, in their truest and saddest sense, to

be vanity and vexation of spirit.

Though we do not attempt to give the life of Chatterton, yet we feel obliged to give a part of his character, and that part not the It is no wish of ours to misrepresent him—to place him in a bad light—to make him appear worse than he really was, therefore we regret that here we must leave out his amiable qualities, and pourtray him only in that character in which he appears as a clever, bold, and barefaced impostor. In this light, however, his mental power is displayed to the best advantage. The productions, published under his own name, being much inferior to the forgeries attributed to Canynge and Rowley. We will make, then, a few extracts from George Catcott's account of him, who, it may be as well to observe, was a firm believer in the truth of the Rowleian MSS. In the preface to a copy of the poems, published in 1777, he remarks, that he "was a young man of very uncommon abilities, but bad principles." Again we are informed, "he discovered an uncommon taste for poetry; he was also a great proficient in heraldry." "He was not, however, of an open or ingenuous disposition; and consequently never would give any satisfactory account of what he possessed, but only from time to time, as his necessities obliged him, produced some transcripts from these originals!" so Mr. Catcott, in his simplicity, thought them; "and it was with great difficulty and some expense, I have procured what I have." Mr. Catcott's avidity, as Dr. Johnson would say, were he alive, is singularly refreshing. Surely, of all men he must have been the most guiltless, the most easily imposed on by old wives' fables. Here was a young man whose whole life had been devoted to the study of antiquities, drinking in that spirit from his very birth—"falling in love," as his mother says, at an early age, with the illuminated capitals of a French MS.—learning to read from an old black-lettered Bible; passionately fond of poetry; at the age of eleven, writing better verses, more readable, with better rhymes, more neatly expressed than are those

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of many men or women twice that age; of no principles whatever; unnoticed and unknown; panting for fame; necessitous to an extreme. Surely here are the very materials for a literary impostor, as in the singular, unsuspecting confidence of Mr. Catcott, there were those for a ready dupe. All this we have said about Chatterton, and more Mr. Catcott knew, for he acted the part of patron and a friend; yet though, as he himself says, he could get no satisfactory information, though the mysterious pretended originals were carefully kept from his sight, knowing as he did, that Chatterton was a young man of bad principles, of great talents, and equally great necessities, without any suspicion, against all probability, through evil and good report, believed, asserted, contended for the authenticity of the Rowleian MSS.

This knowledge of Chatterton's character will enable us the better to judge of the degree of importance to be attached to his own statements. That he might imagine that the public would be more likely to take an interest in the poems of a monk of the fifteenth century, than in those of an unknown youth in a provincial town, in the seventeenth, is very probable. Nor is it much to be wondered at, that he should all along continue to deny that the poems he had published were forgeries. Having once asserted their genuineness, he felt himself bound, by every principle of honour, to maintain it. Chatterton's notions of right and wrong, were neither rigid nor troublesome; and, to a person of his habit of thinking, the doubtful fame resulting from a connexion with the ideal Bowley, might seem much preferable to that which the poems, divested of the charm of antiquity, might obtain for their author. At any rate, the forgery once committed, his (to use his own words) "native unconquerable pride" would never suffer him to own them to be simply the productions of his muse.

But even allowing the forgeries to be genuine, even then the contents of the writings, and the time of the discovery are, to say the least, calculated to excite suspicion. It is strange - passing strange—a thing most rare even in our days, when, if we may believe the newspapers, no one is old-fashioned enough to look surprised on tales, in comparison with which the adventures of Baron Munchausen are mere dull, sober, every day facts, that there should be such an admirable, such an extraordinary adaptation of the contents of the papers to the circumstances of the localities in which they were published, or to the characters of those to whom they were addressed. Thus a new bridge is built over the Avon-straightway there appears an account of the passing over the old bridge for the first time in the thirteenth century; an account accidentally found and published by Chatterton. Our poet's friend, Mr. Burgham, reckons amongst his other amiable weaknesses, a love of heraldic honours—directly Chatterton traces his pedigree from the time of William the Conqueror, and allies him to some of

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the first families in the kingdom, by means of old manuscripts Again, Mr. Burgham, which is very accidentally discovered. natural, believes these Rowleian manuscripts to be genuine. Chatterton, to reward and strengthen his credulity, presents him with a poem entitled, "The Romaunt of the Cnyghte," written about four hundred and fifty years before by one John de Burgham, one of his own ancestors. Chatterton wishes to please one of his own relations, a Mr. Stephens; he does so by proving him to be the descendant of Fitz-Stephen, grandson of the Earl of Blois, who flourished in the year 1095. Another friend, no less a personage than Mr. Catcott, is a most worthy and religious man, mighty in the scriptures, learned in theology; Chatterton presents him with a copy of an ancient fragment of a sermon on the Divinity of the Holy Ghost, "as written by Thomas Rowley," of course, after this convincing proof, John Catcott's doubts, if he had any, as to the authenticity of the manuscripts were at once dispelled. friend desirous of proving the antiquity of Bristol? no sooner was the wish expressed, than it appeared by a certain document which Chatterton accidentally discovered, that a Saxon of the name of Arlward lived in Bristol in the year 718. Did any one set about writing the history of Bristol, then plans and descriptions of churches and chapels existing five hundred years before, appeared in abundance, as if by special Providence everything relating to Bristol was religiously preserved from the ravages of tumult and Horace Walpole, that great historian of tea-tables and scandal, is writing a history of Bristol painters, Chatterton most fortunately happens to have found in some other place than an old chest we suspect, notwithstanding his assertion to the contrary, a list of "auncient carvillers and peyncters" who flourished in Bristol, whom no one knows or cares, or ever did. finely says:-

"The treasures of antiquity laid up, In old historic rolls I opened."

The old historic rolls Chatterton opened might have made the most credulous pause ere they credited their authenticity. The few facts we have brought forward, are such as must create scepticism as to the truth of Chatterton's assertions in the mind of any unprejudiced man of ordinary intelligence; that man must have a living and active faith who can read all this, and yet have no suspicions that some one else, besides good Thomas Rowley, was in rather more than a slight degree in some way connected with the affair.

Thomas Rowley, the hero of the controversy, the principal writer of these poems (for others are introduced,) is said to have flourished in the reigns of Henry vi. and Edward iv., between the years 1422 and 1483; it is, therefore, necessary that we should consider the state of literature at that period. It will not be very

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difficult to show that the structure, the smoothness of Rowley's verses, prove him to have been no contemporary of Oceleve or Lyd-

gate, the principal poets of that time.

According to the well-known oriental proverb, "the darkest hour in the twenty-four is the hour before day." In the history of our literature that hour had now come. The War of the Roses fills an insulated space between the cessation of Latin and the rise of English writers. The poet and the orator had done but little for our mother tongue. Its capabilities were almost untried, and, consequently, almost unknown. As yet it was destitute of the burning power which rendered it immortal, when it became, as Wordsworth finely says—

"The tongue that Shakspeare spake."

It was a time of war, and the sword outshone the pen, the camp not the cloister was the school; poems were not written, for each man, in his small way, endeavoured to act an heroic poem for himself. The battle field with its bannered hosts of war, with its deadly rivalry, and its cruel rage, was poetry enough. Dr. Henry, in his view of the literature of that age remarks, "that one of the most obvious defects in all the authors of this period is a total want of taste." Their ideas were couched in the most ordinary language, with no polish, and no attempt at polish whatever; and it was but rarely they attempted to be anything else but dull, or to write anything else but common place. They invariably adopted the language of bombast and rhodomontade. Latin was the medium through which these scholars, as they are by courtesy called, communicated their ideas, and that was wretched, worse than the refuse of the lowest form of the most ignorant grammar school of the present day. Thus, William of Wyrcester tells us, the Duke of York returned from Ireland, "et arrivatus apud Rebdanke prope Cestriam," and arrived at Redbanke, near Chester. And John Rous, the antiquarian, says, the Marquis of Dorset, and his uncle Sir Thomas Grey, were obliged to fly the country, "quod ipsi contraviscent mortem ducis protectoris Anglia," because they had contrived the death of the Duke, the Protector of England. Such was the prose, we need not add that the poetry was infamous, such as neither men nor gods allow. Chaucer and Gower were no more, and their mantle had fallen on none: Oceleve and Lydgate are the only poets worth mentioning. the rest oblivion has shielded from contempt. Oceleve writes thus, the subject Chaucer:-

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[&]quot;My dear master God his soul quite,
And fader Chaucer fain would have me taught,
But I was dull and learned lyte or nought.

Alas! my worthy mayster honourable, This land is very tressure and richesse, Deth by thy deth hath harm irreparable Unto us done."

Lydgate follows on the same subject, in an equally enchanting strain:

' My mayster Chaucer,
And if I shall shortly him descrere,
Was never none to this day alive,
That worthy was his inkhorne for to hold."

This is called poetry, and in the age when such stuff was written, and, we presume, read (for the supply, according to the political economists, creates the demand), has Chatterton ascribed the date of Rowley's existence. Nothing could have been more unfortunate; it was impossible to have made a more egregious blunder; he has, with the most praiseworthy ignorance of facts, chosen the very darkest period in the history of our literature, as the time when verses as beautiful, as harmonious, as liquid as those of Spenser himself, were written; as if the same people could read and admire the "Lyfe of our Lady," and the "Battle of Hastings," the "Divers Ballads against the Seven Deadly Sins," or the beautiful lyrics of Rowley. An extract from the latter will at once prove his vast, his immeasurable superiority, to the writers whom we have quoted. We take the following, though long and minute, description of the "Wife of Aldhelm," extracted from the "Battle of Hastings:"-

"He married was to Kenewalchae faire,
The fynest dame the sun or moone adave;*
She was the myghtie Aderedus' heyre,
Who was alreadie hastynge to the grave;
As the blue Bruton, rysinge from the wave,
Like sea-gods seeme in most majestic guise,
And round about the risynge waters lave,†
And their longe havre arounde their bodie flies,
Such majestie was in her porte displaid,
To be excell'd bie none but Homer's martial maid.

"White as the Chaulkie clyffes of Brittaines isle,
Red as the highest colour'd Gallic wine,
Gaie as all nature at the mornynge smile,
Those hues with pleasaunce on her lippes combine—
Her lippes more redde than summer evenynge skyne,‡
Or Phœbus rysing in a frostie morne,

† Wash

^{*} Arose upon.

Her bresse more white than snow in feeldes that lyene,*
Or lillie lambes that never have been shorne,
Swellynge like bubbles in a boillynge welle,
Or new-braste† brooklettes gently whyspringe in the delle.

"Browne as the fylberte droppyng from the shelle,
Browne as the nappy ale at Hocktyde game,
So browne the crokyde; rynges, that featlie fells
Over the neck of the all-beauteous dame.
Greie as the morne before the ruddie flame
Of Phœbus' charyotte rollynge thro the skie;
Greie as the steel-horn'd goats Conyan made tame,
So greie appear'd her featly sparklying eye;
Those eyne, that dyd oft mickle pleased look
On Adhelm valyaunt man, the virtues' doomsday book.

"Majestic as the grove of okes that stoode,
Before the abbie buylt by Oswald kynge;
Majestic as Hybernies holie woode,
Where sainctes and souls departed masses synge;
Such awe from her sweete looke forth issuyage
At once for reverannce and love did calle;
Sweet as the voice of thraslarks in the Spring,
So sweet the wordes that from her lippes did falle;
None fell in vayne; all shewed some entent;
Her wordies did displaie her great entendement.

"Tapre as candles layde at Cuthbert's shryne,
Tapre as elmes that Goodricke's abbie shrove,
Tapre as silver chalices for wine,
So tapre was her armes and shape ygrove.
As skilful mynemenne by the stones above
Can ken what metalle is ylach'd belowe,
So Kennewalcha's face, ymade for love,
The lovelie ymage of her soule did shewe;
Thus was she outward form'd; the sun her mind
Did guide her mortal shape and all her charms refin'd."

With a few antiquarian terms struck out, this quotation might pass for a production of the present age. No person of ordinary literary information can attribute it to the fifteenth century. The transition of the Saxon tongue into English was proceeding then, it is true, but at a very different rate to what Chatterton would have us believe. Sir Frederick Madden, the able editor of "Lazamons Brut," or "Chronicle of Britain," remarks that the successive

[•] Lies. § Gently.

[†] Newly burst.

Understanding.

stages of development in our language may be indicated with tolerable correctness; thus:—

But it is no middle English that Chatterton attributes to Rowley, but the product of a far later age. Again, in this quotation the reader must have been struck with the prominent feature—its extreme length and minuteness. Now these are exclusively the attributes of modern poetry. At any rate, we do not find them in the writers of the fifteenth century. We moderns expand, where our ancestors but glanced. For them a word was enough; we must, as it were, hunt an idea to death. This Rowley, however, seems not only in this particular instance, but in others as well, to have, as it were out-heroded Herod-to have beaten the moderns hollow at what is thought their besetting sinexpansion. In this respect he leaves us far behind, and shows us that the only thing on which we can plume ourselves, and on which, in our ignorance, we have taken our stand, was done more than three hundred years ago, by an obscure monk at Bristol. And the man who did these wonders lived and died unknown. No one discovered his poetry, and appreciated its worth. would be marvellous, were it true. To speak seriously, however, the poem from which we have quoted, despite of old spelling and obsolete words and phrases, stuck in without the least regard to propriety or fitness, is evidently the production of a person who lived at a much later period than the cotemporaries of Oceleve or Lydgate. Had we room, we would make another quotation, in a different style of versification altogether, one which we never met with in old writers, which Oceleve and Lydgate, and the men of that age, never dreamt of; we mean the Pindaric ode, which had no existence in English literature at all, until Cowley brought it into fashion, and which, therefore, is consequently modern. Chatterton could never have read Cowley, where he says, by way of preface to his own attempts, "Panarclus might have counted the Pindaric ode in his list of the best inventions of antiquity," or he never would have fathered one upon Rowley. It is headed, "A Song to Ella, Lord of the Castle of Bristowe, yn Days of Yore." Those of our readers who wish to peruse it, we refer to Chatterton's poems. We mention it merely for the purpose of noting the flagrant anachronism of which he was guilty in this case.

One more quotation will suffice; it is called the "Mynstrel's Song," and is so beautiful, that we make no apology for printing

it all:-

MYNSTRELLES SONG.

"O! synge untoe mie roundelaie,
O! droppe the brynie tear wythe mee,
Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,
Lycke a reynynge ryver bee;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

"Blacke hys cryne as the wyntere nyghte, Whyte hys rode* as the sommer snowe, Rodde hys face as the mornynge lyghte, Cale† he lyes ynne the grave belowe;

Mie love ys dedde,

Gon to hys deathe-bedde,

Al under the wyllowe tree.

"Swote; hys tyngue as the throstles note,
Quycke ynn daunce as thoughte canne bee,
Defte hys taboure, codgelle stote,
O! hee lyes bie the wyllowe tree;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Alle underre the wyllowe tree.

"Harke! the ravenne flappes hys wynge,
In the briered dell belowe;
Harke! the dethe-owle loude dothe synge,
To the nyghte-mares as heie goe;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

"See! the whyte moone sheenes onne hie;
Whyterre ys mie true loves shroude;
Whyterre yanne the mornynge skie,
Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

"Heere, uponne mie true loves grave,
Schalle the baren fleurs be layde,
Nee one hallies Seyncte to save
Al the calness† of a mayde.

Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Alle under the wyllowe tree.

• Neck. † Cold

‡ Sweet.

§ Holy.

|| Coldness.

"Wythe mie hondes I'lle dente* the brieres
Rounde his hallie corse to gre,
Ouphante† fairie, lyghte youre fyres,
Heere mie boddie stylle schalle bee.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
Al-under the wyllowe tree.

"Comme, wythe acorne-coppe and thorne,
Drayne mie hartys blodde awaie;
Lyfe and all yttes good I scorne,
Daunce bie niete, or feaste by daie.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

"Waterre wytches, crownede wythe reytes,;
Bere mee to yer leathalle tyde.
I die! I comme! mie true love waytes.
Thos the damselle spake and dyed.

These verses, the best Chatterton ever wrote, are evidently modern; it would be preposterous to assert that they are not. Whatever the fifteenth century witnessed, it did not witness the birth of such finished and exquisite versification as we have given. It was left to a later age to witness that. That did not take place till "the well of English undefiled" had become dry; till the oracles were dumb, for the inspiration was no more; till the freshness of English poetry had departed, and till a degenerate race sought its equivalent in stale and miserable puns, and paltry conceits, and looked on them as the sure signs of the presence of the muse; and crowned with the laurel, and adorned with the name of poet, the man who had been the most active in this crusade against nature. Succeeding writers adhered to them as models for style, but regarded with disdain their coldness, their staleness, and their affected wit. They turned away from them to bards of more hallowed fire; they drank the waters at the fountain head. Hence the odes and songs of our greatest poets. Thus it was with Chatterton, in the verses we have quoted. They have no connexion with English poetry as it grew with Chaucer or languished with Cowley, but with English poetry as reinvigorated, bursting the fetters which enchained it, it shone forth in Grey's Elegy," "Beattie's Minstrel." in Goldsmith's "Traveller," and "Collins' Odes," the illustrious dawn of a yet more illustrious day. Another circumstance which leads to the conclusion that Chatterton's poems are forgeries, is their similarity to forgeries. Many of the poems professing to be

† Water-flags.

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angient ballads, are exactly like imitations of ancient ballads. Successfully to attempt to do this, requires no common power; we have seen it done in our day in lays of ancient Rome, but such instances are rare; and Macaulay was aided by what had been already done by Sir Walter Scott, the great restorer of our ballad poetry. In Chatterton's day the thing was untried, and he was unequal to the task. The man who would succeed in attempts of this kind, has many difficulties to overcome. He must isolate himself from the age in which he lives; he must endeavour to attain the thoughts and feelings of an earlier day. In short, for the time, he must sink his own being in that of another, and must look upon the world and the men of it through a totally strange and unaccustomed light. Hence it is that imitations are generally so unsuccessful. There is a simplicity, and a beauty, and a strength in the genuine ballads, which the imitations do not, or but rarely possess. The simplicity degenerates into childishness; the verses become feeble; they have all the defects, and none of the beauties of the original. Dr. Johnson, who had a keen eye for the failings of a school to which he never belonged, and who had a deep contempt for anything simple, as if it were necessarily childish, has very: happily hit off this weak point, in the imitation of ancient ballads, in such lines as these:-

"The tender infant, meek and mild, Fell down upon a stone,
The nurse took up the squalling child,
But still the child squall'd on."

Notwithstanding that school in poetry, afterwards better known as the Lake School, is not a little indebted to the Doctor. A generation that had been wearied with the pomp and monotony of his much sounding phrases, found in it a welcome relief. Of this new poetic gospel Dr. Percy was the forerunner, and Wordsworth the highpriest. The latter is a case in point. That the author of the "Excursion" is a true poet; that some of his grand sonnets are only inferior to Milton's; that much that he has written posterity will not willingly let die, we readily admit; but that he has failed where others have done the same, we think cannot for a moment be denied. Without giving in our unfeigned assent and consent to the severe criticism by which Jeffery for years endeavoured to extinguish the rising school of lake poets, it strikes us that Wordsworth has not succeeded so well as his too partial admirers have. thought. Often he has been more successful in copying the defects, than the beauties of the ballad writers of an earlier day. A parody, on rather a fair, by no means a ridiculous or spiteful imitation, of

that great poet, will show our meaning. It is taken from the "Rejected Addresses." A verse or two will suffice:—

"My brother Jack was nine in May, And I was eight on New Years'-day, So in Kate Wilson's shop; Papa—he's my papa, and Jack's Bought me last week a doll of wax, And brother Jack a top."

"Jack's in the pouts; and thus it is
He thinks mine came to more than his,
So to my drawer he goes;
Takes out my doll, and oh, my stars!
He puts her head between the bars,
And melts off half her nose."

We shall skip the rest of the young lady's narrative, for the domestic tragedy is of too harrowing a nature, and conclude with this verse:—

"At first I caught hold of the wing,
And kept away, but Mr. ThingUmbob, the prompter man,
Gave with his hand my chaise a shove,
And said, go on my little love,
Speak to 'em pretty Nan.'

Now this half feeble simplicity, we might say this downright childishness, is a sure sign that the poem is an imitation, or, at least, has been modernized.

The reader will remember the ballad of "Chevy Chace," which was thus modernised; may we not add, improved?

"Of Wadrington I needs must sing, As one in doleful dumps, For when his legs were smitten off, He fought upon his stumps."

Of this feeble attempt at simplicity, we meet with several instances in the Rowleian MSS. One that is called the "Bristowe Tragedie, or the Death of Charles Baldwin," is so manifestly an imitation, so interlarded with palpable plagiarisms, that we wonder Chatterton should have shown it, or should have suffered it to appear.

Again, Rowley is made to write tragedies in which there is much

that is beautiful; but they were not even in existence when Row-ley is said to have lived. The drama then can hardly be said to have existed at all. Mysteries, as they were termed, were then the order of the day. Moralities did not come into vogue till after Rowley's time, and regular plays like his, were not thought of till about an hundred years after his death. Those were the days when the Chester, Widkirk, and Coventry miracle plays, with their twenty, and thirty, and forty acts, astonished all classes, prince and peasant alike, with their wonderful scenic representations of all things that had happened, including the fall of Lucifer, and what might, would, or could happen down to the Day of Judgment. The general plan of the mystery was—Adam and Eve would appear, sometimes naked, sometimes not; the serpent would join them; they were then driven from Paradise. The serpent would make his exit leaping; Adam would go and dig; Eve would spin to pass away the time; Cain would kill Abel, which occasions Adam no little sorrow when he returns. That was the common run of these mysteries. Eighty years after the date Chatterton assigns to Rowley, we find nothing nearer the regular drama than the interludes of John Heywood. We gather a notion of what they were from an account given by Mr. Collier in his history of dramatic poetry, entitled, "A Mery Play between the Pardoner and the Frere, the Curate and Neighbour Pratte." A pardoner and a friar have each obtained leave of the curate to use his church—the one for the exhibition of his relics, and the other for the delivery of a sermon—the object of both being the same, that of procuring money. The friar arrives first, and is about to commence his discourse, when the pardoner enters and disturbs him; each is desirous of being heard, and after many vain attempts, by force of lungs, they proceed to force of arms, kicking and cuffing each other unmercifully. The curate called, by the disturbance in the church, endeavours without avail to part the combatants. therefore, calls in neighbour Pratte to his asssistance; and while the curate seizes the friar, Pratte undertakes to deal with the pardoner, in order that they may set them in the stocks. It turns out that both the friar and the pardoner are too much for their assailants, and the latter, after a sound drubbing, are glad to come to a composition by which the former are allowed quietly to depart. "Ralph Roister Doyster," the earliest English comedy yet discovered, must have been written by Nicholas Udall about 1530; Chatterton was, therefore, in this respect guilty of a most egregious blunder. At the time Rowley is made to write a regular drama, "Mysteries formed on Bible Scenes," were the only rude approximations to the drama then thought of or desired. Chatterton allows this: he makes Rowley say, in a letter to his patron Canynge;—

"Plays made from hallie tales I hold unmeet, Let some greate storie of a manne be songe; When as a manne we God and Jesus treat In my poor mind we do the Godhead wronge."

These sentiments are undoubtedly very creditable to Thomas Rowley; but surely plays like this, so totally different from the mysteries then in vogue must be considered as forgeries. It is absurd to look upon them, even for a moment, as the productions of that age. To say the least, as great a revolution in dramatic literature as Rowley would appear to have effected, could not have been passed over in silence, and it would not have been left to Chatterton to discover the writings of Rowley.

The truth is, Chatterton panted for fame,—at any price he re-

solved to win her fickle smile.

Dazzled by the success of Macpherson, he attempted a forgery, but failed; as Macpherson had some small portion of truth as his basis, his deception obtained a credit which was denied to Chatterton. Moreover, in spite of its bombast, Ossian, by large classes, will always be read and admired. As was the case with Macpherson, so was it also with Chatterton, that he wrote better with his mask than without.

Thus have we glanced at

"The marvellous boy who perished in his pride:"

at him who, young and gifted, cowered beneath the world's dread laugh—who ignobly fell, for his heart failed him in the hour of need,—who nursed the dart by which he was laid low—who died as he had lived, the victim of a sham. Genius has too often taught the bitter lesson, that her smile is a blight—that her embrace is death. And Chatterton was not the exception. He made but one blunder, it is true, but that blunder lasted his life. For his untimely end we may mourn. With our censure it will be but graceful and just, to mix somewhat of sorrow and regret. We blame not those who, conscious of the evils that await them, tread the path along which genius and poetry have shed their golden light; rather we blame the world that can honour the turtle-soupeating alderman, and can let the poet starve. We blame those who can turn from the altar, where alone men should worship, and bow the knee to Baal. In some sense the suicide is a martyr; his death is a protest against the abuses of society; his last expiring groan-what is it but the strong cry of misery for their immediate reform. The broken heart, in its agony and despair, thus pleads that life's burdens may be more equitably borne. It declares, as Mr. Fox has well said, "the existence of injustice so enormous, and

mistakes so tremendous, that they ought not to continue. It proclaims in a voice of thunder, that there must be a freer and fairer course, even for those in the most unfortunate circumstances, that they may find something to render life valuable, and lead them to consider prolonged existence a blessing, and not a curse."

AN OLD MAIL COACH ADVENTURE.

IMPROMPTU.

The following lines refer to the good old times of Mail-coach travelling, and allude to a lady and gentleman meeting, for the first time and accidentally, at S——, and travelling together from thence to the Metropolis. The journey was so agreeable to both, that, ere they parted, the stanzas, if such they can be called,—

" Made to the rumbling of the mail-coach wheels"-

were composed:-

FAREWELL, dearest Zelia, then farewell for ever,
In this coach we first met, and full soon shall we part;
But can I forget you, oh never, no never,
Your image indelibly's stamp'd on my heart.

Unknown is your name, and unknown your condition,
And mine for the present must secret remain,
But I know the same pow'r who produc'd our position,
Whenever he pleases can do so again.

T. S. P.

THE RETURN HOME.

What varied emotions, how freely they rise,
After long years of absence, of trouble and pain;
How the tear will, unbidden, oft start to the eyes,
When the home of our boyhood we welcome again.
The ivy clad walls many old thoughts awaken,
Of pleasures that long since have fleeted away;
Though each chamber—desolate, drear, and forsaken,
My heart holds thee dearest, even in thy decay.

The happiest moments, the blithest of hours,

I have known in thy halls, when in childhood I sung;
The choicest of garlands, the sweetest of flowers,

I have carelessly gather'd thy bowers among:
Even now thy sad fate, and thy crumbling glory,

For ever departed, and humbled so low,

Awakes in my heart, as I dwell on thy story,

Sad feelings that only my bosom can know.

Where are those happy youngsters, my playmates in youth, Whose spirits were free and unfettered as air? Alas! how I fain would deny the stern truth—

They are gone, and I am a lone wanderer here.
The cold smile of strangers and sorrow has shaded

The hope that so bright in my bosom did burn;
Farewell, the fond dreams of my youth now are faded,

Love greets not, friends cheer not, the exile's return.

W. B. A.

THE DOUBLE ROMANCE;

A TALE OF THE "OVERLAND."*

GATHERED FROM MSS. IN THE PORTFOLIOS AND PORTMANTEAUS OF PASSENGERS.

BY TIPPOO KHAN THE YOUNGER.

CHAPTER IX.

A gentleman in London; and in difficulties.

It was in one of the best cottages on the Norwood hill, and in the immediate neighbourhood of that charmingly-situated church, which rises and disappears with picturesque rapidity before the eyes of the railway traveller, that Mr. Grabbe, senior, usually found his hearth and home. With him resided his two daughters, both of whom were single and available in their maiden state, as their papa was in his widowerhood; the marriage of the only son and junior partner in the firm had been announced in the papers of the 1st of August preceding. In drawing the curtain of a new chapter, Lieutenant Amble is discovered as an inmate of the house in question; and we find that he has been for three whole days exposed to the fire of four pieces of living ordnance, forming but a poor part of that vast park of eye-artillery which can generally prove so dangerous and destructive. But he was prepared for all such chance attacks; and, as our friend Hussain Waiz-may the night-breeze of Peace skim gently over his ashes!-might very consistently have remarked, had he ever studied fortification—the bastions of prior attachment were strong enough in our hero's

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[•] Continued from page 458, vol. l. January, 1848. vol. LI.—NO. CCI.

breast, to resist the machinations of a scheming stranger; he could point the guns of Scorn through the embrasures of Indifference, at the workers in the double sap of Allurement, and enfilade them with the fire of Mockery, while they fondly imagined themselves setting up the fascines, gabions, and sand-bags of Success; and rushing to the banner of True Love, under which he served, he could defy the shells and rockets of Entreaty to drive him from his stronghold, or the powder of Perseverance to blow open the gate of his Determination: indeed, he would never, while life lasted, acknowledge other colours than those he had now adopted

-of this he was resolved.

But Miss Fanny, or the second female Grabbe, was not by any means so little to be feared in her plans of attack upon the citadel of man's affections, generally, as Julia Westwood had seemed to She was but sixteen, it is true; but she was tall, and there was a budding semblance about her naturally neat figure, which many men, and among them not the less worldly ones, might A very clear complexion, in which just admire exceedingly. enough of the rose was visible to denote that all, whether spring or summer, was flower-time in the heart—sparkling hazel eyes, very dark brown hair, eye-brows, and eye-lashes—and a round face, with a dimple, and promise of dewlap, had undeniable attraction; and were as material in promoting the interests of a small, steep nose, and over-inclined mouth, as are the good words and patronage of a chaperon of distinction on behalf of a modest or heydenish young débutante. One thing, indeed, she wanted, and that was the taste for dress; for although her straw bonnet, unadorned save with a puce-coloured velvet band tied into a careless bow, to be observed on the left side by those who followed her as she walked to church,—and black mantilla, thrown in a most dégagé manner across her shoulders, were becoming enough in their way; the ashy-hued gown, with somewhat sporting buttons down to the very end of the skirt, the slight crimson-striped kerchief and small frill above, with the black bottines below, were of no style or propriety whatever, to warrant approbation. We write her down as we have seen her, for we have never been informed what her guise was, when, fresh as the dew of morning, she would enter the breakfast room at an early hour, and make the young officer a cup of tea-asking him whether he took sugar and cream, with an ingenuousness that would easily have won a more free and disposable looker-on.

As for her elder sister, she was stout, large-boned, coarse, and wanting in anything to redeem the steep nose and over-inclined mouth, both of which, although she was only nine years her senior, were at least eighteen in advance of the same features of Fanny; she had, moreover, a pair of large, unmeaning grey eyes, and a considerable share of conceit and vulgarity, as palpable as it was

disagreeable to the but moderately-discriminating young men of her acquaintance. Then she had a most philosophical way of consoling herself in a want of reciprocity on the part of any for whom she might feel the tender inclination; if her love were not returned instanter, off she went to town, and passed hours in shopping, and spending her father's money,—then followed the excitement of receiving the articles ordered,-rejecting, retaining, and directing a fresh supply—giving the shopman as much trouble as though he were making a wedding dress for Queen Pomareand making deaf Anne, quiet Tartlet, and patient Susan, the three female domestics of the house, wish her in the vicinity of any other Spa than the Beulah; then came oblivion and relief. Whether Amble had, on the morning after his arrival, given decisive signals of opposition in the event of attack, we know not; but this was one occasion of her proceeding by an early train to town, passing the forenoon in shopping, and making the house noisy and unpleasant for the rest of the day.

"Sugar and cream!"—some dozen lines back, we said "sugar and cream,"—and now revert to the words;—words as important to the youngest daughter of the lawyer of our romance, as Ambition and Hope to study—horses and dogs to an inheritance of wealth—

Nugent and Scribe to the modern British drama.

Yes, for it was in the words "sugar and cream" that she first used deceit—wilful, worldly deceit; and were it in our province to make heroines of the daughters of Grabbe, we might detail the progress of the insidious poison from this, the premier pas, down to a course of serious and daring acts which terminated in the young lady losing some half-score of her admirers, and in continual retrograding among her imaginary matrimonial speculations, until she finally fell back into the arms of one Savage Swayne, a banker's clerk in the city, who, though often snubbed and disregarded, had still loved on with an energy and perseverance which deserved the success it obtained. The fact is, that the wily fatherwho, without knowing the why and the wherefore of the matter, could detect that a certain number of passions did exist in the breasts of young ladies and gentlemen, which tended to unite one with the other without any apparent cause, fancied that there was a chance, a bare possibility, that, although Amble's heart was known to be engaged in one direction, it might still find room for a more powerful sentiment—instructed his second girl to pay great regard to the comforts of the young officer, while he remained a lodger in the house. For himself, he reasoned, business called him to town at an early hour, and he should have but rare opportunities, save at breakfast and dinner, of showing civility to his This last could only be with them a few days, but those few days should be made agreeable to him; it might be as well to draw him out—to talk to him of India, and listen attentively to

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what he had to say in return, about rajahs and collectors, moonshies, bayaderès, and suddr adawluts, * perhaps, too, of—

> "Anthropophagi, and men whose heads Do grow beneath their shoulders:"

and it would be as well to keep all home topics quite secondary to affairs of the East. Fanny, not disliking the stranger, and being kept particularly in the dark as to his prior attachment, entered readily into the paternal views, and, for three mornings successively,—though she knew how her sister had prepared his beverage on the night of his arrival, and in what particular way he liked his Hyson and hot water to be qualified—did she come back to him from the door, towards which she had bent her steps, to ask a question. The first ran thus:

"I hope you take sugar and cream?—because I put both!"

The second:

"Do you like sugar and cream?—because I—I—hope so."

And the third:

"I should ask whether you like sugar and cream? I hope so—for I have put both."

The answer had, on each occasion, consisted of an approving grunt; followed, on the third morning, however, by an awkward and unexpected question:—

"Did you not ask me the same thing yesterday, and the day

before?—I am really sorry to give you so much trouble!"

Then the first fruits of the germ of indirect deception peeped above the earth in the shape of a little sprout of positive falsity. Oh ye, who would live honest and honoured in this world of trial, use severe, unrelaxing, soldierly discipline for yourselves, where you have the power of free agency; you cannot be too great a martinet with your own heart; trust implicitly in conscience for the propriety of such orders as you may be called on to obey!

Fanny blushed and hesitated, but replied most wilfully:

Fanny blushed and hesitated, but replied most wilfully: "Oh, I forgot—yes, I beg your pardon, I am sure!"

Amble may have thought her good looking, if not positively pretty, before this; but now she became plain—downright ugly in his estimation. Could she have forgotten—what, thrice! why, even dispensing with her ears altogether, those dark, inquiring eyes had seemed to drink in the answers he had made; perhaps she was shooting those eyes at him—bah, impossible. Still, wherefore a prevarication—wherefore a direct falsehood?

At all events our hero was not to be found in the breakfastroom, at the usual early hour, on the following morning; and when Miss Fanny inquired after him, it became evident that he had

[·] Courts of justice.

packed up his things, and returned to London. Thither let us follow him: he has taken up his quarters at a hotel eastward of

Leicester-square, and in the vicinity of the theatres.

It was about two o'clock in the day; he had just discussed a glass of sherry—from one of those monster wine-glasses which look more like elevated tumblers, than adapted to the more luxurious purposes for which designed; and was soliloquising in an arm-chair. Now, although we conceive that a usual stage soliloquy, especially when a second party overhears the speaker's address to himself, is about as unnatural and unlike a representation of real life, as it would be for Prometheus Desmotes to offer a pinch of snuff to the chorus, which exerts its lungs on his account in a style becoming the most sympathising of nouns of multitude; still, in a book, a thing of print and paper, all this is orthodox and admissible. Besides, we are enabled, with more truth and reality, to revert to past events and explain past mysteries, by this means, than under the rules of a solemn and difficult drama; which rules the critic would infer to have been infringed in the

"True, gallant Raleigh"

of Sir Christopher Hatton, wherein the latter gentleman refers to by-gone matters unknown to the audience. It is a great thing to be independent with one's theme—to make it into any shape or size that the material seems to warrant. Why should we pull out Passion into five acts, when it would have been healthily exhausted in four? Dido, of old, obtained sufficient ground for a city with the bull's hide; an astounding number of citizens are satisfied by the Vauxhall waiter out of a single ham; but how would the stately queen have looked had she been required to substitute London for Carthage—suburbs and docks included! We take the first case only, as being the most convincing and classical. Well, our hero's soliloquy was much in the following strain; but it was mental, and found no expression in words:—

"Yes, ten days ago, two hundred lost at play; my own fault, for I was warned against making the stake! Since that unfortunate occurrence, I have been afraid, absolutely afraid, to see her—her, my dear, much-loved Ellen, whom I seek to deserve. It is no large sum, after all, for most men in my position—but for me, involved over head and ears without any present means of extricating myself, it is a fortune. And those accursed lawyers—what said they? that I must wait patiently—always patience, patience—but that, as regarded the debts, they could only pity me—pity, without lending any assistance whatever; that I should have done better by not coming home and contracting them. Insulting rascals—they would have had me remain in India, so as to devour my patrimony without interruption—that is, if there, indeed, be any: how I despise their low cringing and hypocritical civility! Yet I consent to live

in the house of the worst man of the set, am polite to his daughters, drink wine with him—bah, what an ass am I to be thus led away!

Money I will have, I am determined."

And then he remembered that, on the previous day, Mr. Grabbe had put a ten-pound note into his hand, which was still whole and unchanged; and he commenced to calculate what a day's expenditure, under present circumstances, was likely to prove. This being a new field for the exercise of his thinking powers, after a time he became lost in confused visions and fancies, and was compelled to fortify himself with a second tumbler-glass of sherry; a third and fourth followed; then recurring to the calculation again, his mind wandered wildly and uneasily among examples of simple addition, subtraction, and multiplication: the very tables appeared assuming a bodily shape, and leaping from the pages of the arithmetic book, in pinafores and with slates; long division was sad and silent, short division laughed and shouted; the weights and measures mingled with one another in discord and disorder; wine and spirit got confounded with dry measure; time took ale and beer; and cheese and butter, like parts of ancient Greece, came rushing headlong to Troy; firking were thrown among Flemish ells, bushels became lost in hogsheads, and furlongs were measured by the chaldron. Making a violent effort to get rid of these unpleasant visitors, he took up the newspaper; the first thing that he saw therein was the announcement of a Polish subscription-ball: he had scarce got half-way through the list of patronesses, when his thoughts went back to the neglected accounts—a strange, stout form of fierceness, with mustachios and a petition, seemed to rise unaccountably before him, and he fell fast asleep in a vain attempt to obtain the dimensions of a square Pole!

His dreams were as disturbed and unsatisfactory as his waking thoughts. At one time he was walking in the midst of a very beautiful garden, where he saw thousands of well-dressed, fashionable, aristocratic-looking people: Ellen, too, was walking by his side, but she did not take his arm; she looked downward, and kept touching the stray grass-blades with the end of her parasol, as though absorbed in contemplation of some inward care. She was attired in the most approved Parisian style, and had a more charming appearance than any of her pleasure-seeking sisters. alas! her companion, was in a humble worn suit, and felt abashed and dispirited. Suddenly came a man, tall, handsome, and altogether of superior bearing and mien. He was not young, but must have been wealthy and of right gentle blood—else why that deference, that general idolatrous movement in the crowd - in sooth, it was a time when the unseen selves of half those lookerson seemed to be on their knees already! He approaches. Ellenshe, too, raises her head, and smiles a gracious welcome: he offers his arm, which she accepts; they quicken their pace; the dreamer

follows; they seek a secluded part of the gardens; the dreamer lies in ambush; the rich man is on his knee, supplicating; she accedes to his request, she will be his for ever. Madness! the dreamer can endure no longer, he springs from his hiding-place, he rushes towards the stranger, but grasps at air—he staggers—he falls—innumerable voices shout "Mammon" in his ear, and he wakes to find himself rolling on the rug before the fireplace. The fire was nearly out, but, like expiring humanity, the coals had become more restless and crackling as they felt the loss of that heat whence their life was derived.

At another time he fancied that he was in the streets, and saw a sleek, silky man come from a large clean house, and get into a neat and correct chariot with shiny and good conditioned horses. was raining hard, the streets were muddy—and, in whatever quarter he wandered, there was the sleek man and his equipage, ready to splash him should he attempt to quit the pavement. And the tall footman curled his lip sarcastically, and the coachman threw a sardonic smile across his left shoulder, each time that the mud flew upward from beneath the chariot wheels and horses' hoofs towards him. It was unbearable; he seized a weighty stone and hurled it at the carriage window; the aim was a true one; but to his great horror and alarm, through the broken pane, he recognised the form of Ellen; she had been seated, unperceived by him, next the sleek man, and had received the blow from the missile on its passing through the window. Her face was bleeding, he was about to rush towards her, when he felt himself pinioned by the passers-by: again resounded the cry of "Mammon" on his ear, and he woke to find that he had fallen deep in the cushions of his vast resting-place, with his hands under his head, and legs over one arm of the chair.

Then, again, he was at a ball—Ellen also—and Ellen flirted and laughed, and talked and danced, with all the young men in the room, except him; for he was poor and ill-dressed. Then he upbraided himself loudly, in the midst of the crowded assembly, for indulging in morbid sentiment; he went to the supper table with two or three brother subalterns, choice spirits, and boon companions: he drank and drank again, and then he tore the cloth from off the table, and the knives and forks, and the fanciful pastry, and the glass and china, all fell to the ground in noisy confusion. And then, again, a myriad hands were upon him; he saw Ellen mocking at his plight, and a richly-clad, but ill-looking giant, with "Mammon" written around him in letters of fire, rose from beneath the floor to complete his perplexity; he woke, and this time he had broken the large wine-glass, having dislodged it from the table with a jerk of his arm.

It was past five o'clock when Amble rose from the chair, endeavoured to see himself in the glass by a dim light, pulled down his waistooat, passed the fingers of his right hand through his hair, coughed, rang the bell, and ordered candles, dinner, and warm water. A hot basin of soup, a tender and carefully dressed chop, a half pint of sherry, a pint bottle of Guinness, with cheese and celery, flashed across his waking mind as naturally as a policeman would have crossed his path, had he walked outside without wanting one. It was not an extravagant dinner, we protest; yet some there are would have suggested his retaining the chop alone, with a little bread and table beer to make it palatable.

In somewhat better spirits, but still lowly and musing, the young East Indian entered the dress circle of Drury Lane Theatre. what will you say to that, ye that would reduce the body nourishment? Seven shillings for mind refreshment—c'est un peu fort no matter, brother, we can forgive you easily, and so will others do; go in and see the play, if it please you. An overture had just been performed, and an opera was about to begin. The curtain had risen, and a number of mountaineers were entering from various directions, to break into the approved opening chorus. Up went the arms and forefingers, and on went the melody; something cheerful and modern, though far from new, came upon the ear; a hundreth variation on a popular air, not yet tickled into oblivion, and still at the mercy of the next rising composer, might have been detected by the true musical amateur, whilst those who discriminate little in these matters, were contented with its originality, and the genius of its torturer; as for the words, they were supposed to exist—indeed, a book was procurable in proof of the fact, for such inquisitive folk as desired the requisite elucidation. Then came a peasant, with a bass voice, and more ribands than his less important comrades; he told a tale with a musical accompaniment; then the stage was darkened, and the mountaineers dispersed; the prima donna followed, in a Swiss costume, with a basket of flowers and an aria; next came a baron, with a beard and a barytone, who obligingly joined in a duet with the lady: then—but we must drop the sequel of the opera to relate what befel our hero at this unlucky moment.

Amble, without being a devoted admirer of stage performances, had taken a more than ordinary interest in theatricals, not only before his departure for the East, but also during his sojourn there. He had occasionally exhibited on the boards of the presidency in second rate characters, and had contrived to carry off his fair share of applause from a kind, and far from critical audience. Since his return, he had several times wiled away an agreeable hour at a London theatre, and had it not been that his imagination was so engaged in a fair form of real life, he might, on this occasion also, have become an interested spectator of the performance, and tendered his mite of approbation to the talented English singer, then displaying her figure and roulades to great advantage as a dramatic heroine. But he remained, morbidly looking on, in the

half filled boxes, and wished rather to see the curtain fall, for variety's sake, than to follow the progress of the music and libretto. Just at the point of the opera at which our notice halted, he was watching a private box, in front of which his quondam acquaintance, the Kizzi, was seated with her back to the stage—and endeavouring to ascertain who was the escort with the well trimmed whiskers. that, every now and then, thrust a white kid glove and double barrelled opera glass between her and a round white arm, visible on the other side of the dashing countess. The latter, who had evidently found for herself more pleasing occupation in the area of spectators than on the stage, nodded a nod of recognition; this Amble disregarded, as also the next, and a subsequent one; when, suddenly, a short, stout man, who occupied the seat immediately below our hero on the third row, turned round, and so disconcerted him by the act, that he was glad to look again for the nod of the Kizzi, appear to have that moment seen her, jump up and proceed in quest of her box. This man was no less a person than the lieutenant's tailor, to whom he was indebted in the sum of three hunhundred and twenty pounds for monies lent, and articles supplied; he was accompanied by his wife, a well dressed little body enough; and we have every reason to believe that Mr. and Mrs. Bales had received that night one out of many free admissions to the dress circle of the National Theatre, from a gentleman customer who could contrive thus to discharge his debts with more advantage to himself and satisfaction to his tailor, than by any other mode which could suggest itself to his fertile imagination. We believe it to be Doctor Johnson who said that "those who drink beer, think beer;" and how many porter-draining Englishmen, honest republican spirits, whose great aim seems to be to think, and be thought thinkers, without regard to practical results, would here utter an exclamation of hatred and aversion because the dishonest gentleman in debt to the honest tradesman, dreaded the near neighbourhood of the latter, and shunned him as he would shun his worst enemy.

"Ah, that's just it," says Bowler, putting down his exhausted clay, "that's just in 'lustration of what I was a sayin' of; them gen'lmen never cares but for thesselves. He cut the tailor, did he? Ah, but times is a comin' round; we've got a few head pieces a championing the cause of the people: wait a bit, till edikation lifts the poor man into his carriage and hosses, and then see how the country will take a new lease of—what shall I call it?—honour and glory—no, they may go a soldierin'—power—ha, that's the word—power. Read this ere article, and that 'll show you my meanin'; and teach you, Bill, should you ever grow into a gen'lman, or wake and find yourself one, never to cut an honest tradesman!"

And in testimony of the wisdom of the above bit of eloquence, a popular newspaper is handed over, whereof the lender gives as lucid an idea of a model government as the show-woman and her pictures, at a country fair, furnish of the Chinese and Affghan wars, to be admitted into the arcana of which the sum of one penny is expended.

"There you'll see a model monarchy," says one.

"There you'll see the battle of China," says the other.

Pull away the glasses, and, little children (you should be particularly small), be sure not to breathe upon them, for you require to see very clearly. To use a vulgar alliteration, it is all bosh,

blarney, beer.

Ay, truly, this is beer; for poor Amble, and poor many another in his case, had little or no false pride about him; it was the know-ledge that the means of restoring the obligation were absent, which blinded him; he was distressed; he could not brazen out his poverty; far from intending harm to his creditor, he intended inflicting injury only on the head of that wretched lawyer who had so lowered him, in his own estimation, by quibbling and delay. The "profanum vulgus" of Horace's day has grown trebly deserving of the poet's lash, since the prevalence of his beer reasoning, this pipe and porter philosophy of the nineteenth century!

"Ah, how d'ye do? very glad to see you, Monsieur le Capitaine; allow me to introduce you—Captain Amble, Mrs. Jawler,

Mr. Melly."

Mrs. Jawler bowed quietly, Mr. Melly, haughtily; Amble took a seat at the back of the box, and ascertained, in the course of five minutes, that the Countess required him to attend especially on her, for that the other two of the party were well content to be left to themselves.

In our former mention of the lady with the title, we stated her to be beautiful, but portly, and past the barrier which shuts out the fair country of youth and nature, to substitute a city prospect of maturity and art. She was an Englishwoman of respectable parents, born abroad, bred to continental habits and tastes, and married in early life; but who the Count, her husband, was, no one of our acquaintance ever knew. It was given out that a mysterious, moustachioed personage, with one arm, had once been seen in the purlieus of the Sablonière, who said he had served with him during the late fraternal feud in Portugal; but this man, although particularly described by our informant, he himself had never met with, and the search after him, instituted at our request, was at length given up, owing to the appearance of a paragraph in the newspapers, wherein a certain Leonardo something, of Ferrara, alias a Pole, alias a German, alias a Swede, answering precisely to the description of the above one-armed individual, was shown to have been convicted of felony, and dealt with accordingly. We know as little about her property or marriage settlement, as about her husband. That she either was, or had been the true wedded wife of some foreigner, be he of noble or ignoble parentage, and that she received some marriage allowance, in virtue of her said marriage, we believe as fully, though without positive proof, as that Miltiades was the son of Cimon, and again, Cimon the son of Miltiades; an assertion hazarded by Cornelius Nepos, the truth of which we were much inclined to doubt in our schoolboy days, but which our riper judgment has demonstrated to be quite admissible.

Mr. Melly was one of a numerous retinue of young men, who regularly attended the Kizzi's soireés, drank her coffee and wine, and spoke honied satire from curved and delicate lips. Mrs. Jawler was the handsome widow of a retired Indian officer; she claimed direct descent from a Beegum, or queen of note in Hindostan, and was proud of her night black hair and eyes, of her twilight complexion, and Mahomedan glance of bold indifference: Melly was as safe now in the visionary chains thrown around him by her personal charms, as though he were held captive by her in the renowned Calcutta dungeon. And she felt her power, and played with the victim of her blandishments, without any uncalledfor interference from her heart whatever.

Curious game, this. A. throws over his heart to Miss B., who should return the challenge with hers; no such thing; she makes up a false one, which A. grasps at with blind enthusiasm, and imagines to be the true thing he seeks. C. again deludes Mrs. D. in a similar manner. E. and F. deceive one another with a couple of sham hearts. If G. and H. play with correct and honorable interchange, they are an enviable pair indeed. Or take the dice, if that hazard seem preferable; and how often will the experienced eye detect, in a high throw, that they are false, and have been loaded with interest, ambition, and self!

The opera passed off without much attention bestowed on its performance from the party in the Countess Kizzi's box: then followed a dull, stupid divertissement, in the midst of which the brougham was announced, and our quartette were soon afterwards assembled in a snug, handsomely-furnished lodging in

the neighbourhood of Park Lane.

A wall with a chaste pattern of white and gold—a profusion of elegant maple-wood chairs, with flowered cushions—a fanciful ottoman—two or three boudoir tables decked with neat and curious ornaments—a handsome French clock on a broad marble mantelpiece—a Turkey carpet and gorgeous hearthrug—a dear little spaniel awaiting caresses, and a stout little page awaiting orders—were all discernible to the party entering the apartment of the hostess of the night. A lobster salad and abundance of champagne combined with a cheerful fire, and lively conversation to drive time onward at an easy pace, until the near church bell tolled one, when Mr. Melly rose to take leave. Amble soon judged it pru-

dent to follow his example. The beauty sprung of dark royalty was on a visit at the Countess', and when the door had closed upon her admirer, she had signified her weariness in a marked and unmistakeable manner. Amble had paid her no attention whatever; he was acquainted with much of her Eastern history—and she, feeling already an instinctive certainty on this point, readily guessed that his impression on her behalf was not favourable. Perhaps it was a natural conclusion to draw, that he, who had understood the hollow, assumed affection of genuine Asiatic beauties, should feel but little sympathy with one of that semi-Oriental race, which brings the revenge and jealousy of the Mussulmani to be mixed up with the vanity and heartlessness of the scheming intriguante of a dissipated European capital. But before he had bowed himself out of her room for the night, the Countess shook him warmly by the hand, and said in her most bland and engaging mode of address:

"Remember, the day after to-morrow, we expect you at twoand mind, in better spirits than I have seen you indulge in tonight. We shall drive to Blackheath, and there I shall introduce you to some dames charmantes. Melly and others will join us when they return from hunting, it will be a delightful party. One word more. Whatever you may think, oblige me by not praising too highly this brooch you have been admiring to-night: it is a present from Edward Westwood—but it is just as well that the vain man should not esteem it at more than its worth. Au revoir."

The next morning, Amble rose from his bed, feverish and ill at ease. He had been in a society which, though he derived little harm from its influence, it would have been as well for one in his position to have avoided. He breakfasted, and sauntered towards the city: he feared loitering in the West End, owing to the Westwoods; for much as he longed to see Ellen, he avoided a meeting with her until the period of his deliverance from present thraldom should arrive. The day wore on, and he returned to his hotel, his sherry, and his dreams: strange that a bad habit will grow easily from the small, untended seed of one day's practice, while a good one will not take root without the aid of time, care, and cul-He dined, and went to the divan, the billiard-room, and a theatre at half price. Then a new day dawned: he breakfasted, and called for his bill. To his great dismay, he found that a formidable inroad had already been made upon the ten pounds that were to last him, so the warv lawyer had inferred, for a whole What was to be done? he would cut off his sherry and bottled stout, but see the new comedy at the Haymarket, he must: and to see it well, he must have a stall or a front seat in the dress As for the Kizzi's party, he would write an excuse—after all, it held forth no attractions for one like him. From this day forward (exclusive) he would abjure all public amusements, as a

single man; they were not suited to his purse or temper. He would start on the following morning for some spot in the far country, where there were no temptations so powerful as in town to draw him away from those gloomy thoughts which, he was convinced, became, while they beset him. He made fifty sudden resolutions, and did what most young men of his moral calibre would, perhaps, not have done in a similar case, he kept at least ten out of the half hundred.

CHAPTER X.

A gentleman in the country; and in difficulties.

Ten pounds a month make, we believe, just one hundred and twenty pounds per annum; and how many a young, educated mind, capable of enjoyment, and appreciating, alas, too keenly appreciating the value of such luxuries as great wealth can always command, would yet be contented with this small allowance! It is not every man who frequents the theatre and promenade, the casino and cider cellar, who smokes his cigar, flourishes his cane, and scrutinizes the world through a gold-rimmed eye-glass, that can say his income amounts to any three figures whatever following that twelfth letter of the alphabet, which the creature of custom has twice run through, precisely as he has done to many a fortune thereby signified. Nor is it every writer of fashionable novels and tales, whose ideal circle of acquaintance would seem composed of the highest and proudest in the realm, who has enough ready cash at his disposal to take his coat from Mr. Levi's over the way, even should Lord Lindamour, which is not at all likely, send him a real, printed card of invitation to one of his "soirées musicales." Ten pounds—lie hushed, oh covetous spirit; quiet, thou grasping, discontented one: your rich relation at Bramblemoss Hall, he does not think about such trifles as these; even his butler, old, gray-haired Tawdle, what does he care about ten pounds!

But to our hero, for our purpose is with him in the main, though we may occasionally give a whisper on other topics to a friend at our elbow: he had started from town with a carpet-bag and five pounds, ten shillings; some stray coppers he had taken the liberty of throwing in the teeth of the old proverb, to "take care of the pence," and left them uncounted; knowing, from experience, that silver and gold, so far as they concerned him, were much in the condition of lunatics, that is, unable to take care of themselves—he could not comprehend why the less valuable coins should be so regarded. And notwithstanding that the railway fare had been paid, there was an inn, and there were waiters and porters in prospect, all of which, like dreamy birds of prey, made tremendous maws at these few grains of balance. For the first time in his life, he took charge of his own luggage; we mean to imply that he had the moral fortitude to decline letting his carpetbag out of his hands, until fairly lodged in his own apartment; he bearded the crafty waiters in their very dens by refusing to take anything after his journey; he openly defied the sarcasm of the facetious porters by allowing them nothing to carry whatever; he did not once look at the pretty chambermaid, whose well-cut, Adelaide-coloured merino gown gave to her fairly proportioned figure quite a Parisian contour. But what was to be done? there he was—a gentleman, contemplating a fortnight's residence out of town, at a respectable hotel, on a sum under six sovereigns; nothing but the strictest economy could possibly render feasible so

daring a project!

And now, it may with reason be asked, where had he gone? what spot had he fixed upon as a temporary refuge for his numberless hopes and fears, wherein to pass a sad fortnight of doubt and distress? It was to St Leonard's on the Sea, about as dismal and bleak a retirement of fashion, for a stranger, as any winter month could brood over in England, that he had borne his sorrows. We have qualified our condemnation, on the grounds that to those who carry society about with them from place to place, or for whom there is a friendly greeting from the circulating library, and the livery stable, and the house to let, and the bathingmachine, St. Leonard's may have its charms as well as any other nook of the British isles; and there are again certain poetical as well as thoroughly matter-of-fact individuals, to whom the roar of the sea waves is preferable to concert music, and a long sea beach is more conducive to the health of mind and body than the park or crowded street of a metropolis. Why he had gone thither is another matter; a problem which he himself could not pretend to solve; except by the fact that he had intended to proceed somewhere out of town, and that this particular locality was brought to his notice by a printed time-bill pasted on the wall at the station he had selected for his starting-post. And on the first night of his arrival, as he lay in bed listening to the wind and the waters, and felt that he had got about the worst accommodation the house could afford, besides being tormented by a host of visionary impediments in his future career and to his future happiness; we cannot say that, for an engaged man, Amble was the most enviable of mortals, or the most light-hearted and self-satisfied.

Six pounds! of a truth, the sum is not large, and your hotel

keeper has no fellow-feeling for the lodger in reduced circumstances: we can imagine such an one at the quiet hour when conscience enacts the spirit invoking wizard, reasoning thus with a phantom of his own creation, be it in the shape of a ruined merchant, or a tottering gamester, or an unsuccessful author:-"Though habit and custom, my good sir, have formed you to require my tenderest of steaks, and most delicate of chops, I am equally fashioned by the same school to require a lavish monied return from those whom I seek to oblige with luxuries such as these." And so works the system; and so, villainously unclean were the shells of the two eggs, cruelly stale was the loaf of bread. cold was the tea in the bruised tea-pot, and scanty was the fire in the grate, on that dreary winter morning succeeding the date of our hero's arrival at St. Leonard's on the Sea. The chambermaid did not bring the hot water with that zest, nor did the waiter answer the ringing bell with that readiness, which we contend to be as requisite to our moral comfort at the wayside inn. as the articles which they bear are essential to the well-being of our physical condition. Still we are proud to state that we have got a conscientious and honourable hero; one who can commit follies as well as his neighbours, but without passing the boundary which divides thoughtlessness from wanton and wilful profligacy. Let those call it innocent and juvenile that will, we consider it the reverse, and adhere to our antiquated notions. He scorned to make himself other than he was, and therefore sank in the estimation of the vulgar, in the same ratio that he would have risen therein. had he but added swagger and assurance to personal qualifications. ample, with such assistance, to elicit wonder and admiration. Six pounds! we know that many would have been Dagons on the sum; ay, and have left an unsettled account for their landlord, besides, for ten times the amount.

In his Indian home dreams, Amble had never believed it possible that the hours could pass wearily or slowly for him during a furlough to his native land. Yet he chalked ten straight strokes on the wall of his apartment, as though he were calculating a line step; each of these was to represent a day, and one by one was to be struck off the list as a new dawn appeared. white lines, so little differing in appearance, were no bad types of the monotony to be subdued and effaced by the finger of time alone. Six days at length passed, during which he had sought no friends, and, consequently, had found none; he had gained no palpable experience; he had done nothing but walk to Hastings and back again - breakfast and dine—think and smoke—dream and sleep. It was a page of ennui in an ordinary volume of existence—to an active mind. a fearful blank in life; a half-dozen rich opportunities had been afforded for the application of those two famous words of the

Emperor Titus, setting forth a moral for mature mankind, and an accusative case after the verb for the schoolboy struggling with Latin. And then came the seventh morning; and he ordered his bill and prepared to write a letter: and this was a first symptom of

change, or rather, of improvement.

As he had anticipated, his funds, spite of rigid economy, were well nigh expended; either he must quit at once, or await a remitance. On this he deliberated, and finally determined to solicit another five pound note—in fact, to demand it without mincing matters. Of course, the firm in Lincoln's-Inn was applied to; the letter was folded up, sealed, and handed to the waiter: that more interested than interesting functionary took his time in despatching it, but it, nevertheless, went, and by the mail of the same evening. This done, Amble started off on his usual excursion towards Hastings, to ponder over the composition of a second letter, to him of much more importance than the first; and to watch, mechanically, the fishing boats, as they neared or put away from the shore, below that large white cliff which rises at the rear of the town above named. The day was fine and warm for the season; there had been a thaw, and the sun had already dried the ground, considerably: nature looked cheerful, more so than she had done for a considerable period.

There is a pretty spot between the two towns of St. Leonard's and Hastings, known as Bohemia; it is situated on a hill, and should in summer time be a romantic and agreeable residence enough. Even in the cold winter it has its charms, and turning his eyes thitherward, and being struck with the prospect, Amble took the pathway leading towards it. He had not wandered far, when his attention was arrested by observing a man playing with two children, not fifty yards from the road. There was some firm snow still left on the ground, which he was taking up and rolling into snowballs, to be immediately consumed as ammunition in a most harmless warfare, waged much to the delight of a little boy and girl, who were laughing immoderately. There was a small, neat cottage not far from the spot, whence a bright hue, seen through the window, gave symptoms of a cheerful fire; and it seemed probable the whole party belonged to this abode. The man was dressed in a warm, drab, winter suit, and wore a checked pattern cap, the lappets of which covered the ears: Amble could not discern his face, for his back was turned, and he had bent down to his very heels to catch up the snow, and make fresh implements of chilly combat; but he might have been a gentleman, from his appearance, as well as the holder of any other condition which conjecture might apply to him. The children were pretty rosy specimens of primitive life, the girl about six, and the boy five years of age, both clad in comfortable little frocks, socks, shoes, cloaks, and head-gear, fitting to the season; thoroughly did they

seem to enjoy the sport, and at each cessation of hostilities, they came up to the man in his stooping posture, and either saluted his back with the kittenish taps of playful childhood, or looked up in his face with that artless simplicity which one thought of guile must have marred for ever.

From some inexplicable fascination, rather than any vain curiosity, Amble stood still and watched the trio; a tree hid him from their view, so that he had nothing to fear as regards interrupting the game by the interference of a spectator. It was a bright, clear day, as we have said; and, spite of the season, there was a charming picture of English repose and contentment to be contemplated around. Below was the ocean, tranquil yet full of life; on it, were numerous fishing boats hugging the Sussex coast; near it, was the fish-market, full of bustle and activity; on either side, were the houses of the respective towns we have already named; the high cliff and the old castle gave romantic relief to the whole coup d'œuil. In the distance, the serpent-like hissing of the railway train came distinctly on the ear—that noisy intrusion of man's inventive genius, breaking upon the stillness of nature.

Suddenly, in the midst of a new game, a shrill voice became audible from the direction of the cottage; it was a recall for the children, communicated by a stout dame who came to the door, without bonnet or shawl, and whose merry, unconcealed arms,

had been reddened by some fifty or sixty winters.

" Hay-ho."

"Oh, there's grandmama calling. Good bye, sir," said the little girl, quitting her play at the command of her beckoner, and assuming an air of childish bashfulness, as she responded to the embrace tendered her by kissing the cheek of her elder playmate: "Come, Harry, come, we mustn't keep grandmamma in the cold."

Harry was not quite so ready to start as his obedient sister, but he threw down the snowball, then in his hand, with a forced philosophy; and, while watching it roll down a steep bank, drew mechanically towards him who had moulded it into shape, and

received a parting kiss.

Away went the children to the cottage; the door was closed upon them, grandmamma disappeared; and, to his great astonishment, Amble was left to recognize in the stranger, now standing erect and looking towards the sea, the features of Stephen Wrayle. He had a more contented appearance, and seemed almost younger than when they had before met; his beard and mustachios were wanting, and he was the plain, honest, whiskered Englishman again.

The young officer could not resist the impulse then upon him; and, starting from his hiding-place, he advanced to greet his acquaintance. This latter drew back with somewhat of nervous

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tremulousness and mistrust, but soon recovered himself, and shook the proffered band.

"A strange meeting," said he; "what brings you here, may I

ask?"

"The answer would be long and tedious," returned Amble, "in my case; the reply on your side to a similar question from

me, would, doubtless, be more satisfactory for both of us."

"Much as you said on a former occasion, and allow me to doubt the truth of your supposition at the present moment. The fact is, we Indians are rovers, we must be moving; I need hardly tell you why I am here, nor why—"

"I found you playing with those dear children, eh?"

"Ha!—you have watched us then?"

"I certainly became a chance spectator of the scene: was there

any offence in the contemplation?"

"Not in the least: you have seen me in what the world may call my weak moments. The fact is, that, were it not for those children, I should have left the place long since. As it is, although I cannot remain here, I have made an acquaintance which I shall be sorry to lose."

"Oh! I apprehend: a widow—the mother—perhaps—"

"No, you mistake; these children themselves, they belong to an honest cottager with whom I have exchanged but few words; but they are attached to me, and there is, I am convinced, no mistake in my estimate of their attachment. If one to be soon forgotten, at least there is no hypocrisy in it, no selfishness, no interested motive. Come, shall I tell you the circumstances of my I have friends here with whom I have been passing a month—a kind couple, who understand me, so far, at least, that they leave me to my whims and fancies, ask no questions, nor trouble themselves in any way about my affairs, save that they try They have lived in India long; this accounts to make me happy. for their good behaviour towards guests. I was about to leave them a week since, spite of earnest entreaties to the contrary when, rambling, and musing on my destinies, I fell in with these children at play: they were endeavouring to erect an earthy castle to be knocked down by snowballs—I halted and watched them; then offered my assistance, which was readily accepted. smile, but do you know that never since the interment of my ambitious early projects, have I found such wholesome companionship. I was pressed to return and resume the occupation: the day following again beheld me here—the next day and the next, and the two next again, the same occupation, and you yourself, have witnessed the occurrence of the day succeeding these. Will you believe it, that I have even withheld a contemplated present of cakes and sweetmeats, from a fear of suffering selfish ideas to

creep into the heads of these my playmates, and so interfere with the true pleasure which I derive in the society of those who prattle so innocently, and are inclined towards me for no other cause than that I please them. You cannot understand my feelings, it may be. Ah, those days of childhood, when we reach out our little hands from the arms of the old, dull nurse Restraint, with a vague, infantine clutch at pleasure, as 'twere some incomprehensible attractive toy with which we wish to become better acquainted—those days of early life, when dreams and visions are invested with all the beauty and enchantment that belong to them when hope is a throb of nature, needing no analysis to find its origin and tendency—when we lack no mask for the scrutiny of man, no stick for the head of the serpent—ah, those days, would to heaven I could regain them! That I could experience, but for an instant, one of those joy thrills that the veriest trifle could once impart to my heart; one of those original impulses which, in the good ground of purity, grow into the sweet flower of gratitude to heaven, but, in the evil ground of a corrupt mind, become as the weeds of selfishness and sensuality! This dependence on opinion is my prison, and what says the exquisite Roland in her private memoirs, 'what better employment have we in a prison-house than, aided by a happy fiction or recollections of interest, to bear away our existence to other spots!' But how absurd and vain are aspirations after what is past and irrecoverable! When the mine is exhausted of its treasure, of what avail to sit repining at its mouth, and think how many fortunes have been obtained from that source, and misapplied! When the mind has done its fair work, it requires rest, and must have it; the cause has been living, and in motion, though the effects are not satisfactory; nor is it because the engine-impelled machinery has produced unprofitable results, that the engine has failed in its task; its due amount of labour has, on the contrary, been accomplished in every particular. Ah! my young friend, you may think me a methodistical moralist, or what you please, but wait till you have known satiety, and then you will also know the character of those who preach the maxims which are, as it were, the last dregs in its cup, and yield the bitterest but healthiest taste in the whole beverage!"

Wrayle had taken the arm of his companion, and they had walked some distance down the hill together, before this rhapsody was brought to a close. At its conclusion, there was a pause in the conversation; it was as much as Amble could do to divest himself of a notion that the dreamer was mad—yes, mad, from constant contemplation of the one dark ideal which he had conjured up in his mind. He tried to change the theme, for, low-spirited and disconsolate as he himself was, he could not brook a strain so morbid and desponding as that of his companion. Indeed, he was much in the situation of a man we know—whose musical taste just

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enables him to enjoy a polka or an Ethiopian melody, and to admire Fra Diavolo and Gustave Trois far more than Semiramide or Norma—when called upon to listen to one of a sombre series of ancient concerts. It was low art that revels in low art, forced into the society of high art, which, without acknowledging a want of the necessary powers of appreciation or comprehension, it professes to hold in ridicule and aversion: in fact, it was Lucy Neale and the Merry Swiss Boy sitting out a Sinfonia of Beethoven.

"And how much longer did you say that you were going to

remain?"

"Oh, I start to-morrow, for certain."

"Whither?"

"Whither! on my soul, I know not."

"No! not know where you are going?"

"Not in the least: and you—did you know much more of your own movements when you came here?"

"I-why, how did you suppose that"-

"A mere guess: as I said before, we Indians are strange, unsettled birds."

"Were you ever on a shikar* expedition at Chicacole?"

"On many a one."

"Then answer me; when you rose for the excursion, did you care or know whether you were to sleep at Booblee, at Conada, or at Kimedy? Ha, ha, ha! strange names to be heard at St. Leonard's on the Sca, are they not? But I must be moving from you: let us see—your road is to the right, mine to the left: Hastings contains my present residence. Adieu."

"And when shall we meet again?"

- "I know not: perhaps, in London—perhaps, abroad—perhaps,—but beggars must not be choosers, and I love any change of scene too well to be particular—perhaps, at Sierra Leone or Cape Coast:
 - 'Wakt-ay zururat cho na manud gurez, Dast begirud sir ay shamsheer tez.'
 - ('When in the time of need the means of sure escape are far, The hand will clutch, for safety, e'en a sharp-edged scimitar.†)
- "Khuda Hafiz shuma—Heaven protect you! Farewell."
 And thus they parted, after a singular and unlooked for meeting.
 Amble returned to his hotel, and, with greatly depressed spirits, ascended the staircase leading to his apartment. He was under the influence of one of those phases of morbidity, which cause us,

+ Sadee-the Gulistan.

^{*} Shikar is a word of common use for all kinds of hunting and shooting in India. The places named above are in the Northern Circars, and not far from the sea coast.

from our want of success in life, to look upon ourselves with disparagement—to lower ourselves, as much as possible, in our own estimation, and even to magnify the means possessed by others considerably beyond their reality. In these desponding moods, how refreshing is a piece of unexpected good news—a beam from the sun of fortune shining from amid the clouds of adversity, and displaying the bright blue sky of prosperous change! On opening the chamber door, a letter was observed on the table—it was in the handwriting of Edward Westwood, and bore the London post-mask: our hero opened it, and read as follows:—

" —— Club, —th February, 184—.

"Dear Archy,—You may remember that when you left me, ten days ago, to take up your abode with the worthy head of the Grabbe firm, I told you that the step was a prudent one; for that you would be enabled to worm out of him those apparent secrets which were terribly in the way of your well-being, so far as money and position are concerned. You profited by my admonitions and your sojourn there, to offend the elder daughter of the house by silence—to extract dangerous sympathy from the second by sentiment, that common loadstone which draws up at once to itself all that is light and trivial,—and to exasperate the respected father by running away from his hospitality, as though you were afraid of it. Perhaps you were, and no wonder; but you need not have shewn it.

"Well, I am happy to inform you that your debts are to be all liquidated; but not by your solicitors—no, by my brother, the gallant Colonel—(now, there's no occasion to aggravate yourself, for you will repay him in time); the conditions of the bond being as follows. Imprimis, and lastly: you are to be married instanter, and to proceed to India with your wife, her uncle and cousin, in two months from this date. I regret to add, that this desirable end has not been obtained by what folks would consider a lucky turn of the fortune wheel; no, my worthy brothers must settle their differences between them: Harvey persuaded Richard to invest in the Chambeaux and Châteauneuf line of railway—a smash occurred; your intended father-in-law came home-high words were substituted for a fraternal embrace—when suddenly, in the midst of an earnest debate, Richard remembered the offer made to him not long since of an appointment in the staff of Her Majesty's forces in the East: as a comparatively needy man, he wrote for it; still was it available, and he has been named to succeed Colonel Swabb, who is to return to England forthwith. He has, moreover, resolved to use his interest on your behalf; and you may anticipate as merry a family party in your interesting land of mangoes, bungalows, and alligators, as you have been in the habit of finding in Portland-place, when uncle Ned is not there. Besides, a wife, you dog-and such a wife! Digitized by Google

"Harvey and his chère moitié settle on the continent, unless you like to take them out with you. For myself, I see but little prospect of change; fortunate was it that I had no spare money to invest in those foreign railways! The Countess Kizzi desires—no. she doesn't, for you are to become a bridegroom too soon to talk of such fair sinners as these. What a singularly felicitous way you have of communicating with your lawyers on business matters: you send a message to town by a young corporal of hussars, who-brought your card, and said he smoked a cigar with you at the Reigate station, on his way to London from the dépôt at Maidstone, something having then detained the up and down train there. smart, good-looking youth, I grant you—and he walked into the office, just as I was holding a conversation with that bore Mincington, as though he were a Wellington or a Blucher before a set of demagogues of the French consulate—to say that you were to be found at such and such a hotel, and the more funds they remitted to you the better, as you were hard up!

"But as touching this long talked of inheritance, I have somewhat to communicate. The firm will give two hundred pounds towards your outfit: all this is very satisfactory; but there is something far more important yet. I have ascertained that there is an unencumbered legacy for you—aye, and a sufficient legacy; but you must wait in uncertainty of receiving the same for another two years—perhaps more—five at the utmost. More when we meet. There has been cunning, if not positive villany at work; but your lawyers are not the only sinners. At present I can explain no further. Hasten to town, or write at once to Ellen, who

is au desespoir at your cruel conduct.

"Always yours,
"EDWARD WESTWOOD."

People have very many different ways of expressing sudden and excessive joy: perhaps those who conceal its workings from the world have the best and most delightful experience of the feeling. As for Amble, it was a case of open and avowed delight; he was in positive ecstacies of rapture, and he cared not who knew it. called up the waiters, the chambermaid, the boots, and even an old ostler who had been the only civil attaché of the establishment that he had met with; he harangued them on the chances of this life; he told them that he was eminently favoured by destiny; he thanked them for their kind attendance to his wants, at which they appeared vastly astonished; and concluded by taking down their names, with a promise to reward them all handsomely before he departed for the tropics. Fortunately, genuine happiness, genuinely developed, is infectious: otherwise, an impression had begun to take root, in the mind of the head waiter, that the lodger was projecting a speedy departure, without paying his bill, which

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might have caused unpleasant results; as it was, neither he, nor any with him, except the oetler (who winked privately to himself in confirmation of his first opinion of the East Indian), believed in the promised gifts; but they contented themselves with looks and smiles, and went their way down stairs much as they had come up. When the bill was paid, however, and, with the bill, the usual demand for servants' fees, then came a surmise and a colloquy—the conclusion of the latter ran thus:

"I can't make him out nohow-he's a rum 'un," said James.

"He said he was a hofficer; but I should like to have seen the mustachios, to make sure," added Lucy.

"He's all right, at all events," chimed in boots.

"Get along with you; I know'd—I seed he was a gen'lman from

the first," wound up the ostler.

This latter had commenced his acquaintance with our hero, on the night of his arrival, by bringing him a bit of lighted stick for his cigar, and Amble had paid him a shilling for the civility.

SONG OF THE SKATER.

BY MRS. ABDY.

THE skilful steersman his bark may guide O'er the wide and foaming deep, And the hardy horseman may love to ride Up the high and craggy steep; But the choicest sports of the earth or sea My fancy can ne'er entice, While I trace my pathway, bold and free, On the firm and glittering ice.

I care not to gaze on the verdant mead Till 'tis white with silvery rime, And the murmuring river I little heed, Till hushed is its tuneful chime;

But when locked and stilled is the babbling tide, How my heart beats light and gay, As I step from the hard crisp bank, and glide On my fleet and fearless way!

Cold, shivering groups salute my sight
'Mid the fur-clad throng around,
But my cheek is warm, and my eye shines bright,
And my pulses gladly bound;
And my nimble feet in their progress trace
Full many a strange device,
Leaving quaint prints of their rapid race
On the clear and glassy ice.

Yet I linger not on a dangerous spot
For experience bids me know
That 'tis oft the careless skater's lot
To sink in the gulph below:
Safety, I feel, can be only found
In a transit light and brief,
And the sport prolonged upon slippery ground
Will be sure to end in grief.

Ye, who in pleasure's gay pathway tread,
O'er its surface swiftly pass,
Let not your footsteps be rashly led
To pause on a track of glass;
The treacherous tide shall your trust betray,
If ye slight the wise advice
That the skater gives as he trills his lay
On the smooth and specious ice!



"Dip the pen of astonishment in the ink of veracity." Mustern Proverb.

"Foster the good, and thou shalt tend the flower,
Already sown on earth;
Foster the beautiful, and every hour
Thou call'st new flowers to birth."

"Upon a mushroom's head our table-cloth we spread;
A grain of rye or wheat is mauchet which we eat;
Pearly drops of dew we drink,
In acorn cups filled to the brink.

"On tops of dewy grass so nimbly do we pass,
The young and tender stalk ne'er bends when we do walk;
Yet in the morning may be seen
Where we the night before have been."

Fairy's Song (1658).

ONCE upon a time—to commence in the dear old nursery way of telling a tale—there were fairies on the earth. Fairy rings were seen by mortal eyes in morning light; and fairy gambols were sometimes witnessed by mortal eyes, beneath the wan light of the lady-moon; fairies were permitted to interfere in mortal affairs, in those exciting days, and to gratify many harmless little whims and caprices; and to frolic and play numberless pranks, to the amazement and often consternation of our wondering ancestors.

There were malevolent elfin beings, it is true; but unless first attacked, or ill treated in some way or other, they usually proved a

grateful, as well as an immortal race:-

"Friends beloved—there were finer times once— Than are these times—that must be conceded; And a nobler people lived ere we did."

Where the "little folk in green" have all gone or disappeared to, is not for me to argue; yet I have mine own quaint, old world belief on this momentous subject; and thus far I may be allowed to say, without incurring the horrible danger of being laughed at,

that it is an acknowledged fact, the fairies cannot abide the most distant hint that a railroad is in the vicinity of their haunts; and as their fine sense of hearing as far excels mortal perception in acuteness and intensity, as their filmy and gossamer texture does the corporeal masses called flesh and blood; so it is to be supposed they have fled from England altogether; there being no resting place, however sylvan and retired, no green lanes or wooded dells remaining, but where they could distinguish the shrill whistle, and the thundering crash of those ponderous machines, which, with no great stretch of fancy, seem to emanate from Hades.

The departure of fairies has been attributed also to the abolition of monkery; though Chaucer has assigned a cause the very re-

verse:---

"In old dayes of the king Artour, Of which that Bretons speken gret honour, All was this lond fulfilled of facrie: The elf-quene, with here joly compaynie Danced ful oft in many a grene mede. This was the old opinion as I rede; I speke of many hundred yeres ago; But now can no man see non elves mo. For now the grete charitee and prayers Of limitoures and other holy freres. That serchen every land and every streme, As thikke as motes in the sonne beme, Blissing halles, chambres, kichenes, and boures, Citees and burghes, castles high and toures, Thropes and bernes, shepenes and dairies, This maketh that ther ben no facries: For ther as wont to walken was an elf. Ther walketh now the limatour himself: In undermeles and in morweninges, And sayth his matines and his holy thinges, As he goth in his limitatioun."

In Ashmole's collection of MSS. at Oxford, are the papers of some alchymist, containing a variety of forms and incantations, showing the manner in which fairies were formerly invoked, and bound to human service; the alchymist conjures a fairy to appear to him in a crystal glass, meekly and mildly; and the following receipt is given for an unguent to anoint the eyes with, as a help to discern the elfin-sprite more clearly.

"An unguent to annoynt under the eyelids, and upon the eyelids, eveninge and morninge; but especially when you call, or find

your sight not perfect.

"R.—A pint of sallet-oyle, and put it into a viall glasse; but first

wash it with rose water, and marygold water; the flowers to be

gathered towards the east.

Wash it till the oyle come white, then put it into the glasse, ut supra; and then put thereto the budds of holyhocke, the flowers of marygold, the flowers or tops of wild thime, the budds of young hayle; and the thime must be gathered neare the side of a hill, where fayries use to be; and take the grasse of a fayrie throne, there. All these put into the oyle, into the glasse; and set it to dissolve three dayes in the sunne, and then keep it for thy use; ut supra."

But priceless recipes, and potent unguents, for dim mortal sight, are useless now; the fairies have gone for ever; and whether old Chaucer was right or wrong, or whether they existed until these later days, when railroads completed their dispersion and eternal banishment, matters but little; gone they are—gone for ever!—and tradition only hands down the names of antique fountains, shadowy caves, sparkling wells, and gushing springs, amidst hidden spots of woodland solitary loveliness, which the elfin bands used to

frequent.

England is not what it was—alas and alas! for the "good old times:" but again to commence with the nursery rhyme of "once upon a time," a time long before railroads were even dreamt of, in the wildest chimeras ever indulged in by the scientific and learned: and so long ago that the date of the transaction has been utterly forgotten; the dame of De Laval walked one night on the ramparts of her castellated dwelling, beneath a canopy of the darkest azure, studded with innumerable, glittering, twinkling, brilliant, stars; for starlight, and sunlight, and moonlight, all continue the same, "yesterday and to-day," and will continue so until time shall be no more, notwithstanding changes of all sorts are going on, in continual evolutions beneath them; and they look down so peacefully and serenely, as much as to say-"go on, go on, mortals, we will see what you can do, how far you can go; don't heed us, or if you do, it is only to begin calculating and calculating, and measuring and measuring, and forgetting the hand that made us and you, forgetting that a thousand years with you is but a day with Him;"—and so the same stars that look down upon us, and that we gaze upward on, were contemplated by this lady, during her solitary walk, which surely brings us somewhat nearer to her in imagination, though it is such a "long while ago."

"Memories like phantoms haunt me while I wander
Beneath the drooping boughs of each old tree—
I grow too sad, as mournfully I ponder
Things that are not—and yet that used to be,
A long while ago."

The widow of De Laval was an elderly dame of dignified and imposing presence, motherly and matronly; yet with the full remains of extreme beauty impressed on her thoughtful and somewhat anxious brow; for as she walked backwards and forwards, every now and then gazing on the holy and beatific scene of night, her thoughts were wandering with her fatherless children—four

daughters—the eldest just twenty-four years old.

She thought of their dowerless position, their unprotected state in the event of her death; but she had trust in the "Father of the fatherless," and she felt that she could calmly leave her orphans to His care; therefore she dismissed these anxieties with comparative ease; but not so when she dwelt on their dispositions, characters, gifts, and the immortality for good or evil awaiting these precious beings; on her own awful reponsibility she pondered with prayerful solicitude—for surely, a mother's is the most awful responsibility that can be vested in a mortal.

To save one immortal soul, hath more of glory appertaining, than the conquerors of the earth could ever reap by their harvests of slain; and the mother's tending and unceasing watchfulness,

with God's help, can do much towards effecting this.

Girls were not sent from beneath their parent's roof to be educated in the days I write of; to be committed to the care of mercenary strangers, and placed amid unknown companions, to learn frivolity and modern accomplishments: mothers, then, carefully brought up their tender and delicate daughters beneath the domestic roof-tree, and shielded and guarded their infancy and girlhood, whilst the lessons of piety and housewifery were inculcated by the lips they most venerated and loved on earth.

The dame of De Laval had been no common mother; but whether her daughters repaid her devoted care, or what they were, we may perchance presently see. Her three eldest daughters were absent, visiting their relatives and connections, who ranked amongst the powerful and princely of the land; and who vied with each other in showing attention and kindness to the children of the honoured and beloved widow of De Laval; she, worthy matron, never left her home, domestic cares and religious vigils

occupying her time.

Now her daughters were of an age to render society necessary, fully armed, and prepared to meet its wiles, vanities, and disappointments; chaperoned and cared for by the good and noble, their prudent mother did not object to occasionally parting with them: the youngest always remained with her, and at the hour we write of, was asleep in her own nest-like dormitory; it might be, the anxious mother thought of and prayed for her more than for the absent ones. As thus she sighed, and communed with her own spirit, a singular but gentle fluttering, as of outspread wings,

caused her to start; rich, faint odours overpowered her, momentarily, whilst a shower of sparkles fell around, a strain of celestial harmony swept by on the wailing breeze, and a minute but shadowy form half revealed itself to the shrinking dame of De Lavel—and, in a voice of clear, soft, and bell-like brilliancy, thus addressed her.

* * * * * *

"Dame of De Lavel—I am the Fairy Florien—and not unmindful of the kindness shown me long ago, by your amiable mother, when, on a desperate venture of love and folly, I much needed it; for her sake I am willing to give you any aid that may benefit you and yours, to the best of my limited power and ability; for I have watched over your endeavours for years, and I know your daughters both by name and disposition; to prove which, thus I will describe them.

"First, there is Iva—your eldest hope: she is plain in person, cold in heart, selfish, and egotistical; but with a demeanour severely proper, and a self-possessed carriage; she rarely does anything to be found fault with—as she prays, walks, eats, and sleeps by rule; her sound common sense, and steady moral rectitude, make her feared as well as respected; for she is not tolerant of the frailties or follies of others—and on a fallen sister she would glance with stern disdain. Iva hath both vanity and assurance! her high opinion of her own merits, and her total blindness to her personal defects, her rigid and formal monotony of disposition, render her perhaps the most contented, as well as in the safest worldly position, of the four sisters: yet no one loves Iva—and every one wearies of her: say, dame of De Lavel, what thinkest Shall I pour forth on Iva's heart a few drops of the inestimable antidote of tender womanly pity, which, together with a very small portion from the immense reservoir of feminine trifling and nonsense, will assuredly sit as a strange garment upon her for a while, and strange for the beholders to see, but rapidly helping to make her more tolerable and tolerant,—believe me. You say, ves! well, then, be it so.

"Next in succession cometh Isa, with an unearthly light in her dark eyes, and a wild melancholy ever resting on her thoughtful brow; she hath the holy but dangerous gift of Poesy; she hath the mind full of beautiful and glorious imaginings—the heart on which is laid the fearful gift of suffering and loving—the heart which but rarely finds an echo to its own on earth, and which is slighted, misunderstood, and often trampled on.

"It is not the maudlin and sickening romance of the love-sick girl, or the discontented caprice or silly fancy of the fantastical young lady, that reigns with the iron rule of undisturbed sway, in Isa's mind and heart; it is reality—her birthright gift; it has not entered and taken possession, but it was born with her: reality, which wearieth the heart, and causeth the spirit to pine for the wings of a dove, that it might fly away, and be at rest; for earth hath no resting-place wherewith to solace this pining spirit; earth hath no love wherewith to fill this clinging heart; or, as the gleam of passing sunshine, should the celestial halo cast its rays around her destiny for a few moments, the storm clouds gather, the darkness envelopes her, and hope passeth away, dissolving even as the rainbow tints.

"Morning cometh to the earth again; bright sunshine and joyous scenes; but she best loveth night—its gloom and its mystery are in unison with her soul; and the stormy ocean, the savage rocks and desert scenery, are more welcome to her than the tinsel, false glare, and deceitful, though flowery, paths of the world's garden.

"Isa is afflicted—deafness is her portion; and it is permitted that this be removed, in order that the Spirit of Melody may whisper in her ear the sweet songs of Paradise; and that she may find in Music's voice the soothing, the comfort, and the inspiration which

vainly may be sought for elsewhere.

"Ye know how the evil spirit hath been chased away from o'ershadowing a king of Israel, by the skilful touch of the harp, in the hands of the shepherd youth; and even thus shall the demon of despair be dissipated, and no longer overwhelm the dark-eyed Isa; and in the hope of a blessed immortality, she will learn to join in the hymns of praise, with the shining bands who tune their golden harps, unceasingly, beside the crystal waters of everlasting day.

"You say, yes—dame of De Laval; it is well:—and the gift of heaven-born Music shall go hand in hand with the Poesy, and the impassioned yearnings of Isa's soul.

"Next cometh Ina—the pride of the flock; the beautiful of face—symmetrical of form—graceful of movement—and affectionate of heart. Already hath the flatterer breathed the poison of adulation into her inclining ear; for the form is peerless, and the heart is tender, but wisdom hath left a void, and foolishness and vanity take up too large a portion of the vacant space; she listeneth to the voice of the charmer, even when he charmeth not wisely; to her own young companions she ever finds it difficult to say, nay: she hath not firmness or strength of purpose—but she is simple, without being single hearted; she is gentle, without true charity of spirit; and easily swayed and led by the frivolous and silly, without possessing that true humility and self-abasement, which consists in daily, practical self-denial.

"What shall I do for the gay and beauteous Ina? I will even

give unto her a portion of the wisdom which she lacketh; I will give unto her a portion of self-knowledge; but a *small* portion I am permitted to bestow, lest, perchance, I should endow the already perfect body—with a life too nearly approaching perfection—and

thus, too closely assimilate a mortal with the angels.

"Alas! I am even compelled to counterbalance these angelic gifts (curtailed as they needs must be) by a proportionate coldness of heart, which will prove a safe-guard, and enable Ina to steer her way on the stormy sea of life, avoiding or unheeding the many obstacles which she will assuredly encounter—the hidden rocks, the desperate quicksands, on which she might otherwise perish: she will thus turn a deaf ear to the siren's thrilling voice of love, and she will seek the coral caves, where the golden branches of wealth and magnificence abound: for moderate wisdom, beauty, and a cold heart, will win for Ina the doom of earth's most favoured children.

"That she may not lack all reasonable help in passing through her predestined pilgrimage, the *self-knowledge* is given; in the hope that she will make good use of it—preparing for an eternal habitation

"This will I do for Ina—dame of De Laval, hast thou objections to offer? Well—then be it so. * * *

"Thou turnest pale as I name thy youngest and dearest one, sleeping even now beneath the roof tree of her fathers, within thine own bower chamber—thy darling nursling, the wan, deformed, (start not, mother, at the harsh word) and sickly Ime: her soft blue eyes are closed in feverish slumbers, and her busy mind is even now wandering afar off, in dreams of untold bliss, beyond where thought may roam: she listeth to the songs of strange, bright birds, she culleth ever blooming flowers, and she dreameth not of possessing beauty and grace, but of the bounding

step and elastic spirit which health alone can give.

"She dreameth of roving in the free, green wood, beside the rushing stream, drinking in the fresh pure air, and wreathing the trailing wild vine with the blue-bell's cup; she listeth to the shallow waters rippling by, and plucketh the waving bu'l-rush; "a change cometh o'er the spirit of her dream," and she is flying on the wings of the wind o'er the rich savannahs or boundless prairies, onward and onward o'er the trackless desert: or she mingleth in the choral dances and festal scenes of other lands, where the firm and agile limb, the jocund laugh, and the sparkling eye, speak of youth, strength, and happiness! Poor Ime! she awaketh to solitary hours, discontent, and despondency; for debility of frame, and oppressive faintness, overcome each human effort to combat with, subdue, and gain the mastery over the subtle enemy.

"Delicate and of frail texture is the thread, on which hangeth so ponderous a weight of active thought, such deep research, and the unceasing craving to learn and to know: rarely gifted child—intellectually grand, and stronger than the Amazons of old, in thy mind's wondrous grasp; yet unable to cope with the mortal

coil of sickness and decay.

"But, pale Imè, hadst thou the choice betwirt strength of body, and grandeur of intellect, with grasp of mind, which of the two wouldest thou choose?—ah! I can answer for thee: then I would bid thee remember, that rarely, very rarely, are both these gifts bestowed on the same human creature: thou hast intellectual communings and pleasures—placid, serene, and all unknown to the busy world around: pleasures, which the strong and the beautiful, the heedless and the gay, cannot appreciate, because they cannot comprehend.

"Thy dove-like eyes, sweet Ime, shall beam with untiring patience and resignation: no other blessing, so inestimable, can I accord to thee.

"A gulf is set betwixt the wild and hardy plants of earth, and the

tender and exotic flowers of warmer and sunnier climes.

"The bracing air, which bringeth blooming health to the one, beareth on its wings blight and decay to the other: there is no companionship between them, no sympathy; but cultivated, and sheltered from the wintry blasts, well do the hot-house plants repay the care of the cultivator; rich in the perfumes of "Araby the blest," gorgeously arrayed, and wiling the imagination away and away, to the regions where summer ever reigns, where soft winds ever blow; where the orange and myrtle perfume the air; where the classic temples of old arise in chaste simplicity; where marble fountains gleam, and the glorious statues of antiquity abound; where the solemn cypress shadeth the odorous roseries; where beneath pine forests and olive boughs, are seen joyous throngs, with lyres, wreaths, and Dorian songs enchanting; where there are deep haunted grots, and laurel bowers-Dryad footsteps. and the minstrel's dream; where the golden sunlight resteth on sylvan fanes, and the deep, blue sea glittereth afar off between the green mountains.

"Awake, pale Imè! smile on thy mother; smile on ever more, patiently and kindly; let no word of repining pass thy lips; but remember this transient pilgrimage is but the passage, conducting to the heavenly mansions, thou even now dreamest of.

"The irrevocable decrees of fate allow me not to bestow the boon of health on the fragile Ime; but I am permitted to imbue her with resignation; to my comprehension, a blessing quite as in-

valuable.

"Descend to the chamber where resteth thy darling—dame of De Laval; and as thou art greeted by her on her awakening, so let it be the token to thee, that mine aid shall be extended to thy other children.

"Acceptest thou the boon? Thou sayest yes; it is well. I will return hither in twelve months, on such a night as this; and thou shalt tell me if the gifts of the fairy Florien have shed benign or evil influence on the destiny of those I am willing to serve. Fare-thee-well; thou wilt soon receive tidings to ratify my words: be prayerful; be vigilant; put thy trust in the Father of mercies; and, once more, fare-thee-well."

The dame of De Laval sought the apartment where slept her youngest daughter, the pale-faced Imé, named by the fairy. A lamp was dimly burning on a little bracket by the couch side; ponderous tomes and manuscripts were scattered around—writing materials, and the scanty aids of literature, which then bespoke the presence of a devotee of learning, even as the well appointed retirement of the student now doth.

A young girl reclined on the simple, uncurtained bed; one arm pillowed her head, and pale she truly was; but a profusion of ebon locks, soft and twining, hung in lovely disorder around her oval face; tears were stealing from beneath the long, shadowy lashes; whilst a smile illumined the melancholy mouth, as her mother stooped to imprint a kiss on the beloved brow. The girl awakened, and surely the dove-like blue eyes beamed with celestial light, as with clasped hands she eagerly raised herself, exclaiming,—

"Oh! mother, dear, I have had such a beatific vision; it is no dream, it cannot be; it is a promise from on high, with healing on its wings, vouchsafed to the deformed and sickly Imé. Mother, listen: I have imbibed the precious balsam where the palm-trees grow, which I have read of in Josephus: and I dreamt that an angel came and told me, that if I could but gather some of this precious ointment, as it fell from the balsam trees, all disease of mind would be healed, and blessed resignation and patience would enable me to lightly and cheerfully bear the afflictions of the body: so I borrowed the angel wings, and I flew over the Dead Sea, to the north, near Engaddi; I found a sharp stone, I made an incision in the wood—the balzam oozed forth—and I partook of it; and oh! mother—a new life and a new spirit have taken possession of me-life weareth a different aspect: in the morning I shall arise with an undaunted, heroic, persevering heart; framed, it is true, in a despicable and frail body; but the soul is for immortality, the perishing clay for its kindred dust!"

A German authoress, Charlotte Stieglitz, (alas! she at length committed deliberate suicide,) thus writes:—

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January, 1848.—vol. Li.—no. cci.

"Every thing, tree, flower, plant—all nature, is satisfied with itself; seeks to be nothing else: the rose to be no lily, the lily to be no rose, the wild flower to be no exotic. Only man is dissatisfied, and seeks to be other than he is; and yet only is, and can be, in being kimself. I don't call that resignation, the making yourself a mere clod for grief to trample upon. No, resignation is the making yourself the master of it." *

By and bye, the dame of De Laval received a missive from the relatives with whom her eldest born, the demure and frigid Iva, was sojourning. They exulted in the pleasant change wrought in their somewhat wearisome guest: she had actually been guilty of the most flagrant improprieties, (for her.) for she had danced, talked, and laughed, and actually added flaunting and impertinent looking streamers to the sober, and strictly speaking, rusty robe in which she usually delighted to attire her unbending form.

Aided by these unusual fascinations, she had actually won the regard of a certain worthy knight, who having recently lost his exemplary wife, leaving him with a young family, wisely opined that Iva of De Laval possessed many of the qualifications desirable in a step-mother; yet wishing to combine in his second partner, the sternly moral and coldly decorous conduct of an English matron, with somewhat of the pleasant relaxation, which certainly does prove less cumbersome and eternally same, by the sacred domestic hearthstone.

Ere the twelve months had expired, allotted by the fairy, the widower had taken home his second bride; a home it was to her heart's content, where animate and inanimate objects all required remodelling, lecturing, schooling, and advising.

Iva never wearied of this, I know not if her new connections

A little while afterwards it was announced to the grateful mother, that a famed physician who had been consulted respecting Isa's deafness, had promised to effect a speedy cure, and entirely remove the affliction, by powerful remedies judiciously resorted to.

Before twelve months expired a perfect restoration of the defective sense was completed; the irritability under which Isa often laboured, and the wayward mood of the loving and gifted favourite melted away beneath the charmed influence of sweet sounds, even as the hoar frost is dispersed by the invigorating rays of the noonday sun: the panacea was found, and the restless spirit and the

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yearning heart, soothed and lulled during the daily routine of appointed earthly trials; day and night, summer and winter, ebbing gently onwards, borne on the receding tide, towards the unknown ocean—boundless and infinite—of eternity.

"Soothe her with sad stories,
O poet, till she sleep!
Dreams! come forth with all your glories,
Night! breathe soft and deep.
Music! round her creep,
If she steal away to weep.
Seek her out—and when you find her,
Gentle, gentlest music! wind her—
Round and round—and round and round—
With your bands of softest sound:
Such as we at nightfall hear,
In the wizard forest near!"

The secret wishes of the dame of De Laval had certainly rested on the hope of aggrandizement for the beautiful Ina, by means of what the world terms a "good marriage;" by which is understood, I opine, (though I am by no means certain) wealth and station; and when it was found that the fair Ina herself seemed willing only to consult the prudential counsels of worldly policy, and to discard all foolish weaknesses of the heart, great were the commendations lavished on her sense and discrimination, by numerous friends and relatives: brilliant were the bridal festivities and rejoicings, when Ina of De Laval became the bride of one of England's princes; it is true that love had not a first share in her considerations; but the dazzling eclat of rank, wealth, and power, weighed in the balance against talent, poverty, and devotion, gained the victory—an easy victory, for the influence of the Fairy's gift was secretly at work; the peerless form, the worldly wisdom, and the cold heart, won their way; and many there were almost tempted to envy her lot. But—

The call of bells to feeling's holiday,
Hath but sham life—mechanically moving;
Soul-less he is—unconscious and unloving."

The benign Elfin lady returned at the appointed season; and right glad was she to find, that her gifts had proved so beneficial; they were ever retained by the four daughters of the ancient house of De Lavel; and many an anxious mother of the present day would indeed be thankful, were some kind Fairy Florien to extend the like aid.

Where are ye, Fairy Florien, with all the glittering band of sister spirits? for—

"Bright clouds float in Heaven,
Dew-stars gleam on earth,
Waves assemble on ocean—
They are gathered and driven
By the storm of delight—by the panic of glee!
They shake with emotion,
They dance in their mirth—
But where are ye?

"The pine boughs are singing
Old songs, with new gladness;
The billows and fountains
Fresh music are flinging—
Like the notes of a spirit from land and from sea:
The storms mock the mountains,
With the thunder of gladness—
But where are ye?"

C. A. M. W.

FLORA'S LEVEE.

In the language of flowers, the rose is emblematical of affection; the lotus lily mourns o'er buried love; the tulip blazons forth vanity; the passion flower in its glory of a day, images forth transient love; the lily of the valley denotes contentment or humility; the violet breathes of tenderness; and the white moss rose exalts the imagination to those beatific realms, whence it is indigenous.

In a certain part of our beautiful land,
Tidings came from the Queen of the flowers,
Requesting the gardens to send forth a band
Of blossoming scions to meet in her bowers;
That she might hear all their grave opinions,
Of the rank they presumed to in her dominions.

In glittering throngs and brilliant array,
Forth they all came at the high behest;
But to tell of the pomp and gorgeous display,
For mortal words were too hard a test.
We select a few flowers well known to us,
And repeat to our best their pretensions thus:—

The Rose all blushes and drooping her head,
Said, with soft smiles so winning and bright,
The Queen must not think, that by vanity led,
She claimed a high place in those realms of light:
'Twas not for the sake of her bloom or her grace,
But it was for the emblem bestowed on her race.

The pride of the waters, the peerless and fair,
With tranquil demeanour gazed on the Queen;
The wan lotus lily knew angels were there,
Who at midnight to hover around it are seen:
The heart of the mourner doth sacredly keep
This emblem of those who o'er buried love weep.

Flaunting and vulgar, and staring about,
Drest out in a robe of gaudiest hue,
The tulip said:—some people worshipped the ground;
Where stately and brilliant, she flourished and grew;
She claimed a first place, for thousands well knew,
The emblem was dear to them, if they spoke true?

Gorgeous and rich, by beauty opprest,
The flower of passion had few words to say;
By children of earth ever tended and blest,
Encircled by radiance, the bloom of a day!
So transient its life, so fading and frail,
The emblem with mortals may breath its own tale.

With numerous kindred, 'mid sheltering leaves,
Of verdant and delicate green,
I dwell in content that never deceives,
Nor aspire to a prouder scene;
The valley's pale lily, a lowly thing,
My emblem the grace, that doth happiness bring.

Oh! modest, sweetest, and dearest one,
Why art thou here on this festival day?
Hie thee again to the green wood lone,
From worldly vanities hasten away.
Violet, Violet, words never may tell,
The emblem thou dost recall so well.

Time doth not allow, and it may not be,
To recount all the passages rare,
That graced the celestial revelry
Of the queen and her subjects fair;
How pleased they all left those starry bowers,
Retaining their rank 'mong the garden flowers.

But ere they went to their homes away,

The queen said she wished them to know,

How highly she thought of their dazzling display,

And a mark of her favour to show:

She called on her angels to seek the groves blest,

Where her children reposed in shade they loved best.

Ah, well might all the assemblage there,
Bend in mute adoration,
For never had aught so wondrously fair,
Appeared to the flowery nation.
Their exquisite beauty was shaded from view,
By a rich veil of moss they around them threw.

Purely white in their youthful glory,
Without a stain to dim perfection,
Angels sang in raptured story—
Blessings on the veiled protection!
"Flowers beloved in the bowers of light,—
Immortal Roses—Flora's delight!"

Digitized by A. M. W.

WHARFDALE;*

OR,

THE ROSERY.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER J.

THE busy crowd of promenaders were rapidly thronging the gay place of St. Mark's, and the smaller, though, perhaps, not less fashionable, Piazetta, while the surface of the Grand Canal was covered with innumerable gaily-decked gondolas. Bright as are the brightest skies of Venice, we have rarely seen one "so sweetly soft, so softly clear," as was the sky that overhung the sea-girt city, on the evening in question. The heavens were one wide expanse of calm, unbroken blue. The light-hearted Venetians seemed fully to appreciate its witchery. The public promenades, thoroughfares, and canals, presented on every side an unusually gay and bustling appearance. Not long, however, was it thus. A little cloud,—a mere speck,—made its appearance on the horizon, and gradually spreading over the lofty domes and majestic palaces which reared their giant-forms on every side, a threatening and sombre gloom soon enveloped everything in its shade. The observant pedestrians hurried rapidly towards their homes, the gondoliers propelled their fairy-like craft with more than usual energy. Bustling as had lately been the appearance of the city, it was more bustling than ever. Every one seemed influenced by the same thought, the same fear; and each was alike eager in his flight. It was clearly evident that one of those sudden and terrific storms. so common in Italy, was at that moment hanging over the city. Scarcely had the motley crowd taken their departure from the streets, scarcely had the dark canals been vacated by their fleets of flittering gondola, ere the most lively apprehensions were fully realized. A long, lurid flame of light bursting from the canopy of heaven, and playing, as it were, round the head of the lofty campanile, or bell tower, of St. Mark's church, was the prelude to one

^{*} Continued from vol. l. p. 393.

of the most fearful and terrific storms we have ever witnessed. that had been clothed, (not half an hour before,) in rays of sunny brightness, was now shadowed in gloom and darkness; the domes and pinnacles of the buildings, in the more distant parts of the city, being visible only during the bright flashes of lightning, which followed each other in rapid succession. Every now and then, too, a heavy peal of thunder growled from the sky, and seemed to threaten us with instant destruction. Venice, seen in the bright sunshine of a cloudless sky, is, indeed, "beautiful Venice," a city Venice, viewed through the clothed with a fairy-like witchery. wild ravings of the wind and wave, "the lightning's flash, the heaving thunder's roll," is startling and terrific,—a spot most

awful, yet sublime!

Despite the warring elements and the drenching rain which was at that moment coming down in a fearful torrent, a little gondola, managed by a couple of Nicoliti,—readily distinguishable by their black dresses,—was visible on the waters of the Grand Canal. Steadily, yet quickly, it maintained its course, until it had arrived some distance beyond the Rialto; then suddenly veering towards the side, it drew up to, and stopped at, a long flight of stairs, leading to a noble and magnificent palazza. At the same instant, a signor, closely muffled in the folds of an ample cloak, came from beneath the covering of the coperta, and stepped upon the stairs. A slight wave of the hand was a signal for the gondoliers to retire, and immediately the little boat was again seen cutting her way over the dark surface of the troubled waters. The countenance of that noble signor, could we have seen it, as he slowly ascended the stairs, was dark and threatening; and there raged within his breast a storm more dire and furious than that which seemed for a moment to have thrown the external world into a fierce convulsion. That signor was the Count d'Almaviva! and the stairs he was ascending led into a small garden surrounding the palazza of Mrs. Cavendish.

Nearly a week had elapsed since the flight of Lisette Cavendish with the young English painter, Leicester Melville, and this was the first time that the Count d'Almaviva had visited the Cavendishes since that event. Sure as he was of the sympathy and condolence of the indignant Mrs. Cavendish, he was overpowered by an unconquerabe feeling of disappointment and chagrin. The story had been noised to the world, had become the one absorbing topic of conversation, and the count could not but feel, despite his egregious vanity and self-conceit, that its relation was anything but flattering to his character. As a man of honour he had lost caste, as a man of gallantry he had forfeited his hitherto well-merited reputation for ingenuity and intrigue. To be foiled in his amour, to have his fair amante carried off, as it were, beneath his eyes—and that, too, by a mere boy, a plebeian painter—was a circumstance that might

well call into activity all the darker feelings of the irascible Italian. Over and over again, during his reflections on that strange event, did he call down the heaviest curses, the most dreadful anathemas, on the head of honest Gertrude Simpson, and more than once had he bitterly regretted his leniency towards her. Happily, the curses of a bad man are powerless; hence the honest Gertrude Simpson fared none the worse for the wicked curses of the Count d'Almaviva.

CHAPTER II.

However keen and overwhelming might be the Count d'Almaviva's feelings of disappointment and chagrin, they were scarcely worthy, perhaps, of being compared with those of Mrs. Cavendish. So thoroughly had she set her heart upon seeing her daughter Lisette the gay bride of the Italian nobleman, that on finding her most ardent desires wholly frustrated and overthrown, she had, indeed, experienced a most severe and unexpected blow. It was her pride, however, and not her parental fondness, that had received the shock. It was the cutting memory of the rank and position to which her wayward daughter might have attained, and (through her influence,) the whole of her family, that gave rise to the bitterest feelings of regret. There was never a moment's contemplation as to the cost and sacrifice at which that rank and position must have been purchased. A mere woman of the world, (worldly and base minded,) Mrs. Cavendish was possessed of few of the better feelings of human nature. With her, love was a wild romance, a sickly passion; and marriage itself a mere union of convenience and circumstance. In seeking to establish her children in the world, she sought not so much their real good,—their future happiness and comfort,—as the tinselled shadow,—empty grandeur and display! To her it was, perhaps, a mystery how any woman could reasonably feel dissatisfied with her position in life, so long as her husband's rank would entitle her to the entrée to the most fashionable society; so long as her husband's purse and caprice would afford her the means of moving about in a style of luxury and elegance which must unavoidably draw down upon her the wonder and admiration of the men, while it would as rarely fail to excite the mortification and envy of the women. True it is, she had often read of "an old house at home;" she had sighed, even, over the recital of the delights and comforts of conjugal love and fidelity; she had been in ecstacies with the poet's warblings of the domestic hearth,—yet these were but the transitory ebullitions of a moment.

The fancy was bewitched,—the heart remained unmoved. A single glance at the gay and superficial world of fashion and frivolity. was sufficient to dispel the most powerful and grave impression. Little, then, is it to be wondered at, that Mrs. Cavendish should have looked upon her daughter's rejection of the Count d'Almaviva as one of the most absurd and unpardonable acts of which she could well have been guilty. It was an act, indeed, so absurd and unpardonable in her estimation, that she at once resolved never to forgive, much less ever again to receive as one of her family, the unfortunate and erring Lisette. It was a harsh thought, a wicked resolve; and yet how many a Mrs. Cavendish could we find at this moment; how many who have sought to enslave the affections of their children, to marry them for "filthy luore" to a life of misery and disgust; and on those children refusing to immolate themselves on the altar they have set up, have harshly turned round upon them in their rage; have closed up their bowels of mercy and compassion; and have, at last, driven them forth forsaken outcasts on the world. Oh! how fearful must be the punishment of such hardhearted and unnatural parents. Fierce, however, and implacable as was the temper of Mrs. Cavendish, she allowed not her feelings of disappointment and chagrin at the unexpected flight of her daughter so far to overpower her as to forget, that although she had failed in one scheme, there was still another and an important one ripe for execution. Though, perhaps, never really expecting, she had often calculated upon the result of Lisette's final rejection of the Count d'Almaviva. She had even shaped her conduct accordingly, yet it now seemed that she was called upon to play a part more difficult and intricate than ever. Lisette had thwarted her brightest hopes and expectations, she was at best a worthless and ungrateful child. No matter, thought Mrs. Cavendish, she is gone, and for ever; on her folly may be based her sister's fortune. Sophia was young, lovely, and intelligent; and, perhaps, her only fault, in the eyes of her parent, was the close resemblance which she bore to the unfortunate Lisette, both in appearance, manners, and disposition; yet, after all, this might favour the furtherance of her design. It was impossible for the Count d'Almaviva to have loved the erring Lisette without admiring her prototype, Sophia. And well, well indeed, did Mrs. Cavendish know how to estimate the admiration of an Italian signor. With him, alas! admiration too frequently supplies the place of pure and heart-rooted love—assuming, for a moment, all love's fondness and intensity.

Day after day, after the departure of Lisette, had she anxiously looked for the count's re-appearance; and when a week had well nigh elapsed, without his having once honoured her with a visit, she began almost to despair of a renewal of their acquaintance. Seated by a window, overlooking the Grand Canal, she had thoughtfully marked the progress of the storm mentioned in our

last chapter, while her daughters, Adelaide and Sophia, were occupied at their tambour-frames, in a distant corner of the apartment. Closely and intently had she watched the solitary gondola as it swept over the surface of the dark waters; nearer and nearer had she marked its approach, until it had, at length, drawn up at the foot of the massive stairs conducting to her own residence. Then, for the first time, did she recognise the Nicoliti, and the next moment the Count d'Almaviva, bounding lightly from the barge, was seen rapidly approaching the house. It was with difficulty Mrs. Cavendish could restrain the exclamations of delight that rushed involuntarily to her lips.

The evening passed slowly away, and notwithstanding the welltimed endeavours of the keen-sighted and persevering hostess to dispel everything like a remembrance of the past, there was an air of stiffness and reserve about the manner of the hitherto gay and light-hearted nobleman, that could not fail to excite her observation, and to fill her for the moment with apprehension and alarm. Everything seemed to go wrong! Never had she seen Sophia look so uninteresting, never had she heard her speak in such an unpleasing and uncaptivating manner. And as for her singing, never, never, had she listened to anything so utterly execrable. Her voice. though far from first-rate, had always been considered pleasing there was a sweetness about it which generally well compensated for the want of power. Not so, however, to-night. All was harsh, shrill, and discordant. And was it really so? Was the goodtempered, the accomplished Sophia Cavendish, so unpleasing and uncaptivating? None, perhaps, save her mother, thought so; at all events, none could think so justly. We are too apt to look at others through our own jaundiced eyes; and while we ourselves are the only parties in fault, we are inclined to believe everybody else to be so. Thus was it with Mrs. Cavendish, on the night in question; thus, perhaps, in nine cases out of ten, it is with all of us, when under the influence of similar feelings. Had Mrs. Cavendish looked closely into her own heart, analyzed her own thoughts and feelings, she would have found there so much blackness and deformity, that, shrinking even from the contemplation of her own impurities and imperfections, she would have had no eye for detecting the errors of another. Wisely did the Scotch bard sing:-

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
And foolish notion."

Ay, and of something more than foolish notions would that "giftie" free us. It would expose to us the dark and unchristian

passions of our own sinful hearts, and lead us, in deep humility and abasement, to esteem others better than ourselves.

The clock of St. Mark's tolled heavily the hour of midnight, ere the Count d'Almaviva took his departure. Rapidly descending the dark flight of stairs, and taking his seat in the fairy-like gondola, which had long been in readiness, he courteously, yet coldly, kissed his hand to the ladies, who were watching his departure from a balcony of the palazza, and the next moment the fragile skiff shot quickly down the river. All was calm, clear, and beautiful! "It seemed not night, but softer day." The sea-girt city. bathed in the bright moonlight, could scarcely have failed to realise the poet's brightest dreams of fairy-land, much less its calm, unbroken silence, and serenity, to have subdued and softened every harsher feeling of his nature. Alas, all men have not the natural religion of poetry in their hearts! There are some who can behold the beauties of a paradise with feelings fitted only for a pandemonium! For them earth has no witchery; ocean no grandeur; heaven no glory or sublimity. They are of the world—cold, and selfish.

One of these was the Count d'Almaviva. As well might he have been on the wilds of Siberia, as on the Grand Canal of Venice, for any influence that the witching scene might be likely to have upon his heart.

CHAPTER III.

Time passed away, and the count again became a regular visitor at the house of Mrs. Cavendish; and although he had not yet formally proposed to the light-hearted Sophia, it was clearly evident he had in some measure transferred to her that admiration and attention which had formerly been bestowed upon the now absent Lisette. Never, however, before, had the match-making mother found so much difficulty and embarrasment in carrying out her designs, and had it not been that the gentle Sophia had, indeed, possessed charms of no ordinary description, she might long, long ago have given up her task in despair. The marriage of Adelaide (an event of no slight importance in our narrative) to the gay signor, to whom she had long been betrothed, was nigh at hand; all was bustle, gaiety, and confusion. A thousand preparations were to be made, a thousand duties were to be attended to. The young bride elect, imbrued with all the vanity and pride of her

erring mother, had but one thought of the occasion. What would be her position in the world? To her, marriage was desirable only in proportion as it would advance her standing in society, as it would confer upon her the right of gratifying her own whims and caprices; and above all, as it would yield her the privilege of becoming her own mistress. Foolish and mistaken girl, how soon

must the veil be torn from her eyes!

The Count d'Almaviva, during the preliminary arrangements necessarily attendant on the coming event, was almost a daily visitor at the house of Mrs. Cavendish; and generally did he find himself (whether by chance or by design, it matters little) left to the witching companionship of the captivating Sophia. young girl, almost unconsciously to herself, had succeeded in weaving a web about his heart; from which he could never reasonably hope to escape. The once idolized Lisette was now totally forgotten; the once neglected Sophia was the "very life of life," of the hot Italian's admiration. Long, however, did she resist his addresses, often did she, after discovering his real motives. treat him with an air of coolness and indifference that none save a man blinded by passion could have submitted to or endured. Influenced, however, by the persuasions and frighted by the menaces of a wicked mother; the unwilling daughter was at length prevailed upon to yield a reluctant acceptance. Better, far better for that sweet creature would it have been, had the cold grave closed upon her in the early spring-time of her years, than she should thus have fallen a victim to a mother's vanity and pride. How many of the trials and misfortunes of human life would she then have escaped. Better, far better, is it to give one's children up to death, than to yield them thus a wretched sacrifice to life!

It was Adelaide's marriage morn:

The gay bells rang in the Campanile Tower,
A merry, merry peal rang they;
And the minstrels woke in the garden bower
A soft and enchanting lay.
A raven croak'd in a tree close by,
And a hoarse, shrill croak had he,
'Twas a jarring sound, but an omen true,
Of the young Bride's destiny.
"Caw! Caw!" said that raven old,
As he sat in his old oak tree!

This day, an all important one, to many of the characters of our story, was signally marked by merriment and festivity. Never, perhaps, had the palazza of Mrs. Cavendish presented so gay and bustling an appearance; never had the entrance to her beautiful little garden been so closely besieged by the busy fleet of gaily-decked gondolas; and never, perhaps, had the imperious lady

herself experienced a feeling of more thorough and heartfelt satisfaction. Her vanity was flattered, her pride gratified, and she felt indeed, an excess of that pleasurable excitement, which such people are too apt to mistake for, (and even to miscall) real

happiness.

It was late at night ere the festival broke up; the bride and bridegroom had taken their farewell, the guests had departed to their own homes; and the gay palazza, whose walls lately rang with the sounds of merriment and revelry, seemed like a place deserted and forlorn. As a fair minstrel, on recalling to memory such a scene, sweetly says:

'Scarce hath an hour gone by,
Since music's breath was stealing
Her tribute of a sigh
From the heart of feeling,—
Then was the goblet quaff'd
By the ruby lip of pleasure,
While folly look'd and laughed,
And fill'd the treach'rous measure.

Now the tapers glimmer pale,

The drowsy lamps are winking;
The spicy odours fail,

And the festal flowers are shrinking;
The banquet's life hath flown

With the wine-cup's madness;
And here I gaze alone

On the wreck of gone-by gladness!" C. B. WILSON.

Mrs. Cavendish, wearied and worn out by the bustle and excitement of the day, was seated alone in a small boudoir overlooking the Grand Canal and opening upon a terrace leading to the garden surrounding the house. A small but exquisitely carved lamp was suspended from the centre of the ceiling; the flame glimmered in its socket, and a sombre and fitful light was thrown through the apartment, which was every here and there carelessly strewed about with mementoes of the past festival. There was something fearful in the contemplation of that proud woman's countenance. There was a smile of gratified ambition on her brow, a haughty curl of self-satisfied opinion on her lip, and the whole expression of her features was clearly indicative of the secret workings of her heart. Her feelings at that moment were the feelings of a proud, ambitious, worldly-minded woman; not the feelings of a fond and anxious parent. She had that day achieved one of her greatest victories, she had married a daughter to rank and affluence.

A slight rustling amongst the shrubs in the garden, aroused her from her reverie; and the next moment a light foot-fall slowly

approaching the terrace caused her to start with apprehension. Summoning all her courage, however, she determined to maintain her position and boldly to confront the untimely intruder. Nearer, nearer, drew the sound, and every moment she anticipated the appearance of the stranger. Suddenly all became quiet, calm Springing quickly from her seat, and rushing toward the door, she was just in the act of summoning her domestics to her side: when an infirm old woman, approaching the open window of the apartment, earnestly beckoned her to withhold. She was clothed in an old tattered cloak, which she kept closely about her face, evidently for the purpose of concealment, rather than as a protection from the night breeze. Mrs. Cavendish, startled by the strange and unearthly appearance of her unknown visitor, stood paralyzed with horror, her heart beat violently, her cheeks became deadly pale, and her whole frame shook with strong internal emotion. She would have demanded at once the cause of this intrusion, but her lips moved, yet, she spoke not. The old woman, quickly detecting her feelings, advanced across the room, placed her long sinewy hand upon her arm, and gently pushing her aside, coolly and deliberately secured the door, then leading her towards a chair, she motioned her to be seated. Mrs. Cavendish almost mechanically obeyed.

"Fear not, madam," said the old woman, throwing back her cloak so as to leave her face entirely uncovered, "fear not,

although an unwelcome, I am not an unfriendly visitor."

"Gertrude Simpson," gasped Mrs. Cavendish, her features dilating with anger, "how, how dare you to enter my presence?"

"The honesty of my purpose, madam, amply justifies the rashness of my conduct;" and the good old nurse (of whom we have so long lost sight,) drew up her tottering frame to its highest stretch, and gazed upon her once imperious mistress with a look of indomitable firmness.

"At once," gasped Mrs. Cavendish, "I command you to leave

the house, you are a base ungrateful woman, Gertrude."

"May God forgive me if I am, madam. Hark, you, I have come here at the peril of my own life, to save your child from destruction; heed my warning or not, as you please, but hear me, madam, I am resolved you shall."

"Gertrude, you forget yourself."

"No, no, madam, I do not forget myself, it is you who have done that. But, but, pardon me if my speech be at all disrespectful, my feelings are too much excited for me to speak in measured terms of courtesy. Oh, madam, madam! remember, I cast off my own children from my bosom, to nourish yours. Yes, yes, it was from my breast they drew the first nutritious aliment of life. Wonder not then, I love them as my own. They are my own, and I will peril my life for their sakes."

"At once, Gertrude, I command you to speak calmly, or I shall

summons my attendants to shew you to the door."

"You will not, you dare not, madam!" replied the old nurse, striking her clenched hand on the table with an air of firmness that caused her astonished auditor to start with alarm. "You dare not! no, no, bad as you are, Mrs. Cavendish, you cannot have the heart to turn the woman who has been a mother to your children, as an outcast, or even, (if you think it) as a maniac from your house."

"Then, tell me, Gertrude—tell me calmly," demanded Mrs. Cavendish, startled by the phrenzied manner of her companion, "for what purpose do you come here? For what cause am I

indebted to your visit?"

"I come here to night, madam," replied Gertrude, seizing the hand of Mrs. Cavendish firmly within her own, "to warn you against the addresses of a bad and wicked man. There is no thought too black, no wickedness too terrible, for the heart and hand of that gayest nobleman of Venice, that most despicable reprobate of the whole world, the Count d'Almaviva."

"Indeed, good Mrs. Gertrude!"

"You sneer, madam, well, well, were your own happiness alone at stake, I would leave you to your sneering and your misery. It would be but the just punishment of a heartless and baseminded woman. But, hark you, as you value your daughter's happiness, nay, as you value even your own, dare not to bestow upon that man, the pure and unsullied heart of a gentle and devoted girl. He will wreck, crush, break it! One of your daughters, (my own pet child!) Mrs. Cavendish, have I already snatched from the very brink of ruin, disgrace, and misery—oh, oh, that I could but persuade you to save the other, ere it be too late. Hear me, for Heaven's sake, hear me, the Count d'Almaviva is a base, bad man. Like a viper he will creep into the bosom of your family, enlist your tenderest sympathies on his behalf, then, viper-like, he will turn round upon, and sting you."

"Gertrude, I will hear no more of this foolish raving. At once

I command you to leave the house."

"I go, madam, but, remember I have warned you. I go, I go, Mrs. Cavendish, heaven granting, to England, to your daughter Lisette. I mean to—to dear Mrs. Melville."

"Breathe not that name in my ears, Gertrude Simpson, she was a bad, ungrateful, child, a very thorn in my heart! No matter, no matter. I have done with her at last."

"What!" exclaimed Gertrude, seizing Mrs. Cavendish wildly

by the arm, "What, cast off your own child?"

"I have, woman, and for ever," shrieked Mrs. Cavendish.

"May God forgive you," sighed the good old nurse, clasping her hands upon her breast and turning her eyes towards heaven, "may God forgive you."

Mrs. Cavendish sank back upon her chair; Gertrude Simpson tottered towards the window. All for a moment was still as death.

"Mrs. Cavendish," said the old nurse, in a voice trembling with agitation, "a day will shortly come, when you will bitterly repent your rashness. There will be a second Rachel mourning for her children, and she shall not be comforted."

A slight rustling disturbed the trees, a gentle footfall was heard descending the steps toward the Grand Canal, and the next moment a solitary gondola shot rapidly away towards the Rialto.

Gertrude Sin pson was soon on her way to a ship in the offing,

and was that night to set sail for England.

Heaven grant her a fair and prosperous voyage!

CHAPTER IV.

It has been well said of sorrow, that it is most infectious; and if we mistake not, sorrow is not alone in this respect. It rarely happens, that we come in contact with scenes or circumstances, of whatever kind, having any power over the feelings, that we do not become more or less subject to their influence. To rejoice with the light-hearted—to mourn with the mourner, is, perhaps one of the most natural, consequently, one of the most common, impulses of the human heart. Much as we may repudiate the repulsive doctrine of necessarianism, we must all admit, that we are strongly influenced by the varied impressions from without. Too often, indeed, allowing our intellectual faculties to sink, as it were, into a state of lethargy and repose; we are induced to become, even, almost unconsciously to ourselves, the mere slaves of external circumstances. What can be more fallacious? What more opposed to our own welfare and happiness? In what hath the man advantage over the brute, if he has not within himself the power to resist the vicious, and to embrace the beautiful. Intellect, that first, best gift of Heaven—how strange a deluder must it be—how bitter a curse, instead of a blessing—if it has power merely to picture before our eyes a state of wisdom and happiness, without assisting us one tittle in our endeavours after its attainment! Custom, indeed, may make us slaves of circumstance-intellect, rightly exercised, will invest us with a freedom of thought and action, that no custom will be able to restrain. Not free! It is a bold and fearful assertion. Not free! What becomes of all January. 1848.—vol. Li.—no. cci. Digitized by GOOGLE

human actions, however dark, however terrible? Where shall we look for responsibility?—Not surely to man—the reason, gifted—the circumstance, subdued! Alas, alas, for poor humanity, if we are but the twice mocked fools of intellect and necessity; wisely did the poet of all time speak the irrevocable truth:

"So will fall

Man and his faithless progeny: Whose fault?

Whose but his own? Ingrate, he had of me
All he could have: I made him just and right,

Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.

Such, I created all the ethereal powers

And spirits, both them who stood and them who fail'd;

Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell,

Not free, what proof could they have given sincere

Of true allegiance, constant faith, or love,

Where only what they needs must do appear'd,

Not what they would."—Milton.

It is one thing, however, to be endowed with faculties, and another to exercise them. Before we can thus use the intellect as a helm to our actions, we must have been accustomed to call that intellect into exercise and activity; or, in plainer terms, we must have made it a habit to think for ourselves. There are too many easy, and perhaps, even well-intentioned people, in the world who never care about, much less, even put themselves to the trouble of doing any such thing; they are contented to follow the example of others, to tread in the same steps, to run the same race, and without any better reason for doing so than, that it is usual and customary. These are the true slaves of circumstances, these, the most deluded and deluding of all the members of the human family! Better, perhaps, is it to think, (even though we think with what some are pleased to term freedom) than blindly to follow the hollow customs of the world. The free-thinker is surely to be preferred to the mechanical automaton—and little better than the mechanical automaton is that man, who, being endowed with the faculty of reason, willingly allows himself to become a mere machine in the hands of his fellow-men.

It is almost needless, we presume, to inform the reader that the proud Mrs. Cavendish was no free-thinker, nor, indeed, a thinker at all; having moved in a circle, having lived in an atmosphere, where wealth and splendour were ever looked upon as the alpha and omega of human happiness; she had imbibed the common impression, and blindly surrendered herself to its power. Well, indeed, would it have been had she been the only sufferer—the only victim. It is next to impossible, however, for children long to withstand the influence and example of a mother. There is a secret and mysterious sympathy that draws them to each other,

and sooner or later will it generally be found, that just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined. Poor Sophia! striking as had once been her desire to exercise and cultivate her intellectual faculties—firm, and almost self-willed, as had once been her temper and disposition, daily acted upon by the example of those around her—soon proved too weak to withstand the witching influence of external circumstances.

The brilliancy of her sister's wedding cortegé, the gay banquets which ensued, the princely gifts and the unwearying attention of the Count d' Almaviva, soon wrought a fearful change in her young heart. The cavalier tone, the brusqueness of manner, so signally distinguishing her persevering admirer, grew less and less repulsive, and every succeeding day only served to dispel some hitherto conceived objection, and to induce her to grant a more favourable audience to his suit. She was soon taken in the net, and much too soon, alas, for her own happiness, did she surrender herself to the care and protection of a deceitful and wicked husband.

Six months had barely passed away, since the marriage of her elder sister, and yet, how strange a change had that brief period wrought in her young heart! Again the merry bells rang in the Campanile Tower—again the palazza of the overjoyed Mrs. Cavendish resounded with the sounds of revelry and mirth—again the proud woman found occasion for exultation and delight.

The gentle Sophia Cavendish had now become the wife of the unworthy Count d' Almaviva! Even at this moment we can picture to ourselves that fair young girl, as she leant trustingly on the arm of her graceless husband, her dark eyes beaming with unutterable devotion, her pure and child-like heart beating with feverish excitement and alarm. "Will he ever love me? mentally ejaculated the fair girl, as they turned from the altar. ever love me?" It was well, it was well for the young bride, that she knew not the worthlessness of the being, to whom she had just pledged herself for good and for evil; into whose hands she had just confided her every chance of happiness and joy on this side the grave. And yet, perhaps, it was not well. Could she have seen that heart, of which she hoped so much, clearly bared before her eyes,—could she have read its inmost feelings and its secret thoughts, she would at once have learnt the plain, unvarnished truth. A truth so terrible, that knowing it she might have died, or otherwise, have gone mad! Better, perhaps, far better, would either fate have been, than to have lived a long and tedious life of suffering and disgrace. To pass into the world of spirits, is to the meek and pure hearted, to pass into the unveiled presence of Beatitude and Beauty—to go mad, is, to the deceived and troublestriken, to enter on a new life, a life of contrarieties and strong absurdities. To go mad,—it is to play the jester with every feeling of the human heart, to turn merciless mockers of our own selves, to be, not what we would, but what, alas, we are!

"Hush, not a breath! Here comes distract Ophelia. Her grief is biting with a viper's tooth upon the heart. She is sad, very sad.

"He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone!"

The lightnings flash has shot across her brain, all is instantaneous joy, wild, intoxicating joy.

"Good morrow, 'tis St. Valentine's day, All in the morning betime, And I, a maid at your window, To be your Valentine."

"I hope all will be well. We must be patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay him in the cold ground: my brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good council. Come, my coach!"—SHAKESPEABE.

This, indeed, is very madness; this, the very "poison of deep grief." Where is the heart that bleeds not for the gentle Ophelia, and yet, pitying, sympathizing as we do, who will dare to say that there is less of mercy in Ophelia's madness than in the torturing memory, that throws its thousand slings and arrows on the bleeding heart? To find vice where we have deified virtue—to have clothed an idol with the perfections of the god, then to find it imbued with all the attributes of the demon, is, indeed, to suffer such loss as must ever afterwards cast a poisonous shadow over the brightest existence.

But we forget. There is a fleet of gaily decked gondola on the Grand Canal, the Rialto is crowded with spectators, bright eyes are beaming, light hearts are beating, and a thousand merry

voices are uttering good wishes.

The Count d'Almaviva and his young bride are now on the sparkling waters. Quickly, quickly do they glide along. All is bustle, animation and delight. The gondoliers slacken their speed, the palace of the count is at hand; and now, now, the fair girl has entered her own home. Oh! that we might say to that stern, proud noble by her side:

"Thou hast taken her in gladness From the altar's holy shrine, Oh, remember in her sadness, She is thine and only thine."

CHAPTER V.

Ir would be a wearisome task to follow the two brides through the various scenes in which they were soon called upon to mingle; and not less wearisome, perhaps, would it be to moralize on their once promising, but now, doubtful destinies. Mixed up, however, as they are to some extent, in our story, we cannot refrain from taking a passing glance at their present position and future prospects. Of Adelaide, the elder of the two, (and of whom we shall soon take our farewell) few words will suffice. Of her views and opinions of the married state, the reader is already sufficiently apprized; and it requires but little knowledge and experience of human life to guess the result. No sooner had she become fairly invested with the important title of "Signora," than setting aside all former affected gentleness and restraint, she plunged into the busy vortex of fashion and frivolity, indulged her most unreasonable fancies and desires, squandered her own health, and her husband's fortune with a most liberal and unwise hand. Disregarding the weakness of her sex, her whole and sole ambition was to rule, her wish became an edict, her will a law. Proud, ignorant, and self-willed, she was alike deaf to reason and command. As well might the unhappy signor have sought to tame the whirlwind in its flight, as to have schooled the unruly temper of his thoughtless bride. Much however to his praise be it said, patience and perseverance proved the cardinal virtues of his nature. How different to most of his countrymen! There is a point, however, beyond which human forbearance cannot go; at that point the unhappy signor too soon arrived. Disgust and repugnance took the place of admiration and esteem within his heart, and link after link in the chain having snapt away, there was no longer any hold upon his affection or regard. How sad, and yet how oft too true a picture! In the once gay signor and his young bride the world can never hereafter fail to behold a couple of beings whose lives are sacrificed to one of the darkest and most fearful calamities of human destiny. Bound to each other "for better and for worse," with no thought, no feeling in common, they must drag out the weary period of their union, (be its durance what it may) in untold misery and grief.

In speaking of the gentle Sophia, now the Countess d' Almaviva, we must be somewhat more voluminous, as she will again have to be mentioned in the course of our narrative.

Three months, only three short months, have passed away since she surrendered herself at the shrine of perfidious hymen. To her, love had ever been something more than the mere chimera of the

poet's brain. It was the bright dream of her young life, the all absorbing passion of her soul. While others of her sex had sought to draw down upon themselves universal admiration and regard pleased by the attentions and flattered by the adulations of the many—she, shrinking from the busy crowd, had fed upon the gentler thoughts of her own young heart. What to her were the empty attentions of a thousand admirers, the suppliant captives of to-day, the heartless rovers of the morrow? It was not the admiration, neither was it the homage which her beauty might well command, that the gentle Sophia Cavendish desired. To love and to be loved, this was all her wish. Opposed and averse as she had once been to the addresses of the Count d' Almaviva, she had been seduced at last (through what influence we have already shewn) to surrender herself freely and willingly to his charge; and never, perhaps, did young bride bestow on her husband a warmer or a purer heart. If to anticipate a husband's every wish, if to meet him at all times with gentleness and love, if to be keenly alive to his good qualities and blind to his follies and his faults, be any proof of a wife's affection, then, indeed, may it safely be affirmed that, the gentle Countess d' Almaviva was in very truth a fair idolater. To say that the count was at first proud of his young bride is to say but the truth, and where, we should like to know, is the man who would not have been proud of such a woman? Pride, however, is but a worthless substitute for love; and precarious, indeed, is the position of the fairest and most bewitching creature in existence, if her marital happiness and peace be built upon no better foundation than the momentary pride of a vain and cold hearted husband. Beauty is a fickle, and too often, alas! a treacherous dowry. So long as the gay festivities given in honor of the nuptials continued, and the bride redolent in health and beauty, shone forth the cynosure of the glittering throng—so long as she was made the wonder and admiration of every tongue, the count was all gentleness and adoration. To be the lord of such a mistress! this it was that gratified his vanity, this it was that made him for the time so strangely different to his former self.

Three months, only three short months, have passed away, other beauties have shone forth on the busy stage of life; and though, perhaps, there may be found few to equal, certainly none to surpass the gentle Countess d'Almaviva, yet they have the advantage of novelty. Novelty, that unspeakable and irresistible charm, how powerful is its influence over the hearts of selfish and fickle-minded men! Not more capricious and inconstant is the summer butterfly in its choice, than the heartless flatterer who prostrates himself at the shrine of female beauty. The flower he wears to day, to-morrow will be cast aside.

Gradually but quickly had the manners of the Count d' Almaviva undergone a striking change. Absenting himself by degrees from the society of his bride, he now no longer resumed his accustomed station at her side; in public and private, she was alike neglected and forgotten. True it is, others there were who would gladly have supplied his place; others, alas! wicked and worthless as himself, from whom the fair countess shrank with loathing and disgust. However custom may reconcile cavalier servanteism: to the mind of an honest woman it can wear but one aspect—vice, be it clothed even in the fairest habiliments of virtue, is still vice—and, however eagerly we may seek to reason ourselves into a different belief, we shall eventually find we are but idle jesters with our own happiness. Rather than stoop to a degradation so mean and disreputable, the Countess d' Almaviva, absenting herself as much as possible from the world, lamented in solitude and secret the unhappy termination of her love's "young dream." Yet was she not altered to her husband, but to herself. For him there was ever the same bright smile, the same fond and affectionate welcome. She readily pitied and forgave his faults. To have the cheek continually decked in smiles, to be for ever speaking with a voice of happiness and mirth, while the heart is bleeding from its core, requires an effort which human nature cannot long sustain. It is an internal war which must, sooner or later, work a sad result. Thus it was with the injured and uncomplaining wife; unable longer to bear the struggle, to be for ever seeming what she never was-her health eventually gave way, physical and mental depression wrote their melancholy story on her brow, robbing for the time the sorrowing beauty of her brightest charms. Now was it that the altered conduct of the count wounded her most keenly. In the hour of affliction the heart instinctively turns for comfort and consolation to those in whom it has garnered up its hopes and affections, and often do we find that even the most selfish and coldhearted become, at such times, gentle ministers to the wants of their fellow-creatures. It was not so with the Count d' Almaviva. He saw not in the altered countenance of his suffering wife, cause either for sorrow or alarm; he read not in the death-like paleness of her marble brow, the startling story of his own misdeeds. have sat for a moment by her couch, to have clasped her feverish hand within his own, to have whispered even one little word of fondness and affection in her ear-would, indeed, have been to have poured the balm of Gilead on her bleeding heart. More, far more efficacious would such conduct have proved in the restoration of the sickly wife to health, than all a doctor's or a nurse's skill.

Hers was a wounded spirit!

"A wounded spirit, who can bear?"

The Count d'Almaviva found in the indisposition of his wife, pretext only for absenting himself more frequently from her society. Plunging at once into the busy vortex of the world, he returned once more to the companions of his former life. There was not a féte or festival in Venice at which he was not to be seen. And would, indeed, that the scenes of the fete and festival had been his only haunts; but, alas, there were others far worse and more disreputable. Day after day, night after night, might he have been traced to those prolific hot-beds of wickedness and woe—the gaming houses! There (being like many of his countrymen a pitiable victim to play) were all the darker feelings of his nature too frequently called into activity. His already cold and obdurate heart became gradually colder and more obdurate, and daily less and less fitted to reciprocate the undying love of his neglected countess.

The mother! The guilty Mrs. Cavendish, where was she? Came she not in the hour of affliction, to solace and console her child, that child whom she had cruelly sacrificed at the shrine of an inordinate ambition? No! the hour of judgment and retribution was at hand, already had the bolt fallen on the heart of that wicked woman, already had the irrevocable mandate gone forth. Her days were numbered!

CHAPTER VI.

Scarcely was the Countess d' Almaviva able to leave her own apartment ere she was suddenly called upon to attend the sick-bed

of her unhappy parent.

Mrs. Cavendish, selfish as she was, had ever been most careless of her health, and was at all times ready to run any hazard for the momentary gratification of an idle whim or caprice. Rather would she have endured a week's confinement to her couch, than have been thwarted of a night's amusement, preferring always to indulge the desires, however inordinate, of her capricious temper, though it should cost her an incalculable weight of suffering afterwards. To argue or persuade, were alike useless. True it is, she would occasionally condescend to listen with something like an air of complacency, true it is, she would sometimes even go the length of returning one a world of thanks for his anxious solicitude, but, after all, Mrs. Cavendish would only please herself. She had been suffering for some days under severe indisposition, when cards of invitation were issued for a grand banquet at the Duke de Mont-

pensier's. Her ailments were at once thrown aside, the warnings of her medical adviser and the solicitations of her friends were laughed at and neglected. Not to have made her appearance at the banquet, would indeed, have been a tax on her forbearance. How little did she calculate the cost of that night's entertainment! The day following the banquet found her a prisoner to her own apartment, her indisposition had increased; and, notwithstanding the skill and attention of her medical attendant, almost every succeeding moment gave birth to some fresh and alarming symp-Scarcely had forty-eight hours passed away, since the time she had shone conspicuous in the gay crowd of merry revellers, when her family were summoned to her side.

To have doubted further the result of her illness, would, indeed, have been to have "hoped against hope." The solemn truth had entered even into the mind of the impatient invalid herself; who, no longer able to battle with her physical sufferings, contemplated with a mental anguish, fearful to behold, her approaching departure from the world. What would she not at this moment have given to have lived over the few preceding days, how gladly would she have remained away from the banquet at the Duke de Montpensier's! It was too late. Her own rashness and imprudence had fixed the seal upon her doom.

Often have we stood in the bright saloon, often have we wandered through the busy crowd of revelry and fashion, contemplating with heavy heart the pictures we have there beheld. Many are the fair creatures we have seen mingling with the busy crowd, (influenced too often by vanity or caprice) turning, on the authority of a pernicious custom, the hours of quiet and repose into the hours of revelry and mirth, breathing an atmosphere as impure as it is unnatural, and setting at open defiance every law of their organic constitution. This they call pleasure! Well may it be said, that "every pleasure has its pain." We have heard them laugh and sing till they have grow intoxicated with delight, but mark the result, we have seen them ere long, sicken, pine, and grow old in the very summer of their years. Here is the bane, where shall be found the antidote? Mothers, it is your province to correct the evil; as you love your daughters, as you pride yourselves upon their charms, be wise in time, and shield them from the pestiferous breath of the midnight revel. It may be a stale and antiquated notion, laugh at it as you please, experience will prove it to be true.

To linger by the sick-bed of one who is momentarily drawing nearer and nearer "to that bourne from whence no traveller returns," of one who can only contemplate the passage of that bourne with a spirit of despondency and distrust—is at all times a sad and melancholy task. Yet how often will a brief contemplation of that fearful scene work a greater and more permanent

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change in the heart of the reckless and impenitent worldling, than

a thousand homilies. Such a picture is now before us.

It is night, the young moon has hung out her crescent in the sky, and the dark domes of Venice are bathed in her silvery brightness; not a sound disturbs the city, not even the rippling of a solitary gondolier's oar is heard on the sparkling waters. All is calm, silent, serene as death. Were it not for the lights which are for ever passing and repassing the windows from within the lonely palazza of Mrs. Cavendish, one might even think that at this moment, there was no eye save our own unclosed. We must now enter the palazza: there in a large and gorgeously adorned apartment, lighted by the flickering blaze of a solitary lamp suspended from the ceiling, stretched almost lifeless and insensible on her couch, is the unhappy Mrs. Cavendish. The Countess d' Almaviva and the Signora Adelaide are by her side, one watching with deep and intense anxiety every little change that takes place in the sufferings of the patient, anticipating her every wish, and affectionately administering to her every want; the other, carelessly glancing over the pages of Metastasio, and every now and then walking leisurely to and fro the apartment. Well do the occupations, well do the countenances of the two sisters, reveal their characters. How lovely the one, how abandoned the other! The night wore away, and the exhausted sufferer sank into a broken and feverish slumber, when the Signora Adelaide, glad to avail herself of the first opportunity, bade her heart-stricken sister a careless good-night; and after casting a cold and cursory glance on the altered features of her suffering parent, hastened from the apartment. No sooner had the door closed upon her, no sooner were her retreating footsteps heard in the quiet corridor, than the gentle countess, feeling herself relieved from all restraint, gave full vent to the secret promptings of her heart. Devoutly kneeling by her mother's couch, she offered up a short but fervent prayer.

Oh, that Adelaide's voice had blended with her own; oh, that locked in each other's arms they could have offered up their prayers together! It could not be; the Signora Adelaide knew not what it was to pray; to her, indeed, prayer had ever been a mere custom, an idle fashion, a priestly formula. "Poor, dear Lisette," ejaculated the countess, as she resumed her seat by the bed side, "she would not have left me—no, her supplications would have mingled with my own, her hand would have assisted me in smoothing my mother's death bed. Dear, lost, Lisette!"

A suppressed groan escaped the lips of the sufferer, and the countess, starting from her chair, bent anxiously over her pillow.

"Sophia, Sophia," murmured the sinking woman, endeavouring to throw off her lethargy, "who was it that spoke of Lisette?" "I did, mother," hurriedly replied the gentle countess, "but, but I thought you were asleep."

"Asleep! and so, Sophia, you dared to speak of her whose name

I have long forbidden to be uttered in my presence."

"I did, mother, and oh, let me now on my knees implore you to forgive—to bless—it may be my erring, though still my gentle, sister."

"Sophia, as you love me, torture me no more. Surely, surely, it is cruel to plant another thorn in my breast. Go, cruel—go, go:

let me die in peace."

The Countess d' Almaviva fell back in her chair, overwhelmed by the bitterness of her feelings. In a few moments the sufferer again sank into a feverish slumber. The clock of St. Mark's tolled the hour of midnight, and scarcely had its last peal resounded on the ear of the anxious watcher, when the dying woman suddenly sprang up on her couch, and seizing the hand of her affrighted daughter, fixed her wild eyes intently on her face.

"Where, where am I?" ejaculated she, trembling with horror;

"speak, speak to me."

"Oh mother," replied the countess, "you dream, you"-

"Dream?" shrieked the emaciated woman, "oh, that it were but a dream!"

"Come, come, mother, be calm."

"Who dares bid me be calm? Woman, I shall choke—now—now 'tis in my throat—here, here,—the burning fire it will kill me.—Go

quick, quick, call my children—my -my children."

The Countess d' Almaviva seized the bell, and in a few moments its summons had brought the Signora Adelaide to her side. In the meantime, however, the sufferer had sank back exhausted upon her pillow, and was no longer able to observe their presence. The cold damps of death gathered rapidly upon her brow, and the piercing throes of convulsion left their mark upon her face. Now, indeed, was Mrs. Cavendish dying, every breath grew shorter, and more uncertain; every moment threatened to be her last. For an instant she stared wildly about the room, all was dim and indistinct. Her lips moved, but she spoke not. Again and again did she make the attempt, but to no purpose. At length, after a severe struggle, she inarticulately gave utterance to a few faint words:—
"Yes, yes, it is true. She said, there shall be a second Rachel weeping for her children, and she shall not be comforted. Lisette, lost, lost Lis—""

The word died upon her lips. The death-rattle was in her throat, and in a moment the unhappy Mrs. Cavendish was no

more.

CHAPTER VII.

While the events we have just described were passing at the palazza of Mrs. Cavendish, others, perhaps, equally fearful in their consequences, were enacting at no great distance. At the time of our story, one of the most fashionable and notorious gaming-houses in Venice, was situated in a small and obscure street in the vicinity of the place of St. Mark's. There, at a late hour in the evening, did the Count d'Almaviva and the Signor — direct their steps: to the first it had been a nightly haunt, while to his companion it had only latterly become familiar. In spite of the prejudices of many of his countrymen, the Signor —— had imbibed an early dislike to the hazardous chances of the gaming table; and it was only when he found himself driven from his own home, by the capricious and unbearable conduct of his thoughtless wife, that he was at last led to surrender himself a willing victim to this fashionable and ruinous vice. Once having plunged into the vortex, it is next to impossible to withdraw. We are hurried rapidly along the stream until we at last find ourselves borne down by the irresistible force of the sweeping whirlpool. Thus had it been with the Signor —. Speedily forgetting the dislike which he had formerly entertained, he soon became one of the most constant, as well as one of the most venturesome frequenters of the house above alluded to. Play had become to him, as it does to most who are induced to plunge into it as a source of amusement for diverting their disappointment and regret, a wild and ungovernable passion. In the excitement of the moment he was readily tempted to forget the bitter reflections which ever haunted his calmer moods. He was rich and could well afford to pay the penalty of his folly. It is in vain, however, for even the occasional frequenters of the gaming table to remain long uninfluenced by the primary and soul-absorbing motive of the confirmed gambler, who spends not his midnight hour in play for the mere sake of pleasure and excitement, but for the sole purpose of acquiring to himself, by an easy and disreputable method, the riches of his companions.

The Count d'Almaviva and the Signor —— became nightly companions. The change which had taken place in the conduct of the latter was the strongest, and, perhaps, the only inducement to so close and sudden an intimacy. To call them friends, would be a profanation of the word! A gamester can have no friends. He stands alone in the busy crowd, an isolated, selfish, being. His fortune is built upon the wreck and ruin of his fellow-creatures! Friends, indeed! How is it possible for that man to be a friend to any, whose conduct makes him an enemy to all?

The losses of the Signor —— had latterly become serious, while the count, on the contrary, had been visited by a run of almost unprecedented good fortune. On the night, in question, this had

been signally the case.

It was fast approaching midnight; the brilliantly illuminated room was entirely deserted—save by the Count d'Almaviva, the Signor—, and a young French nobleman, who were all deeply absorbed in the varying chances of the game. Varying, however, as those chances might occasionally be, it needed but little observation of the countenances of the players to detect their several fortunes. The merry voice, the irradiated cheek, and the enervated manner of the Count d'Almaviva, at once bore evidence of his success; while the clouded brows, the compressed lips, and the nervous irritability of his companions, told in no less striking and convincing terms the story of their misfortunes.

No where, perhaps, will the disciple of Lavater find a better school for the exercise of his profession, than the gaming-house. There may he find cases without number for the illustration of his theories; there, indeed, may he behold in every face a painful history of human life! It is next to impossible to sustain a continual war of the passions within the breast; and still to possess a calm and placid countenance. It is well it should be so; it is well, indeed, that the human face is the index of the human heart. Cunningly and artfully as the hypocritical mawworms of the world may gloss over their hypocrisy with the bland smiles of friendship; boldly and fearlessly as they may adorn themselves in the spotless robes of sanctity and honour; prostituting the noblest offices to the vilest ends; it is impossible for them long to disguise their real character. To the eye of a close and keen observer, the truth will peep out, and the devil will seem none the less a devil for his air of sanctity. Well did Coleridge, in his description of the walk of his satanic majesty, hurl the bitter shaft of his sarcasm at this same smooth-tongued, justice-loving hypocrisy! Of the devil, he says :-

"He saw a lawyer killing a viper
On a dunghill beside his own stable,
And the devil he smiled, for it put him in mind
Of Cain and his brother Abel."

A gaming-house is the fruitful dunghill of evil passion; its abandoned harpies, the most dangerous and insidious vipers.

But to resume our narrative. The night wore away; stake after stake was hazarded, but still with the same result: the Count d'Almaviva was the only winner.

"Tis strange," ejaculated the Frenchman, in a husky voice.
"Tis something more than strange, my lord; but no matter—

no matter," replied the Signor —, at the same time casting a penetrating glance on the face of their more fortunate companion.

"Fortune is decidedly against you, to-night; but, of a truth, she is a fickle goddess, gentlemen," observed the Count d'Alma-

viva, without noticing the remarks of his unhappy victims.

"It ill becomes a favourite to belie his mistress," replied the Signor ——, somewhat ironically. "But come, the night is far spent, I will have one more hazard, and then away."

"Agreed!"

For a moment all was deep silence, then came a hurried and nervous rattling of dice.

"Ten, good," shouted the Frenchman, as he removed his box

from the table; "Good! by all that is fortunate."

"The devil," groaned the Signor ----, next uncovering his mem-

bers, "done again."

"Now, my good lord," said the Count d'Almaviva, addressing himself to the excited Frenchman. "Now, for a thousand, an' it please you, I overmark you. What say you?"

"I take you," eagerly replied the Frenchman.

"And I, also;" re-echoed the Signor ——.

The Count d'Almaviva took the box in his hand, and throwing his purse carelessly on the table, so, as for a moment to divert the attention of his companions, he succeeded in substituting a pair of false dice. This was but the work of an instant, and performed with an adroitness that set detection almost at defiance. The suspicions, however, of the Signor —— had been awakened at an earlier part of the evening, and he had since failed not to observe most minutely the slightest action of his companion. Adroitly as the trick was performed, it did not escape him. He moved not, but fixing his dark, penetrating eyes on the face of the Count d'Almaviva, he said, in a voice that caused even the watchful count himself to forget for an instant his usually cool and imperturbable assurance, "Come, make your throw, doubtless you will now be the winner."

"It may be so," replied the count; then, shaking the box eagerly in his hand, he continued, "Tis a stake worth playing for, and, as the old adage runs, 'faint heart never won fair lady!"

The box chinked upon the table—the game was at an end.

"Sixes, by heaven!" shouted the count, "fortune is truly on my side."

"Sixes!" groaned the Frenchman, turning pale as death; "the

devil is in the dice."

"So it would seem, my lord," exclaimed the Signor ——, somewhat sarcastically; then carelessly throwing his cloak over his shoulders, he continued, "but we must trust for better fortune tomorrow."

"Ha! ha! you despair, my lord," ejaculated the count, gathering up the stakes, while the unhappy Frenchman stood rivetted to the spot.

The Frenchman spoke not, but with a look of soul-piercing anguish, mournfully shook his head, placed his hand almost mechanically within the offered arm of the signor, and with him left the

apartment.

That there was something in the manner of the signor strangely at variance with his usual conduct, was clearly evident to the Count d'Almaviva; and the moment he was left to himself it occurred to him, for the first time, that his villainy might have been detected. So sensitive is guilt—so suddenly startled even by the shadows of its own creation, that the first suspicions of its detection seldom require any real proof to carry conviction to the mind of the guilty one. Thus was it with the Count d'Almaviva. suspect that he had been detected, was at once to feel mentally convinced. Hastily throwing on his cloak, and pulling it close around his face, he hurried with a noiseless step into the street. The signor and his companion were just entering the place of St. Mark's. Quickly, but silently, the count stole upon their steps, continuing to follow them as closely as he might venture, without chance of detection. They were engaged in close and serious conversation, of which only a few broken sentences were every now and then intelligible to the anxious listener.

" He plays—"

"Falsely, my lord!" ejaculated the signor.

"Falsely? Where are your proofs?"

"To-morrow shall confirm my assertion. At present let this suffice. Twice to-night have I detected him in his villainy, and have maintained my temper only that my indignation might not frustrate its own purpose."

"You will denounce him, eh?"

"I will."

All was again silent, and the signor and his companion rapidly pursued their course, closely followed by the count. On arriving at the entrance of a small street, leading from the opposite side of the place, they separated, the Frenchman pursuing his way alone, the Signor —— still dogged by his pursuer. Closer—still closer—did the enraged nobleman steal upon the heels of his unsuspecting victim, watching, like a tiger, for his prey, a fitting moment of attack. That moment soon arrived. A high building on the opposite side of the street, threw a dark cloud across the path, leaving all within its shade in almost total obscurity. In an instant—in the twinkling of an eye—the Count d'Almaviva had pounced upon his victim; his hand was on his throat; and the next moment he was dashed upon the ground.

"So, so, devil! it is you that would denounce me, eh? Fool,

fool, as thou art, thou shalt pay the penalty of thy folly. Dead

men's tongues blab no secrets."

A stiletto glittered, for an instant, before his eyes, and the next moment the unfortunate Signor —— lay weltering in his blood. Scarcely, however, had the assassin struck the blow, when the sound of an approaching footstep fell suddenly on his ear; and hastily releasing himself from the grasp of his victim, he rushed

rapidly down the street.

On arriving at his own home, the first sight that met the eyes of the Count d'Almaviva was one, indeed, that should have struck terror to his heart. There, stretched upon her couch, almost insensible, from excitement and anxiety, lay his injured and uncomplaining wife, just as she had returned from the death-bed of her unhappy parent. Now, indeed, did it seem as though the least shock would have been too much for her enfeebled frame to bear; now, indeed, did it seem as though the wreck and ruin was complete! Alas! it is difficult to calculate how much of misery and suffering poor mortality will sustain during its short and fevered existence.

All was bustle and confusion. Ere the morning sun had shed his first fair beams over the dark waters of the sea-girt city, the Count d'Almaviva and his suffering wife had left Venice for ever. Why, she knew not. Whither they were bound, she cared not!

It was her husband's wish, and to her that wish was law!

Of the Signor —, it is sufficient to observe, that he had received a serious, though, as it eventually proved, not a fatal wound. From this night he resolved never more to set foot within a gaming-house; his former dislike was rekindled; his former impressions thoroughly confirmed. For the sake of his wife, that wife to whose charge might be laid his follies and his faults, he generously for-bore further to expose the villainy of the disreputable count. Would that he had been united to one who would have duly appreciated his motives—who would have rewarded his manly generosity by redoubled kindness and affection. But alas! the Signor —had married a heartless and unfeeling woman, and in so doing had made shipwreck of his happiness.

SONG.

THE BACHELOR'S WIFE! OR, THE BELLE IDEAL OF MATRIMONY.

On! the pattern of wives is the Bachelor's Wife!
And if they would just take the trouble to look,
The married would see that the best thing in life
Is to borrow a leaf from the bachelor's book:
His wife is so perfect, 'tis charming to see;
She never talks fast, and she never talks long;
She's never ill-tempered, she's never too free,
She never—in short, sir, she never does wrong.
The pink of perfection! the jewel of life!
Oh! the pattern of wives is the Bachelor's Wife.

Oh! who with the bachelor's model can vie,
Or hope in his sweet estimation to rise?
He modestly fixes his standard so high,
No cupid but he can e'er hit such a prize:
Oh! this is the bachelor's pattern and pet,
So perfect in temper, so charming in mind;
She never does this, and she never does that,
But her virtues are all of the negative kind.
The pink of perfection! &c.

Of the negative kind! aye, and more than all this—Ev'ry grace, ev'ry virtue must fall to her lot; She must fill up the sum of the bachelor's bliss, With a blaze of perfections, that others have not: She may be so clever, she shall be so fair, She will be so good, and she must be so kind, That none with her merits may hope to compare, For she leaves all the wives in creation behind.

The pink of perfection! &c.

She may and she must, and she will, and she shall!

Oh! these are the virtues to make a man blest!

The Bachelor's Wife skims the cream of them all,
So let the poor Benedict take all the rest:

To virtues like these, oh! we cannot be blind,
When the bachelor holds up his model to view,
Or say that they're all of the negative kind,—
In the future-potential they're positive too.

The pink of perfection! &c.

M. C. CRAWFORD.

CLARENDON.

BY WILLIAM DODSWORTH.

CHAPTER I.

THE short, uncertain twilight of a cold dreary December evening had scarcely closed in, as a heavy rumbling post chaise dragged by two jaded hacks, and driven by a drowsy, benumbed, frostbitten postillion, drove through a little quiet, out of the world, Shropshire village, and crossing the battlements and ivied bridge that spanned the frozen stream below, paused for a moment in front of the old Gothic gateway that loomed out indistinctly grand in the foggy atmosphere; and then the crooked little postboy, with a smart crack of his whip aimed at the wheeler, and a smothered curse at the nightcapped old porter's tardiness, urged on his sorry nags to their fullest speed, crumbling the dry, crisp, frozen snow under his chaise wheels, as it rolled up the fair old avenue of limes, once the pride and glory of the old Monks whose domain they had adorned, but, which now lined the approach to the mansion of Colonel Clarendon, who in his day had filled the various offices of a courtier, a gentleman, a leader of ton and a bon vivant.

The unexpected pause, followed so quickly by the sudden rolling on once more of the chaise, awoke a fair haired, blue eved boy, whose bright head for many a weary mile had been pillowed on the breast of an old man, whose heavy sighs burst forth at intervals, whenever he imagined from the regular breathing of his charge that the latter slept—he looked up for a moment as if wondering where and in whose company he was-his fellow traveller felt his little breast heave convulsively, and though the darkness prevented his beholding it, he knew that those bright eyes were filled with tears: and in another minute the chaise drew up in front of one of the side entrances of the hall, at which a single footman was stationed.

He too, was a greyheaded old man, and as he approached and let down the steps, there was none of that alacrity displayed either in his features or actions which in all old families,—

"Welcomes the coming, speeds the parting guest."

There was a deep, heavy, undisguised sorrow that had its counterpart in the two strangely mated occupants of the crazy old chaise;

there was a sadness about the whole, that communicated itself even to the crabbed old postillion—for even his voice grew husky, cracked and rough and uncouth as it was—as he asked how his honour was to day, and received in reply the doleful shake of the head, that somehow or other speaks more eloquently than the most elaborate speech could do.

"Mr. Simpson, you'll please to take Master Herbert to the Colonel's bedroom," said the old footman, as he lifted the poor little fellow out of the chaise; "Lady Susan and Mr. Vernon have

just come, and our poor master-"

Mr. Simpson placed his finger on his lips, for the boy's fair face which seemed as an index to the thoughts that passed in the soul, so rapidly did the expression vary with every changing feeling, became dark with painful emotion; and then taking the poor little fellow's hand, he led him across the vestibule, dimly lighted by a single lamp; from thence they passed into a large room in which several servants in livery were stationed, and then the grand staircase of the mansion; the old man presently ushering young Herbert Clarendon into the sick room of his parent.

The Eton boy whose sole knowledge of life had heretofore been bounded by the green fields that surrounded his college home, and the venerable walls of that venerable pile, drew back as the mingled odours of life and death greeted him at the threshold; but the next moment, mastering his repugnance, he drew closer to his kind hearted guide, and with a throbbing heart that all his boyish courage could not subdue, and a heightened colour, entered the chamber which was ere long to be the scene of the greatest

mystery of our nature.

At the foot of the bed on which lay stretched the once gay and courtly Godfrey Clarendon, stood his elder son, a noble looking lad of eighteen, who was flanked on one side by a figure so singularly and outrageously original, that we feel it necessary to give a more particular than ordinary account of its appearance, to place the character before our reader's eye. A man's grey beaver hat, surmounted by a large purple feather, overlapped in its turn a face, the strong masculine features of which, scarred and wrinkled and badly treated as they had been by the finger of time, seemed to denote that it belonged to the masculine gender:—this, however, the remainder of the dress, which consisted of a scarlet boddice and a violet petticoat, the extreme scantiness of which by no means obscure | a pair of very venerable yet still very well turned ancles, a black military belt set with large brilliants that flashed out from the surrounding darkness whenever the light came in contact with them, white silk stockings with gold clocks and very low made shoes adorned with rosettes, and brilliants similar to those in the belt, a large gold watch attached to the side by an equally massive chain, and a very white thin India muslin handkerchief folded

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very low down over a very flat bosom, so as to display all the beauties of a scraggy neck and throat diversified and intersected by a bundle of muscles and sinews, completes the costume of this singular personage; in stature it equalled that of a tall man, the appearance of which, the masculine character of its features further tended to keep up; the nose was strong and hooked, the jaws large and prominent, and the eyes of a keen grey; there was with all this, when the features were at rest, an air of humour and caustic shrewdness that would in many people's minds have further increased the awe Lady Susan Clarendon's appearance created. But at times the withered, scarred, and weather beaten old face became positively lovely with good humour and benevolence; such gleams of sunshine, were, however, it must be confessed, only passing glimpses of fair weather, and Lady Susan Clarendon in general was as cold and stately and immoveable as Snowdon or Helvellyn themselves. The great Pitt's niece, herself as great an eccentricity as the world ever produced, has declared that small hands, provided they are beautifully moulded and of an alabaster hue, are the most unfailing symbol of high birth: and, measured by this standard, Lady Susan was of the purest cast, they were the only things about her that time had not marred, and now glittering with jewels of great value, they still served to remind the beholder of the time when the charms of their possessor challenged even the homage of the elegant Chesterfield, the courtly Etherege, the epigrammatic Selden and the stately Dorset. A gold-headed cane, which more from affectation than weakness, Lady Susan was fond of carrying with her, lay on an adjoining chair, and a beautiful Blenheim spaniel crouched at her feet, gazing wistfully into its mistress's face. Her ladyship was almost the only relation Mr. Clarendon possessed, and that only in a collateral degree: Mr. Clarendon's uncle, when in life, being the possessor of this old fashioned oddity, and on this account chiefly, and partly because she had for a fortnight of every May carried off his only daughter to her dull, lumbering, melancholy house in Grosvenor Place, had she been summoned to the family conclave at this juncture.

One other relation the dying man possessed, whom never until now had he acknowledged in that light; but when Godfrey Clarendon felt the cold hand of death upon him, and found that his midsummer friends of fashion and pleasure, one by one, fled his society; now that balls and fetes and dinners were to be exchanged for the dull, drear seclusion of the sick room, and that he would never pass from thence but to his grave, he bethought him of this distant cousin, whose simple manners and unsophisticated expressions had been the object of his ridicule in the heyday of his prosperity; and Jasper Vernon, whom he remembered as a bashful, timid, uncouth looking, middle aged man, now stood at his bedside, after the lapse of a non-intercourse of twenty years, with square

gaunt shoulders, a lean cadaverous wrinkled face, adorned with a red hungry-looking snub nose, bleared eyes, a puckered-up chin, splayhands, a scratch wig, and a voice to the harsh distonant tones of which the scarcely more mellifluous one of Lady Susan was melody itself.

From one dreary hour to another, Mr. Clarendon had been tossing and writhing on his weary bed, racked without and within by the keenest pangs; now, however, when his eye fell on the trembling form and pale face of his younger son, he deigned to take some notice of what was passing around him—a condescension that all the cutting hints and inuendos and the clumsily put queries of his two elder relatives had not been able to elicit: he stretched out his arm, and Herbert, springing from Simpson's side, was about to throw himself upon his father's breast, when the two ancient worthies interposed.

"Clarendon, you're surely not going to kill the poor child," yelled Lady Susan, seizing the innocent occasion of the fear by the skirts of his little tunic, and depositing him by main force in a chair; "my dear child, remember you've the death struggle on ye, and the harmon coatch is"

and the boy may catch it."

"Mr. Clarendon forgets his weak state," echoed his other Job's comforter, pouring out a glass of some horrid mixture redolent of a thousand ills. "Pray drink the emulsion Doctor Quackleton —"

"Doctor Quackleton," growled the patient in a strong voice.

"Herbert, my child, come to your father —"

"For shame, Godfrey Clarendon," groaned Lady Susan, keeping nevertheless a tight hold of the stripling with her iron grasp; "you that's just passing into another world, with the devil's curse on your lip. God forgive you your many and heavy sins."

"Mr. Clarendon had better be seeing the priest of the parish, than be after wearying his mind with carnal things—hem!" coughed Jasper Vernon, with his cold, husky voice; "don't you think so,

Lady Susan?"

"Humph! how should I know, you lantern-jawed noddy," growled her ladyship; "he'd better be after settling his affairs, in

my opinion."

The dying man's eyes had beamed with a fierce light, during this miserable scene, so shamefully enacted in the very presence of death itself, by those whose birth and education, if not their feelings, should have taught them widely different. Now, however, a paroxysm of his disorder, more violent than any he had hitherto experienced, came over him; his breath came thick and hurried, his chest heaved convulsively, his eyes seemed starting from their sockets, large drops of sweat stood out like great beads on his pallid brow, his features, pinched and wrinkled with pain, grew almost purple, short, hurried sobs, burst from his tightly compressed lips, the bed-clothes heaved and tossed with his convulsions, and after a

few minutes passed in this dreadful state, during which Lady Susan and her coadjutor had retreated in dismay to a distant corner of the room, leaving only his own children and the faithful Simpson near him; nature once more resumed her sway, and Godfrey Clarendon, weak and speechless, sank back amongst

his pillows, insensible, if not dead outright.

He was not dead, although so close to death itself was the swoon into which he had fallen, that his old servant for many anxious minutes dreaded that such was the case: restoratives of **ll sorts were administered, and here again the active genius of the Lady Susan Clarendon would infallibly have served her in good stead, once more, had not the patient very suddenly and very contumaciously recovered himself so far as to sit up in bed and motion her to retire.

This, however, her ladyship was by no means disposed to do.

"I'm sure, my dear Mr. Clarendon, you're far too ill to be trusted alone," began she, in a high key; "you're just getting out of a dead swoon, which of itself is a very dangerous symptom, and I'm sure I can tell by your eyes and your complexion that your pulse is very high, and your symptoms are decidedly feverish, and you've got a very hectic cough;—there's nothing worse, Clarendon, than a hacking cough,—and your eyes are as red as fire,—and your nose—I always thought there was a great deal to be learned from the nose—and yours very decidedly proclaims you to be in great danger; now, don't fidget and toss the clothes about in that way, child,—your symptoms are all very bad, are they not, Mr. Vernon?"

"Oh, very!" very bad indeed, Lady Susan—hem!" coughed that gentleman, whose red, drooping nose betrayed a predisposition to asthma; "Mr. Clarendon is very—ah hum!—yes, very ill;—pray, Lady Susan, take that child away, the little fellow only an-

noys our poor friend."

Lady Susan would fain have achieved what Jasper Vernon dare not venture within the charmed circle himself to achieve; but there was a hectic glow on the brow of their dying host, that awed even her daring spirit, and she only stood at a little distance from the bed, leaning on her cane, and watching with a keen, glittering eye, the painfully affecting little drama that was now going on before her.

"Herbert, my child, I know you're a brave little fellow for your age," said the dying man, in a totally changed voice; "you would not be a Clarendon, if you were not;" and a tone of proud feeling stirred his weary and flagging spirit as he spoke; "so listen to what I have to say:—you know that I'm dying," and, in spite of himself, a bitter smile overspread his haggard face, as he turned to where Lady Susan stood, "and in a few short hours you will lose a father's protection; it is for you, my child, more than for Cecil,

that I regret this, for you are so young; but it is God's will, and He orders all for the right. Cecil will soon be a man, my boy, and then you will look to him for the guidance which, for the present, I fear, you will have to receive at the hands of strangers;—don't cry, Herbert!"

"Papa! papa!" gasped the beautiful child, through his tears; am I to live with that hideous old woman?—oh, my own dear papa, I will go to heaven with you, rather; oh pray don't leave me

with that old woman,—I'm sure, papa, she's a witch."

Lady Susan was speechless with passion; she attempted to shake her gold-headed cane at the offending malapert, but her anger had entirely deprived her of strength, and she only stood as if rooted to the spot, growing every moment more hideous and more witch-like, in her vain attempt to find words to express her indignation.

"My dear child, you must not say such naughty words:—Lady

Susan is my aunt."

"And a pretty, oh, yes, a very pretty nephew!—oh, dear! what will become of me?—I really think the world's mad!" gasped her ladyship; "to teach your child to malign your own flesh and blood in this way; I won't be treated in such a scandalous manner any longer.—Mr. Vernon, your arm, sir.—This is, without a parallel, the most audacious insult I ever had offered me.—Mr. Clarendon, I would wish to part friends, but, oh yes, I'm a witch,—a witch, I believe, Master Herbert!—oh dear!—oh dear!"—and gasping, groaning, sighing, and weeping, Lady Susan suffered herself, in all her injured innocence, to be led from the apartment.

"Simpson," said Godfrey Clarendon, wearily, "lock that door, and stand before it until I have done." And as his old servant obeyed, the dying man drew his elder son to him, and leaning his own aching head, racked with a thousand dying pangs, on the

fine, manly breast of the young man, he said:

"Cecil, you will be a man, if God spares you, whilst poor Herbert is still a boy:—can a dying father depend upon your filling his place to your brother when he is gone?"

The young lad stooped down, and kissed the cold, damp lips.

"God bless thee, my boy; I trust you. And now one more word:
—by your grandfather's will, the large property he left cannot be claimed until Herbert is of age; he was an eccentric man,—but in the lower drawer of my cabinet, the second from the corner, you will find a document, in which I have explained his will: it is for the use of both, though you, Cecil, can only at present understand it: the little fortune I possess is settled equally upon you, whilst that of your mother is secured to Eleanor. I give her into your protection, too, Cecil, though that old harridan will, I suppose, claim the sweet girl for the present."

And at that moment, as if the mention of a woman's name had conjured her to the spot, a small side-door opened noiselessly, and

a lovely girl, apparently about the same age as Cecil, with her beautiful glossy black hair hanging in dishevelled masses over a neck and shoulders of the purest ivory, her soft blue eyes bathed in tears, and her perfectly faultless Grecian features, that evidently, in happier hours, mantled with the bloom of the carnation, all pale and terror-stricken; her slender and perfectly Hebe-like figure but partially concealed by the loose wrapper she had thrown over her; her beautiful little feet thrust into and but half concealed by the tiny slippers she had adopted in her haste,—in all this dishabille, which only made her look ten times more bewitching than the most studiously arranged coiffure could have done, Godfrey Clarendon's only daughter was by her father's side; the half air of drowsiness that all her agitation could not dispel, and more than all, the costume in which she appeared before him, betraying her having just risen from bed for that purpose.

"Nell, my love, you will catch cold," said her father, smiling proudly on her pallid beauty, for a single moment; "why did Waters

allow you to know of this?"

"Waters could not help it, papa," said the young lady, striving to smile through her tears; "oh, why would you not permit me to nurse you?"

"It is all over now, Nell, love; it will be all the same in a few hours to Godfrey Clarendon. Go to your bed again, love: Cecil,

give your sister your arm."

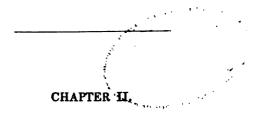
"Papa, I will not go. I am your daughter, your only daughter. Oh! don't drive me away from you!" entreated the poor girl. "I see how very, very ill you are, and I will nurse you, only don't drive me from you; for oh! you don't know how dreadful it is to be awake all through the night, dreading a thousand things more terrible happening to you."

"My dear Nell, you talk like an angel; but all the angels of heaven itself cannot help me now. I'm dying, my sweet love, dying! Nell. My heart is cold; the blood lies like lead in my veins; I can scarcely see you, dearest—come nearer to me.

Herbert! Cecil! where are you?"

His daughter, to whom every word he spoke was as the stab of a dagger, and who knew in him, as in fact did all his children, only the best of parents, encircled him in her arms. At that moment, the faithful servant Simpson, who perceived that the last dread change was about to take place, left his post near the door, and joined the little group. Gently disengaging the young lady from her position, he supported the fast sinking frame of his old master in his arms. Godfrey Clarendon opened his eyes for a moment and smiled serenely and peacefully upon them; his daughter stooped down and pressed her trembling lips on the clay-cold brow, and with the act Godfrey Clarendon's spirit escaped its shattered tenement of clay, and winged its flight to another world.

Could Guido, or the divine Raphael himself, have beheld that touching scene, as at that moment those three orphans, in all their unfolding and unripened beauty, knelt round that bed of death, with the mournful shadow of the old and faithful servant standing mournfully in the background; tears would have been drawn from many eyes, for centuries to come, on beholding the matchless picture the mighty master would have portrayed, and which a much weaker hand has vainly attempted to draw.



Confusion, dismay, and regret reigned through Delaval Abbey when the news of Colonel Clarendon's death was communicated to the afflicted domestics. Every one, from the very lowest to the highest, from the meanest cinder-wench, and the broken-down whipper-in, to the portly steward, looked sad and disconsolate; for the very faults of their late benefactor appeared as so many virtues in the eyes of his dependants, now that he was about for ever to pass from amongst them: and loud and universal was the lamentation that accompanied him to the family vault in the parish church, in which the dust of so many of the Clarendons already reposed.

It was the evening of the day succeeding the funeral that Cecil Clarendon, gloomy, stern, and dispirited, joined the little party who, for the sake of companionship, had assembled in the library, where, all seated round the ample grate, each one seemed silently absorbed in his own painful and sombre thoughts. A large lamp suspended from the ceiling, shed a rich, though by no means brilliant light over the little group, thus harmonising with the scene; and by its light, Jasper Vernon seemed busily engaged in writing several letters, which his newly acquired duties as guardian to Colonel Clarendon's family rendered necessary. Lady Susan was sitting bolt upright in her chair, her stern, harsh features and angular figure rendered tenfold more unpleasing by the strangely fashioned mourning she wore. Her ladyship, contrary to her usual custom, seemed to be completely unoccupied, save and except that at intervals her keen eyes were fixed with a peculiar expression on the slender form of Eleanor Clarendon, who, with her beautiful

glossy hair streaming over a dazzlingly fair arm, lay far back in the deep easy chair she occupied, her face buried in her hands, as if to shut out her thoughts from herself. Poor Herbert lay on the hearth-rug, almost at the Lady Susan's feet, striving to amuse himself with an illuminated volume of Froissart; but the ever recurring yawn, the flushed cheek, and the restless changing of his position, betrayed his weariness of the task.

A magnificent Irish deer-hound, that had been a favourite with the colonel, had followed Cecil into the room; and the noble beast, who had been completely petted and spoiled by Eleanor, now walked wistfully to her chair, and thrust its cold nose against her hand.

Miss Clarendon started and looked up, and then throwing her arms round Bran's neck, she leaned her face on its head and burst into tears.

Lady Susan frowned, and kicked her own pug. Mr. Vernon glanced up from his letter; and the action, slight as it was, seemed to be understood, for her ladyship, after smoothing her wintry visage into a smile, crossed over to the young lady, and patting Bran on the head, took a chair next to that of Eleanor, and began to play the comforter.

"You're a fine fellow, good Bran, and proud enough you look of your privileges," began she, smiling upon the hound; "there's many a lord would give half his rent-roll to be in your place, my man, I promise you. Fie! Eleanor, Fie! child; you'll cry your beautiful eyes out, and then, you know, I will scold you for ever

after."

A fresh burst of tears was the only response, and Lady Susan

went on very sagely:—

"You'll make your nose swell, child, with so much crying. My nose always swells when I cry much; and, indeed, I've always noticed crying's very bad for the complexion and features altogether."

What did Eleanor care for her features now? He would never look on them more to be charmed by their unfolding beauty, and she cared not if her nose had swollen to the size of Bardolph's, on

the moment.

"You'll throw yourself into a fever, child; excessive grief hurts the constitution very much. Come with me, my love, into my dressing room; I have something to give you that you will cherish for the colonel's sake."

Eleanor staggered to her feet; but so much had excessive grief debilitated her, that she was compelled to lean on her aged and eccentric companion for support; Lady Susan did not summon a domestic, but reaching a small spirit lamp from the side table, passed into the picture gallery with a slow step; here there was a noble full length portrait of Colonel Clarendon, dressed in uniform, and Lady Susan, pausing as she passed, held the lamp so as to throw the whole light on the noble features.

Eleanor's tear-stained face had fallen on her companion's breast; a deep sigh burst from her overcharged heart, as memory busied itself with the past, and then, as if spell-bound, she stood rooted to the spot, whilst her companion, sinking her voice almost to a whisper, poured forth, as if unconsciously, a long admiring record of the gallant deeds of Godfrey Clarendon, interspersing her narrative with reminiscences of his courtship and marriage, the birth of Cecil, and Eleanor's own christening; until the poor girl enticed, unawares, into the toils of the temptress, stood with the generous tears in her beautiful eyes, wondering how she could ever deem those scarred, weather-beaten features, hideous, or that harsh voice, grating to her ears.

"But we are wasting our time here, my sweetest," said the old lady, with her last sigh for Godfrey Clarendon; "in my cabinet I dare say we shall find a precious horde of love-letters from your dear father to Mrs. Clarendon. I know they will be gold itself to his daughter, and you're freely welcome to such silly things. I always tossed my Mr. Clarendon's letters into the fire without reading them; but every one doesn't take their love so much on trust as I did."

At another time Eleanor would have laughed outright at such a speech from Lady Susan; now, however, the luxury of obtaining possession of an old bundle of letters, written by her father, filled her thoughts, to the exclusion of everything besides, and she only sighed again.

They had now gained Lady Susan's boudoir, and here Lady Susan, depositing her lamp on a table, began to rummage in her drawers for a key tied by a black string to a red morocco heart. Every drawer was ransacked for such a treasure, but without effect; and Lady Susan, who was as active as any hoyden of sixteen, was presently diving under the drawers, to see if by any accident it could have taken refuge there, and then peering with her sharp nose over the top, like a hideous nightmare, and knocking work-boxes and baskets about in a perfect phrensy, until the missing article was safely rolled out from the very last place in the world it should have been in; and Lady Susan triumphantly unlocked her cabinet, and produced a small roll of brown discoloured papers, which, on being opened, proved to be the letters in question.

"There, take them, child, take them, they're all your own," cried Lady Susan, thrusting them together, with a beautiful miniature, into Eleanor's passive hands. "Ah, he was a comely man, was the colonel, when that was done. Now, my dove, away with you to your room, and never let me see the trash more." And with a gesture of impatience that Eleanor thought was only feigned, Lady Susan drove her from the room, and double-locked the door after her.

Had the young girl seen the withering scorn that distorted those scarred features the next moment, she would have shrunk from the fate that was before her. For many minutes after her departure, her ladyship, with her hands rigidly clasped, every feature in her haughty face expressing the loathing hatred she felt at her heart, her small grey eyes flashing fire, and her shoulders swaying convulsively backwards and forwards, stood like one of Retzch's demons, muttering his horrid spells over the destruction he has just commenced; her very being itself absorbed in the one thought that had now taken possession of her soul—the passion of revenge.

Suddenly smoothing her haggard brow, she rang her bell, and resuming her habitual cold smile, demanded of her maid, who

presently entered—

"Morris, did you take care to leave the letter I gave you at the

post-office, as you passed through the village?"

"Oh yes, my lady," rejoined the confidential abigail, who was almost as grey and withered as her mistress, "I left it first."

"You did not put it into Mr. Clarendon's bag?" demanded her ladyship, who appeared more anxious about the matter than such a trifle seemed to warrant; "you are quite sure, Morris?"

"Quite sure, Lady Susan. You particularly desired me not to

put it into the bag."

"Very well, you may go. I will ring when I want you to undress me—stay; send a footman to desire Mr. Vernon to come here."

Morris went her way, and Lady Susan, taking a folded paper from her pocket, opened it, and was deeply absorbed in the contents, when Jasper Vernon entered, unannounced, and approached her chair.

Lady Susan looked up, and this time she did not consider it

worth her while to wreathe her soured visage with smiles.

"I am going to leave here, to-morrow," she said, after a short pause, looking up. "Eleanor must go with me, as I have to be entrusted with the precious charge of unfolding her future destiny, ha! ha!"

"Hem! you are in a hurry to be off, Lady Susan," said Vernon, glancing hurriedly around the room; "will not Miss

Clarendon-"

"Miss Clarendon, in future, must yield her wishes to mine, sir," said Lady Susan; "I cannot travel far in a day, and it will, probably, be a week before we get to Airlie Castle, so that is settled; and now tell me what you intend doing with the lads; of course, this place has to be shut up until Herbert—I hate that boy even worse than his brother!—attains his majority; you pack him off to school again, he is easily disposed of: but the elder brother, he is a more difficult subject to manage; what becomes of him, laster. he can't be sent to school?"

"To begin at the beginning," said Jasper Vernon, in the disagreeable snuffling tone he usually spoke with; "Delaval has to be let for nine years, what a pity we cannot sell it! The colonel's will expressly declares that Herbert remains at Eton till sixteen, and then goes to college; he is handsomely provided for until he is twenty-one, when the sealed packet, found in the colonel's bureau, directed to a man of the name of Dalton, will be opened here, when that day arrives: this is now the 9th of October, 1831; on the 7th of January, 1840, Herbert will be of age; and, on the night of that day, at seven o'clock in the evening, the four parties named in the last codicil of the colonel's will, or the survivors of them, that is, you, Lady Susan, this Edward Dalton, myself, and Simpson—"

"The colonel's steward?"

"The same—are to meet in the blue drawing-room."

"Ah,—his wife died in that room," muttered Lady Susan, half aloud.

"Humph! and in the presence of the four the packet has to be opened at the time specified; and Cecil, Herbert, and Eleanor Clarendon, who are also to be present, have, in attorney's parlance, to be made acquainted with something to their advantage."

"What an eccentric, Clarendon was!" said her ladyship, frown-

ing; "and Cecil, what becomes of him?"

"Goes to the devil, for aught I know to the contrary—the colonel leaves him ten thousand pounds, it was his mother's jointure, and the like sum is left to Miss Clarendon, independent of what may accrue to either of them. On the eventful seventh of January, Cecil at once becomes his own master, and I only remain nominal guardian of Herbert until the return of this Edward Dalton from India, or Jericho, or the backwoods of America, or wherever he may chance to be at the present moment of which we are speaking,—he may be climbing the pyramids, or groping in the tomb of the Sultan Mahmoud at Constantinople, or smoking his chibouque in the Valley of Sweet Waters, or singing chorusses with the charcoal-burners of the Black Forest, or eating black bread and chalots with the fishermen of the Danube; for he's the most strange, unaccountable, out of the way being in the civilized No one knows what was his influence over the colonel, yet that it was very great, no one in their senses would doubt for Report says, he has looked at life from every possible point of view—has lived for months with the red men of the rocky mountains, joined in their religious ceremonies, gone on the warpath, smoked the pipe of peace in the full assembly of two contending nations, and paddled his bark-canoe over the waters of the mighty Huron; and then, when the few who remembered him here at home, thought he was dead, he has suddenly started up almost at the antipodes, making the world ring with his exploits;

when attacked by banditti in the Campagna of Rome, wounding, maiming, and perhaps killing three-fourths of his assailants, and himself escaping unscathed, with his servant, from their net;—he is, in short, one of the most singular and unaccountable beings on the face of the earth, and had he lived a couple of hundred years ago, Edward Dalton, as he styles himself, would infallibly have been burned for necromancy."

"A perfect Machiavel, by your account," cried Lady Susan, with a stern smile; "and pray what is the appearance of this

Protean hero."

"That of course is as varied as the hundred disguises he chooses to assume,—he has been a Bedouin, a Copt, a Turk, a Spanish priest, a Swedish peasant, a Scottish Highlander, and most singular of all, and which fits him as readily as the rest, an English country gentleman. When he assumes the latter, which is the only one I know, he then appears a tall, robust, athletic man of forty, with a swarth face, sharp, clear-cut features, an eye as keen as a hawk's, a well-shaped mouth, a sonorous voice, chesnut hair, but without any whiskers; he wears a short, well-trimmed beard, probably from his long residence in cold countries, though I have heard it is to conceal an oval-shaped mole he has the misfortune to be possessed of; his nose is slightly hawked, and adds singularly to the commanding dignity of his features, and when he is incensed, his nostrils ——."

"Hold! for mercy's sake forbear, sir," cried Lady Susan, striving to laugh, as she started up from her chair, though the moment before, the colour had fled her cheek, and blanched it like alabaster; "you have given me materials enough for a dozen portraits, and if you say one word more, Vernon, I shall really fancy this Edward Dalton is a bugbear of your own heated imagination. I have heard quite enough, and you may depend upon it will neither expose myself nor Eleanor Clarendon to the fascination of such a Mephistopheles. I really believe I'll dream of this Wandering Jew, if Morris succeeds in reading me to sleep at all, so, goodnight! come to my dressing-room early, as I have much to say to you, before we part—and now go and finish your letters."

Vernon bowed, and withdrew without another word; he did not even smile, as he shook Lady Susan's trembling hand, and his features wore the same impassive expression they always had, when he returned to the library to think over the work he had yet to

do.

The fire had burned low during his absence, and the lamp had gone out, so that when he threw himself into the same chair poor Eleanor had so recently occupied, he at once imagined himself to be alone; presently, however, something stirred, and a gleam of light flashing from the grate enabled him to perceive Cecil, sitting, either asleep or buried in thought, on the opposite side: he had

apparently, never changed his posture since Vernon quitted the room, and it was not without an astonished start, that the latter, recurring to the conversation he had just held with Lady Susan, imagined for a moment, that he beheld the stern, determined look, eagle glance, and bronzed features of that very Edward Dalton himself; it was only for a moment, the next instant the shape melted into the equally stern face of Cecil Clarendon, and Jasper Vernon smiling at his own fancies, stirred the dying embers, and coughed aloud.

One of the two actions aroused Cecil, who to his companion's intense astonishment, plunged at once into an explanation, that for many reasons he had wisely deferred until the morrow.

"Deleval has to be let, sir?" he said, interrogatively.

Jasper Vernon fancied the young man's voice faltered, as he put the question; it might be only fancy after all, but the firelight, at that moment, leaped up, and showed him the stern, pale, brow-knit face of the young man fixed upon him; Vernon thought of Edward Dalton again, he couldn't for the life of him imagine why he did so, for it all passed through his mind like a flash of lightning, even before he had time to answer Cecil's question, which he did, half in a dream; "Yes! yes! Delaval has to be let; we will get a handsome rental, yes! yes! and you—"

"And I—yes, sir, that is what is to me of the most moment; Eleanor, I know, leaves to morrow with Lady Susan—ha! you

start, and yet you cannot contradict me."

Jasper Vernon was in a dream still, it was very strange, he knew himself all the while that he was a keen man, as keen as a gimlet, and yet here he was at midnight, falling into a sound sleep, whilst a beardless stripling opposite, was talking in an authoritative tone, of his future destiny to him! and he was Colonel Clarendon's executor, and that young man's present guardian too! Jasper Vernon was in a dream, from which he strove in vain to awake, for he could only mutter, like a drowsy man, "Does Lady Susan go to-morrow?"

"To be sure she does, sir; you ought to know that, when my

sister Eleanor has to accompany her."

Jasper Vernon's usually stern manner sank before the searching gaze of the young man; he felt that he was playing a hypocrite's part, and yet with a miserable show of innocence, he tried to look down the half scornful smile he saw playing around his companion's lips, and failed wofully in the attempt; "I—I did hear Lady Susan say, that is, I believe her ladyship intends setting off as early as she can," he stammered out at length.

"Very well, sir; it is perhaps better that the parting should be as speedy as possible," said the young man with a swelling heart; "I too will leave to-morrow, sir, and leave you here alone,

not to follow my sister, dearly and fondly as I love her."

Vernon felt as if he could shrink into a nutshell; he felt himself growing palpably smaller, more insignificant, more contemptible every moment, and yet he could not, although he strove to do so, take his gaze from the proud withering features of Cecil; he felt fascinated, in spite of himself, awed, subdued, and terrified as he was; and all this while, Cecil Clarendon continued to speak in an excited, hurried, yet determined tone, as if his long pent-up feelings, like a stream bursting through its barriers, had at last found vent, and were quickly hurrying him towards a goal which Jasper Vernon shuddered to behold, even from a distance.

"And mark me, Mr. Vernon,—for between you and me there shall be no disguising of our thoughts,—I know Lady Susan Clarendon and yourself too well to expect that you will strive to make her feel that in acquiring your protection she will not regret that of her father. No, sir! I can dive below the flimsy veil of courtesy with which you fondly fancy you conceal your true purposes, and I need no wizard's power to acquaint me that under your protection Eleanor will be exposed to many and bitter trials. But beware, sir! think before you act! ponder long and wisely before you venture to turn and twist Eleanor Clarendon's destiny to advance your own unhallowed schemes; and remember! aye, remember, Mr. Vernon, that I shall ever watch over her fate, and that, however distant I may be, retribution shall be speedy and terrible."

"Mr. Clarendon!—such language!" stammered Jasper Vernon,

"I really am quite paralysed—Sir!—"

"One word more, sir," said Cecil, pale with excitement; "I know that Eleanor will never consent to work out your miserable ends by consenting to an alliance with any man, whether rich or poor, without consulting me. I warn you of this beforehand, that you may not dare to tamper with her; and if I ever hear of a change in her, I will know to whom to assign it, and my bitter vengeance shall fall upon them. And now, good-night, Mr. Vernon," added the young man, rising, with a stern frown; "my father's legacy to me—I will not call it my fortune—can be paid into his solicitor's hands; you will not see me again until the appointed seventh of January, 1840, unless something happen to those whom I love the most dearly in the world; in that case you will be responsible for their misfortunes. I will take my leave of Eleanor and Herbert, in the morning. My servant will stay behind to remove the very few effects I can call my own: the roan hunter my father gave me on my birth-day, a couple of greyhounds, and a Manton, are perhaps all I am entitled to. For the rest, I must be beholden to the liberality of Mr. Vernon, by whom I have little fear of being liberally treated."

There was a bitter scorn in Cecil's words, that gnawed into his auditor's very soul, and yet there he sat, spell-bound, speechless,

and terrified, without daring to utter one word during the interview. He sat quite stupified, gazing on the young man, whose prematurely athletic well-knit figure seemed to dilate and expand with the intensity of his emotions. Twice or thrice he essayed to speak, but the words died in a husky rattle in his throat. The half smothered firelight scarcely sufficed to show the alternating emotions that passed in rapid succession over Cecil's handsome features; Jasper felt strangely humiliated by being thus bearded by a mere stripling, in the house of which he was—yes, he himself, the executor of Colonel Clarendon—at present the rightful owner: and yet when Cecil had strode indignantly out of the room without uttering another word in farewell, he had not breath left to utter an anathema on his departure.

CHAPTER III

His own emotions, or rather the exhibition into which those emotions had hurried him, prevented Cecil from sleeping much that night. The last few hours had transformed him, as if by magic, from a bold, merry, thoughtless youth, into a determined, haughty man. He felt as if the spirit of that revered parent, whose death still shed a heavy gloom over his feelings, had been transferred to himself, and called upon him to venture his manhood for the sake of those whose youth or sex rendered them more defenceless and unprotected than himself; he felt happy and sad by turns,—now a strange thrill of gratified pride stirred his heart, as he remembered his interview with Jasper Vernon,—and anon the tears swelled in his eyes, as he remembered that a few short hours would leave Eleanor and Herbert exposed to the tender mercies of the very being whom he had so lately denounced in terms the most exasperating to the self-love of that gentleman.

He was awakened early by Herbert, who burst into his room, eager to carry him to the stables to see Cecil's hunter, and his own pony, take their first cauter over the park. Herbert pouted a little, when Cecil told him gently to go by himself, and meet him, with Bran and Fairstar, Cecil's greyhounds, at the hermitage; but the next moment, as if ashamed of such a childish action, the young boy turned, as he was leaving the room, and rushing into Cecil's arms, flung himself upon his neck, and sobbed as if his

heart would break.

"My dear Herbert," said Cecil, striving to assume a gay tone; "you are as bad as a boarding-school girl this morning; there now, go! Nell and I will meet you at the Hermitage in an hour's January, 1848.—vol. Li.—No. CCI.

time, and as I am not going to come back here to-day, you must

bring me the dogs, for I want them."

He threw back the curly brown hair that overshadowed Herbert's fair sunny brow, and returning the poor fellow's embrace with an earnestness which the young Eton lad knew not the bitterness of, heard him the next moment running gaily along the gallery, uttering a merry whoop, as he crossed the quadrangle on his way to the stables.

Cecil looked at his watch and found that it still wanted a quarter of an hour to the time when he had requested Eleanor to be ready to walk to the Hermitage with him, and the interval he consumed in arranging everything about his room for his own departure; his guns were already in their flannel-cases, his foils, the sword his father had had given him by an Indian rajah whose life he had saved at the peril of his own; his fishing-rods, in themselves various enough to furnish a rod-maker's shop, albeit it were kept by Izaak Walton himself, with the apparatus of his trade; all those weapons of the turf or the chase, with which young men love to be surrounded, were already packed up. Cecil sighed as he beheld the change the well-known snugly furnished room presented; the books all taken down from the heavily carved oak cases, and packed in strongly corded boxes; the beautiful cabinet Lawrence portraits of his father and mother, and Herbert, taken from their panels and packed with the rest. Eleanor's miniature lying on the table ready for him to place the string round his neck, his riding-whip lying beside it; all spoke of change, and absence, and partings; of leaving the home of his boyhood and youth, of parting from Eleanor, of his father; and with a bursting heart Cecil muttered what might be either a prayer or a farewell, and rushed from the room, without daring to trust himself with another look.

The cold air revived him as he emerged from the house and bent his steps tewards an alcove in the shrubberies where Eleanor had told him she would await him. As he hurried on the poor young man strove to assume an air of gaiety, but it was with a sad feeling of despair, and the smile died on his lips, and his heart beat against his breast, as the alcove rose into view amongst the

trees.

Eleanor appeared on the steps as he approached, her complexion was as colourless as alabaster, and though her eyes were heavy with recent tears, and her whole appearance betrayed the grief she felt, in Cecil's eyes she was perfectly beautiful; her hair fell in a black mass over her shoulders, and aided the pallid beauty of her features, which, in their exquisite moulding, reminded you of a lovely Magdalen of Correggio or Guido; her graceful shape was set off to the utmost advantage by the simple morning-dress she wore, and all this pallid beauty was rendered the more bewitching when, without a syllable being exchanged on either side, the high-

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souled girl flung herself into his arms, and hung, sobbing bitterly, on his neck.

"My dear, Nell! now fie on thee for trying to shake my courage, dearest," said Cecil, carrying, more than leading her, from the alcove; "here's a poor fellow on the point of setting out into the world to push his fortunes, and trying to carry a brave heart with him, and then, when he is parting with the only creature who perchance cares for him in all the wide world, the silly girl gives way to her grief, and—"

"Cecil! Cecil!" sobbed Eleanor, leaning heavily on his arm.

"Nay, my dear Eleanor, I will scold for once; you ought really to put a better heart into a poor fellow than you do; remember I am going into the world to push my fortunes; will you not say,

God speed you, Cecil, at parting?"

"A thousand times, Cecil," sobbed Eleanor; "but of you I have no fear; you are brave, noble, and generous, and these ever win their way in the world; yes, Cecil, with you the struggle may be severe, but it will be short and glorious; but for me—oh! Cecil, would not you, with your brave heart, shrink from a fate such as mine will be."

"Eleanor," said Cecil, encircling her waist with his arm, and speaking in a more than usually solemn tone; "you are going to live under the protection, or, in other words, be given up to the tender mercies of Lady Susan Clarendon, than whom, in my opinion, there lives not a more detestable creature in the world; but let not this terrify you, whatever befalls me, I will always have the power to rescue you from her clutches should she dare to make you subservient to her own interested purposes; it is no sudden prejudice that has blinded me to her true character, for it is the conviction of years, but even this need not terrify you; at any time you can leave her protection and confide yourself to me, or to Dalton, should he return to this country before such a step become necessary."

Eleanor smiled through her tears. "Ah! Cecil, how famously we would keep house together, we are quite rich, we have twenty

thousand pounds, why should we not make the attempt?"

"At present, Nell, such a scheme could not be put into effect, let us try the fate Providence seems to point out for us to follow; and then Dalton may arrive in a month—his agents at Lisbon, New York, Rome, and Paris, have been written to on our account, and, no doubt, when he hears all, he will at once set out for England—he may be in this country even now; and then, if we should take any rash step without his sanction——"

"Ah, Cecil, how wise and circumspect you grow," sighed Eleanor; "and our poor father always thought you such a reck-

less hair-brain!"

"Circumstances will make even a madman cool, Nell," said

Cecil, smiling; "remember how many fates are placed in my hands—yours, Herbert's, and my own—I ought to be a perfect

Socrates!—and then, Dalton ——"

"I have really reasoned myself into the belief, that he is only a creation of poor papa's, Cecil; the account we have always heard of him is so wild and mysterious—his wandering manner of life, the many tales of his eccentricities—his prodigality and parsimony, so strangely mingled, his many disguises, his romantic escapades,—are all so many evidences in my own mind against his being a real, living, breathing, loving mortal, like ourselves."

"And yet he is really and truly what he is represented to be,

Eleanor?" said Cecil, gravely.

"Ah! they tell you so, and you believe them ——"

"Oh, no; I have actually seen him!" said the young man, almost sternly. "Listen! once, when I was little more than a child, almost the very first thing I can remember to have happened to me in my life, when I slept in the little green bed-room, through my father's—you remember when I had that room, Eleanor?"

"Perfectly!" said Eleanor, drawing in her breath, and clinging closer to her companion; you once lowered yourself from the window, down into the great pear tree that grew just below, to get me a cap full of pears, whilst I stood shivering and crying on the window-sill, lest you should lose your hold, and break your

neck, for my idle whim."

"Girls are always cowards, Eleanor; however, just after I was put into possession of that room, and when mamma was laying dangerously ill, I was awakened one night by hearing voices and footsteps about my bed. I was a mere child at the time, and, like all children, had my head filled with ghost stories, and such like, so that at first I felt terribly frightened, and crept under the bed-clothes."

"Are you going to tell a ghost story, Cecil?"

"No, no;—something quite as wonderful, though. Well, the next moment a hand was laid on the bed-clothes, which were roughly snatched aside, and then, looking up, I perceived my father, and another man, whom I afterwards found to be this Edward Dalton, standing over me. I had little time to observe him; and then, I was, as you must remember, a mere child, for, in a second, they retreated a step, and a beautiful being——"

"My dear Cecil, you have been dreaming," said Eleanor, smiling;

"this never can have happened."

"But it did, though, as I'll presently convince you,—but don't interrupt my narrative. My father and Dalton fell back, forming a sort of background to the lovely apparition that succe ded them. Eleanor, I have seen many beautiful faces, many exquisite shapes, felt many a bright eye light up the darkness of my soul—yet,

child as I was, I never can forget the mournful beauty of that face which hung over my boyish pillow, on that memorable night; they were the features of one whom, once seen, you can never forget; I can only remember the exquisite fairness of her complexion,—the dark, full eyes, swimming with tears,—the purple blackness of the hair, that fell in dishevelled masses over the snowy neck, and the black velvet dress fitting closely to the bosom throbbing with grief,—all this I can remember, and also the agonizing kiss she imprinted on my brow, and the solemn entreaty of her voice, as she spoke a few hurried, agonizing words, to my father, in a language I did not understand, but which seemed to have a powerful effect on him, by the reply they produced; then her scarcely less singular companion came forward; and, though he did not kiss me, the eager scrutiny to which he subjected me, proved how great was his interest, and then the three seemed to depart—at least, I fancied so; and I was again falling asleep, when I was again aroused, and the same lips were pressed once more upon my forehead—a sob followed—the door closed upon her, and it was all over !--"

Cecil came to a full stop as he closed his narrative; he had spoken with so much earnestness, that his auditor felt that it must be the truth—he never could have dreamed it; and so it was several moments before she could ask—"And this beautiful

being, Cecil, did you never discover who she was?"

"Never! several years after, when alone with my father, after our dear mother's death, I asked him who she was, and how her fate was connected with that of Edward Dalton, or with mine?"

"And what did he say?"

"For a moment he looked as if he could strike me to the ground, and then, in a voice almost inarticulate, with some strange emotion, told me, as I valued my existence, never to breathe a syllable of the occurrence to human ears. For weeks after, he was gloomy, and absorbed in thought; and I fancied he seemed to avoid me as much as he possibly could."

"That could only be the effect of your own imagination, Cecil!"

"I've thought so since, at times; but, however, the whole affair has only served to convince me, that this Edward Dalton and his companion are in some way very mysteriously connected with our family—but here comes Herbert, riding my horse, followed by Craddan, with the dogs! and now, my dear Nell, I must say that saddest and bitterest of words—good bye! it may be for a short time, and it may be for a very long one."

"Oh, no—no!" sighed Miss Clarendon, clinging closer to her brother; "not for years, Cecil! I cannot—cannot live without seeing you, so long; remember, we have never been parted for

months before!"

Cecil kissed her brow. "It was cruel of me to talk in such a

manner; whatever befals me, I will, at all hazards, see you twice a year, if not more frequently; and rest assured, Nell, that if that woman does not treat you with proper attention and respect,—her stony heart cannot let her love even such sweetness and gentleness as yours,—my unsleeping vigilance will at once discover it, and I will at once, dearest, be your champion and avenger."

It was a touching sight to see those two young creatures—one, so beautiful in her shrinking modesty and youth—the other, so proudly brave in his untamed and unchecked early manhood. Ah! who would not exchange all the wealth, and fame, and honours of after years, when the heart has learned to distrust, and to tremble for the future, and to sigh over the past, for that short and fleeting vision of confidence, when our own single hand and our own good cause were thought to be all powerful! When life has opened too recently upon our dazzled senses, for the rainbow tints with which fancy has decked and embellished it, for sated experience to have discovered how empty and unreal are half the imaginary joys of existence; when the halcyon wings of hope are not yet stricken in their flight, and the first sweet draught of the cup of pleasure is but just pressed to the lips, that will, in after times, turn away with loathing, and bitterness, and despair.

And Cecil Clarendon hoped bravely for the future. He was young; oh, youth, how art thou cheated out of the sweets of thy bright vernal dream by the hard, griping, weary world, to have thy memory, the memory of a shadow, embalmed in the dreams of age; he was strong and healthy; and Cecil himself knew that nature had gifted him with a fine figure and handsome features; his talents were of the first order; he was gentle, and brave, and generous; he had ten thousand pounds, and a horse, the like of which, for swiftness and docility, was not to be met with in all the wide county of merry Shropshire, and, above all, the world was

all before him, where to choose his adventures.

"And you are going, Cec," said Herbert, pouting, as was his habit, when he was grieved, "going to leave us, Cec,—for ever, perhaps?—and poor I, have to go back to-day, with Simpson, to that stupid Eton!—Cec, can't you get me off being sent there, and take me with you?—I love the fresh air, and the green fields, and the dogs, so well!"

"You'll be a man soon, Herbert," said Cecil, smiling, "and then we'll live like a couple of merry outlaws 'in the forest green;' in the meantime, you must read hard, and master Latin and

Greek!"

Herbert eyed Cecil's hunter, and the two greyhounds, who were bounding merrily after each other in a paddock, into which they had pushed their investigations, with a rueful frown; they were such a striking contrast to the fate that was awaiting him, that he could scarcely keep down the tears that were rising; and even

when Cecil promised to come and see him on his birth-day, which would be in a month, poor Herbert's grief was little less violent,

although it all spent itself internally.

"Cecil, let us part here," said Eleanor, in a whisper; "it's only misery to prolong it further—God bless vou! and—and—if—Cecil. bear with me!—if I should want your protection —"

"You shall have it, almost before the wish is framed in your

heart!" said Cecil, in a husky voice; "now don't cry, Nell!"

"I know I'm a poor, silly thing, Cecil," said Eleanor, looking up, with a bright smile shining through her tears, "but I've a sad foreboding!"

"Nothing but nonsense!" said the brother; "who could harm

you, Nell-you, that are so gentle and so good?"

"Lady Dinah is a hag, Nell!" interposed Herbert, with boyish

vehemence; "I'd almost rather go to Eton, as —"

"Silence, Herbert!" said his brother, sternly; "one more kiss, Nell—there! there! now—now!—give me one smile at parting, to speed me on my way, dearest !- one word of hopeful trusting in our meeting again happily at last,—one bright look, the remembrance of which may act as a charm when I am weary, or sad, or dispirited;" and the young man, folding her in his arms, pressed her to his breast, in a wild tumult of grief and affection, imprinted one burning kiss on her fainting lips, and then, with a wild, halfsmothered cry, and a pang at his heart, resigned his hold, and, springing into the saddle, spurred his horse, gave one hurried look back, and, followed by his dogs, was out of sight in a moment.

The poor girl stood for several minutes in a state of stupefaction, scarcely conscious that Cecil had, indeed, departed; she still felt the burning kiss he had imprinted on her lips, the hurried embrace in which she had for a moment been pressed to his heart, —the farewell, so fervently spoken, still rang in her ears, and yet, when Herbert, half reproachfully, touched her hand, and dragged, rather than led her along the path, a cold shudder ran through her frame; she felt the same agonizing sense of benumbed pain a person, in whom life has been suspended, may be supposed to feel, when once more recalled to existence;—her brain reeled with sensations, to which it had heretofore been a stranger; nothing bore the same aspect it had done before,—the very sun shone with a sickly smile over the wintry landscape,—Eleanor Clarendon had begun to learn to distrust.

"Ah, Nell, you almost make me cry to look at you," said Herbert, who, having already half swallowed his grief, very reasonably thought his sister had had time to do the same; "one would really think you had just parted with a lover—and yet, it is only

Cecil. after all!"

A pang shot through Eleanor's heart; she blushed, and walked on, for some time, with a quicker step. It was strange that so

young a child should have stumbled on a fact that was not known even by herself; and Herbert Clarendon began to chase the gardener's terrier over the flower-beds.

THE TRIAL OF THE EARL OF SOMERSET, FOR THE POISONING OF SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

The trial of the Earl of Somerset is one of those dark passages in English history, which appear wrapped in a veil of impenetrable mist. The actors in the tragedy have long vanished from the scene. The records of our state trials, and the archives of the State Paper Office have been consulted and explored with but little success. The oracle's response has been unmeaning and obscure. Mr. Amos has endeavoured to add fresh light; we do not say that he has been altogether unsuccessful, but his thick octavo, interesting as it is, full as it is of learning and law, leaves the reader, owing to its defective arrangement, in a complete state of bewilderment and suspense.

Ben Jonson's Masque of Hymen, was represented before King James, on the occasion of the marriage of the Earl of Essex with Lady Frances Howard. The noble bridegroom had attained the mature age of fourteen. Lady Frances owned to having witnessed thirteen summer's suns. In seven years the ill-fated marriage was dissolved, those seven years had somewhat stained the lady's name. And whilst matrons and midwives were left to decide whether the Countess of Essex appeared to them when unrobed, as still a virgin; grave bishops and doctors of civil law, had to decide whether the lady had shown any cause for a divorce. According to a cotemporary writer, Miss Mounson, daughter of Sir Thomas Mounson, with her face thickly veiled, underwent the examination, from which the guilt of the countess led her to shrink. The judicial enquiry was directed by James, and terminated as he wished. In a right royal letter the archbishop of Canterbury, even, was commanded to be obedient to the king. "I will conclude, therefore," says our British Solomon; "that if a judge should have a prejudice in respect of persons,—it should

become you rather to have a faith implicit in my judgment, as well as in respect of some skill I have in divinity, as also I hope that no honest man doubts of the uprightness of my conscience. And the best thankfulness that you that are so far my creature, can use towards me, is to reverence and follow my judgment and not contradict it, except when you may demonstrate unto me that I am mistaken or wrong informed. And so farewell, James R." It was not in vain that James interfered. The vows, which as a girl she had made, before the perilous gift of beauty had won for the countess a doubtful name, she was permitted to laugh to scorn. From the home and husband of her youth, conscious of her charms, conscious of their success, in her power and pride she went forth free.

On the festival of St. Stephen, in the year 1613, in the royal palace of Whitehall, in the midst of England's noble and great, on the very spot, where, on the same day eight years before, she had plighted a faith that had not then been found false; the divorced countess became the bride of the king's favourite, Somerset. For this, as for the previous wedding, the king paid the expenses. The same dignitary gave to this, as to the first, the sauction of the church.

In her long hair, the appropriate etiquette of that day for virgin brides, the countess appeared at the altar with the man whose love she had long sought to gain. Wilson, the historian, tells us that those who saw her face might challenge nature of too much hypocrisy for harbouring so wicked a heart under so sweet and bewitching a countenance. He adds, that she had grown to be a beauty of the greatest magnitude in the horizon of the court; and every tongue grew an orator at that shrine. Donne, who took orders, as he says himself, after the age of forty—by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, and by the suggestion of king James, on the day of her marriage, wrote those lines which Dr. Johnson has published as one of the most striking examples of the conceits to be found in the works of the metaphysical school of which Donne and Cowley were the head. On the evening of the wedding-day there was "a gallant masque of lords." The masque, however, this time, was written not by Johnson, but by Campion, his successful rival. In honour of the newly married couple, Bacon prepared the "Masque of Flowers," which was performed in Gray's Inn, at an expense of £2000, and the lord-mayor and aldermen of London gave a grand banquet at Merchant-Tailors' Hall. The rich companies, whose merchants were even then princes, vied with each other in offering precious gifts to the illustrious pair. The queen gave them silver dishes, curiously enamelled. is. Coke, the chief justice, presented a basin and cover of silver, gilt; his lady, a pot of gold. Another sycophant gave a gold warming-pan; another, hangings, worth £1500.; another, a sword,

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worth £500., besides its workmanship of enamelled gold, which cost one hundred marks; another, a cradle of silver, to burn sea-coal; another, candlesticks, worth one thousand marks; another, two oriental pearls; another, a fire-shovel, tongs, pokers, creepers, and other chimney furniture, all of silver. The wife of a

bishop presented the bride-cake."

Three years passed—three years of gorgeousness and wantonness, of fulness of bread and pride of place: of favour on the part of the pedantic king, and flattery on that of a cringing court; and again, the count and countess of Somerset were the observed of all observers. Many of the most exciting scenes of English story have occurred in that old hall of William Rufus, in which they then held There, shortly after, Bacon heard his humiliating up their hands. doom; there Strafford stood, unconquered to the last; there an English king, by his heroic bearing, more than half redeemed the errors of a life; there Burke and Sheridan pleaded, in immortal speech, the ancient rights and dynasties of Hindostan. no trial that took place there ever collected a greater crowd within its walls than did that in which the favourite of a king stood in peril of his life. All places of amusement, and public business, were deserted during its progress. Sir F. Bacon, at the time, said, "The town hath been almost turned into a justitium or vacancy, the people themselves being more willing to be lookers-on in this business, than to follow their own." From contemporary letter-writers we learn, "that four or five pieces was an ordinary price for a seat in the hall." One lawyer gave £10. for himself and family for the two days. "Fifty pounds were given for a corner that would hardly concontain a dozen." Under a cloth of estate, at the upper end of the hall, as lord high steward, sat lord chancellor Ellesmere; on either side of him, on benches, somewhat lower, were seated the twentyone peers who formed his court. With the judges sat the immortal Coke. At the lower end of the hall were the king's council, headed by attorney-general Bacon, who, throughout the trial, fully bears out the truth of Pope's inimitable antithesis, and appears-

"The greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind."

The first day the Countess of Somerset was called upon to answer for her crime, men's hearts were melted, as they have ever been, when beauty and youth appear before them in distress and tears. With "a low voice, but wonderful fearful," she confessed her guilt. Pale, but yet calm and collected, she exchanged the halls and banquetting rooms she had lit up with her loveliness, for the gloomy precincts of the Tower. It is said she passionately entreated the lieutenant that she might not be imprisoned in the same room in which Sir Thomas Overbury had died. In the tower, her only child was

born—that child became the mother of the Russell who was found guilty, at a later day, of attachment to English freedom and rights, and who sealed that attachment with his blood.

On the day succeeding the trial of his wife, the Earl of Somerset appeared at the bar. It was observed that his visage was pale, and his eyes were sunk. His trial lasted from nine in the morning till ten at night. At that late hour, by the feeble torchlight that glimmered through the hall, before men who the day before would have kissed the ground on which he trod, had he bade them, he had to answer the charges which had been conducted on the part of the crown by the keenest wit that ever appeared at the English bar. Had Bacon been the reverse, the result would have been the same, Of course, the prisoner was found guilty. The earlier volumes of our state trials are stamped with indelible disgrace. With judges biassed—with lying witnesses—with lawyers ready to compass sea and land to do the king's will, it was in vain for the hapless victim to seek to extricate himself from the snare.

We are inclined to think that Somerset was not guilty of the crime of murder; indeed, it is questionable whether Overbury was murdered at all. Attempts were made to poison him, but without There is no evidence whatever to show that Somerset had any knowledge of the attempts on Overbury's life. James' affection for Somerset continued unchanged, had George Villiers never appeared in court, in all probability the trial would never have taken place. According to Roger Coke, the grandson of Sir Edward, the king's parting with Somerset was a masterpiece of villany on his part. He states "that the king was at Royston on a royal progress, and Somerset was with him; and when the king had been there about a week, next day he designed to proceed to Newmarket, and Somerset to return to London, when Sir Ralph (Winwood) came to Royston, and acquainted the king with what had been discovered about Sir Thomas Overbury's murder. The king was so surprised herewith, that he posted away a messenger to Sir Edward Coke to apprehend the earl; I speak this with confidence because I had it from one of Sir Edward's sons."

Sir Edward lay then at the Temple, and measured out his time at regular hours, two whereof were to go to bed at nine o'clock, and in the morning to rise at three. At this time Sir Edward's son, and some others, were in Sir Edward's lodging, but not in bed when the messenger, about one in the morning, knocked at the door, where the son met him and knew him; says he, "I come from the king, and must immediately speak with your father."

"If you come from ten kings," he answered, "you shall not; for I know my father's disposition to be such, that if he be disturbed in his sleep, he will not be fit for any business; but if you will do as we do, you shall be welcome: and about two hours

hence my father will rise, and you may then do as you please;" to which he assented.

At three Sir Edward rang a little bell, to give notice to his servants to come to him, and then the messenger went to him and gave him the king's letter; and Sir Edward immediately made a warrant to apprehend Somerset, and sent to the king that he would

wait upon him that day.

The messenger went back post to Royston, and arrived there about ten in the morning. The king had a loathsome way of lolling his arms about his favourites' necks, and kissing them, and in this posture the messenger found the king with Somerset, saying, "When shall I see thee again?" Somerset then designing for London, where he was arrested by Sir Edward's warrant. Somerset exclaimed, that never such an affront was offered to a peer of England in the presence of the king, "Nay, man," said the king, "if Coke sends for me I must go;" and when he was gone, "Now the De'el go with thee," said the king, "for I will never see thy face any more."

About three in the afternoon the chief justice came to Royston, and, so soon as he had seen the king, the king told him that he was acquainted with the most wicked murder by Somerset and his wife, that was ever perpetrated, upon Sir Thomas Overbury; and that they had made him a pimp to carry on their bawdry and murder; and, therefore, commanded the lord chief justice, with all the scrutiny possible, to search into the bottom of the conspiracy, and to spare no man, however great, and even concluding, "God's curse be upon you and yours, if you spare any of them; and God's curse be upon me and mine if I pardon any one of them." There is reason to suppose that this statement is not altogether correct. Lord Bacon, however, informs us that Sir Edward Coke was originally intrusted with the case.

Sir Thomas Overbury, whose murder was the subject of the inquiry, was a man well known in the literature of that day. Notwithstanding the illustrious names of Jonson, Bacon, Shakspeare, to say nothing of Beaumont Fletcher, Massinger, Raleigh, Selden, and Donne, the "Wife" and "Characters" of Overbury were read and admired. It was said that the former was written to dissuade the earl from marrying his countess. What his precise relations with James and his favourite were, it is now difficult to ascertain. Somerset, it is well known, had been raised by the king's favour from, comparatively speaking, humble life. appears to have been essential to him, to have assisted him with his council and knowledge—indeed, to have done everything that his While the earl had been carrying on a correspatron desired. pondence with the Countess of Essex, he had written the letters that were sent; but fearful that his own power over Somerset would be weakened, were the countess to become his wife, or really de-

sirous to save the Earl from a connexion that he might deem fraught with deserved shame, he did all he could to prevent the marriage his master had so much at heart. By this means he made himself foes, and one of them a woman, whose passions and abandonment of all principle and prudence, have acquired for her a bad pre-eminence. Northampton, the great uncle of the countess, and Somerset, appear merely to have contrived, as was frequently done in those days, to get Overbury into the Tower, and to have wished simply to keep him there till the marriage was concluded. mysterious part of the business is, the connection of James with Overbury. According to Roger Coke, "it was commonly said, that Sir T. Overbury had vented some stinging sarcasms upon the court, which came to the king's hearing." The Earl of Southampton, writing to Sir R. Winword, on the 4th of August, 1613, observes, "And much ado there hath been to keep Sir T. Overbury from a public censure of attaintment and loss of office, such a rooted hatred lyeth in the king's heart towards him." Upon the supposition that James was the murderer of Overbury, his extraordinary conduct to Somerset, while in prison, and his equally extraordinary fears and precautions with respect to Somerset's trial, become intelligible. If James had ever formed any such purpose, it is highly probable that Someret, living as he did on terms of the closest intimacy with the king, would have been cognizant of the secret. Mr. Hallam observes, that it is evident "Overbury was master of a secret which it would highly have prejudiced the king's honour to have divulged." What that secret was, whether it had any connection with the death of Prince Henry, whether it related to the secret vices which are faintly intimated to have been committed in the inmost recesses of the palace, will most probably now for ever remain an inexplicable mystery. The wild hate and wilder revenge of the countess, cannot for a moment be doubted. Had her agents done her work; of her other crimes, of the reckless indulgences of a life, murder would have been the climax, and the legitimate result. It is more than questionable, however, whether Overbury died of poison at all.

No man acquainted with the criminal state trials of that period, and, with shame be it written, acquainted with those of a still later day, will place any weight upon the accounts of them published by authority. Mr. Jardine's interesting volumes of "Criminal State Trials," furnished the reader with many particulars concerning their secret history. The published speeches of Sir E. Coke and the Earl of Northampton, concerning the Gunpowder Plot, contain anachronisms which plainly evince that they were manufactured subsequently to the trials at which they are said to have been delivered. Even on this trial, speeches were published which were not made. In Bacon's "Expostulation with Sir E. Coke," he writes to him thus:—"Though you never used such speeches as

are fathered upon you." We may conclude, however, that Sir F. Bacon, the attorney-general, did, according to the published statement, describe the poisons given Overbury at different times. Having asserted that three streams of hatred grew upon Overbury, "The one from the lady, that he crossed her love and abused her name, which are furies in women; the other of a more deep nature from my Lord of Somerset himself, who was afraid of Overbury's nature; and if he did not break from him and fly out, he would wind into him, and trouble his whole fortunes: and another from the Earl of Northampton's ambition, who desired to be first in favours with my Lord of Somerset; and knowing Overbury's malice to himself and to his house, thought that man must be removed and cut off," he thus proceeds: "Then, when they had this poor gentleman in the Tower close prisoner, where he could not escape nor stir.—where he could not feed, but by their hands—where he could not speak or write, but through their trunks-then was the time to act the last day of his tragedy. Then must Franklin, the purveyor of the poisons, procure five, six, seven several poisons, to be sure to hit his complexion. Then must Mrs. Turner, the lay mistress of the poisons, advise what works at present, and what at distance. Then must Weston be the tormentor, and chase him with poison after poison—poison in salt meats, poison in sweetmeats, poison in medicine and vomits—until, at last, his body was almost come, by use of poisons, to the state of Mithridates' body. by the use of treacle and preservatives, that the force of the poisons was blunted upon him. Weston confessing, when he was chid for not despatching him, that he had given him enough to poison twenty men." The enormous quantity of poison reported to have been given, renders it almost certain that the poison was disposed of in some other way. On the 27th of September, 1615. Richard Weston was examined as follows: "He said and acknowledged that he, being the keeper of Sir Thomas Overbury, lately deceased, prisoner in the Tower, doth know no other cause of t'. suddenness of his death, but the weakness and corrupt indisposition of his body." Again; "going into the council chamber, in the Tower, to see a friend that was in Sir Walter Raleigh's garden, he. (Sir Thomas Overbury) sat so long in a window, that he was never well after." The next day, Weston being again under examination, being asked, "Whether he had any speech with the lieutenant of the Tower, whereby he signified to the lieutenant that he, this examinant, had a purpose to poison Sir Thomas Overbury? first he utterly denied it, but afterwards he said that, meeting with the lieutenant upon a time, he, this examinant, showed the lieutenant a glass with water in it, which he, the examinant, did not like; whereupon the lieutenant asked him, this examinant, what wretch was he that had to do with such a thing? and thereupon he, this examinant, threw the glass and water away."

Being demanded, "Who gave him that glass and the water? first, he denied that he knew who gave it him, but afterwards he said he had it of one Frankelyn, dwelling, as he said, on the back side of the Exchange." On the 1st of October, Weston "confessed that Franklyn did not bring unto him the glass with the poison, but that his own son brought it, and that ever since he charged Franklyn therewith, it had lain heavy on his conscience." Serjeant Montague, who was joined with Bacon in the prosecution to prove Somerset the principal procurer of Overbury's death, laid great stress on the fact, that a powder was sent by him, which powder was sent in a letter by Davis Overbury's servant. Now, on the 6th October, Weston being under examination, confessed that he received letters from Davyes Overbury's servant, from my Lord Rochester,* to be delivered to Overbury, which this examinant received; and after he had showed them to the lieutenant, he delivered them to Overbury, he denied that in any of those letters was any paper with any white powder in them, or that he, after Overbury's death, redelivered to my Lord of Rochester the residue of the powder that remained." It is extraordinary, as Mr. Amos has remarked, that the purport of this letter, as related by Amos, at his trial, exactly corresponds with that of a letter spoken of by Rawlins, and which, he said, contained a wholesome powder, furnished by Sir R. Killegrew, and that had never been in the Earl of Somerset's posses-

According to the evidence of Lobell, who is said by Weston to have poisoned Overbury, in an examination not produced at the trial, Sir Thomas Overbury was sick of a consumption. king's physician, Mayerne, who had been physician to Henry IV., of France, and had some acquaintance with secret poisoning there, was in attendance on Overbury, by the express direction of his majesty, yet he was never examined at all. Overbury was also seen by Sir R. Killingrew, and by the apothecary, Lobell. They were neither of them asked whether Sir T. Overbury exhibited any symptoms of being poisoned. If Lobell did really poison Overbury, the connection between Lobell and Mayerne, and Mayerne and the king, would give some credit to the rumour by which the latter has been implicated in this mysterious affair. course, so much of Lobell's evidence as went to establishing consumption as the cause of Overbury's death, was suppressed on the trial as being favourable to Somcret, whose guilt was to be established, at all risks. The State-Paper Office contains letters from Somerset and Northampton, ordering the lieutenant to allow Dr. Craig, another of the king's physicians, to visit Overbury as often as was necessary. Had they been guilty of the crime imputed to them, such conduct was somewhat strange. Although it was denied

[•] He was not created Earl of Somerset till his marriage,

during the trial, after Overbury's death a coroner's inquest was Sir. J. Lydcote, brother-in-law of the deceased, and other friends, at the special request of Northampton and Somerset, were invited to see the body; and we have the testimony of Sir. G. Helwysse, lieutenant of the Tower, to the fact that the body was seen by Overbury's brother-in-law. Much stress is laid upon the fact that Sir G. Helwysse was placed in his office by the express connivance of Somerset; but there is no evidence to show that Sir G. Helwysse was placed in his office by Somerset. Indeed, Somerset's guilt appears altogether hypothetical. By means of presumptions at law, which a jury would now reject, by means of hearsay evidence, and that, perhaps, given under the fear of the rack; with written testimony garbled to suit the case for the crown, notwithstanding the utterly worthless character of the witnesses, and the contradictory nature of their evidence: (thus Franklin, the apothecary—the principal witness—whom Sir E. Coke described in a MS. yet extant, "a foul fellow," at one time, says he, procured powder of diamonds as one of the strongest poisons he could get; and again he says he purchased it for a slow poison:) the guilt of Somerset was established. It is true he was tried by his peers, but they were either in possession of office, or were his open enemies. Had they been favourably disposed to him, the chance is, influenced by the sophistry and eloquence of Bacon, wearied by the length to which the trial had already extended, 'their verdict would have been the same.' The Compte de Marests, the French ambassador at the court of London, when the Earl of Somerset was tried, writes, concerning the trial, to his own court, "that certainly the least country gentleman in England would not have suffered for what the Earl of Somerset was condemned; and that if his enemies had not been powerful, he would not have been found guilty, for there was no convincing proof against him, but only circumstances such as might serve in France for putting him to the question, which was not the custom of England." Sir A. Weldon writes, "Many believe the Earl of Somer-set guilty of Overbury's death, but the most thought him guilty only of the breach of friendship (and that in a high point), by suffering his imprisonment, which was the highway to his murder, and this conjecture I take to be of the soundest opinion." According to an old memorandum in one of the Losely papers, it appears to have been the opinion of the son-in-law of Sir George More, the lieutenant of the Tower, who succeeded Helwysse, that Somerset was innocent of Overbury's murder, but that he was prosecuted because "king James was weary of him, and Buckingham had supplied his place." This opinion we believe to be correct.

It is evident that James was eager to avail himself of the guilt, real or otherwise, of Somerset and the countess. At the same time he was dreadfully alarmed lest Somerset in some way might

criminate himself. We learn this from the letters of Sir F. Bacon, but Weldon's narrative bears more forcible testimony as to the existence of this feeling on the part of James. After giving an account of Somerset's refusal to appear at the trial, saying the king had assured him he should not come to any trial, he thus writes:—"Yet away goes Moore (then Lieutenant of the Tower,) to Greenwich, as late as it was (being twelve at night), bounseth at the back stayres as if mad, to whom came Joe Loveston, one of the grooms, out of his bed, enquires the reason of that distemper at so late a season. Moore tells him he must speak with the king. Loveston replies, 'He is quiet,' which, in the Scotch dialect, is fast Moore says, 'You must awake him.' Moore was called in (the chamber left to the king and Moore). He tells the king those passages, and desired to be directed by the king, for he was gone beyond his own reason to hear such bold and undutiful expressions from a faulty subject against a just sovereign. The king falls into a passion of tears. 'On my soul, Moore, I wot not what to do! thou art a wise man, help me in this great straighte, and thou shalt find thou dost it for a thankful master.' With other sad expressions Moore leaves the king in that passion, but assures him he will prove the utmost of his wit to serve his majesty, and was really rewarded with a suit worth to him £1500. ** Sir George Moore returns to Somerset about three next morning of that day he was to come to trial, enters Somerset's chamber, tells him he had been with the king, found him a most affectionate master unto him, and full of grace in his affections towards him. 'But (said he) to satisfy justice you must appeare, although return instantly againe, without any further proceedings, only you shall know your enemies and their malice, though they shall have no power over you.' With this trick of wit he allayed his fury, and got him quietly, about eight in the morning, to the hall; yet feared his former bold language might revert again, and being brought by this trick into the trial might have more enraged him to fly out into some strange discovery, for prevention whereof he had two servants placed on each side of him, with a cloak on their arms, giving them withall a peremptory order, that if Somerset did any way fly out on the king they should instantly hoodwink him with that cloak, take him violently from the bar, and carry him away. This secret communication between the king and More is still further confirmed by the Losely papers. Four letters in the king's own hand, on this subject, have been preserved by Sir G. More's family, and were first published in the year 1835. From one we learn that Somerset intimated something relative to the ring. In another letter, without date, James thus writes:-" I am extremely sorry your unfortunate prisoner turns all the great care I have of him, not only against himself, but against me also, as far as he can. I cannot blame you that you cannot conjecture January, 1848.—vol. Li.—no. cci.

what this may be, for God knows it is only a trick of his idle brain, hoping thereby to shift his trial; but it is easy to be seen, that he would threaten me with laying an aspersion upon me of being in some sort accessory to his crime." James considered this as a proof that God had abstracted his grace from Somerset, to us it

may seem indicative of something else.

On the day of trial, Sir Edward Coke said, "I desire God that this precedent of Overbury may be an example and terror against this horrible crime, and, therefore, may be called the great Over of Poisoning." It is to be regretted, however, that the trial were not conducted in a manner more befitting one carried on for such No great moral result was answered by witnessing the very men who fawned at the feet of Somerset when in power, and the favourite of a king, distorting evidence—suppressing it when it was favourable—crediting the hear-say evidence, in some cases double and treble, of the most infamous characters, merely because it was known that the favourite's power had passed away, and that at court Villiers was the rising star. On the celebration of Somerset's marriage, Coke and his lady were ready with their offerings. On the trial, taking their guilt for granted, Coke endeavoured to prejudice the court by exclaiming, "Adultery and poison go together." Bacon's conduct is yet more disgraceful to our common nature. Coke redeemed his name in a subsequent reign, and is now reverenced as the principal author of the Petition of Rights. Bacon's utter unscrupulousness—his want of all moral principle his eagerness to pander to the most unrighteous wishes of the king, becomes more apparent the more closely his conduct is watched. In spite of the power of his intellect—in spite of a genius yet unrivalled amongst men—in spite of a knowledge of all human and sacred science, colossal for his day, at one word from a king or a king's minion, he sinks into a fawning parasite and an unprincipled tool. Not more infamous was Jefferies under James 11., than was Bacon under James 1. Bacon had offered Elizabeth, at any time, to change his religion to please her; and he was not less servile to her successor on the throne. These are a few of his expressions of obedience and attachment on his part. "I am afraid of nothing, but that the master of the horse and I shall fall out who shall hold your stirrup best." "My heart is set on fire to sacrifice myself a burnt-offering or holocaust to your majesty's service." "I shall be ready as a chessman to be placed wherever your majesty's hand shall set me." "I rest as clay in your majesty's hands." "I have ever been your man, and counted myself but an usufructuary of myself, the property being yours." "Things dedicated and vowed cannot lose their character, nor become common. I ever vowed myself to your service." "I cannot skill of scru ples in your majesty's service," he writes, after tampering with the judges in Peacham's case. "Your care of me," writes Bacon to

the king, "is as Scripture says, God knoweth that are his." "Your majesty imitateth Christ, by vouchsafing me to touch the hem of your garment." To Prince Charles, after some service done him after his fall, he writes, "The work of the Father is creation, of the Son redemption." Somerset's trial admirably illustrated these offers of Bacon. During the whole course of it, his correspondence with the king evinces the most scandalous disregard to equity and truth. Bacon also had a personal interest in the matter. If he gratified Villiers by the conviction of Somerset, Villiers would gratify him by the chancellorship, which was then expected shortly to be vacant. In a postscript to a letter, written about this time, to Sir G. Villiers, which, like a lady's postscript, contained the most important part, he says, "My Lord Chancellor is prettily amended. I was with him yesterday for half an hour. We both wept." Bacon's tears are perfectly intelligible—nor were they in vain.

Fallen from their high estate—shorn of their glory—known only to be shunned—Somerset and his countess went forth from the Tower. Men shuddered as they talked of her guilt and shame. With two yet more abandoned women, with the Marchioness of Brinvilliers and Tophana of Naples, did a latter generation mingle her name. In the next reign, when the summons had gone forth, and England's patriots—her Huntingdon brewers and Buckinghamshire gentry—were arming for the field, Somerset made them offers; but they needed not a tainted name. For years, the guilty couple lived on, to mourn the past—to cherish for each other a growing hate.

J. EWING RITCHIE.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Savindroog; or, the Queen of the Jungle. By Captain RAFTER, late of the 95th Regiment. In three volumes. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans.

The Oath of Allegiance: a Tale of the Times of Philip the Second. By Mrs. Anne Rolff, author of "The Will; or, Twenty-One Years Hence." In two volumes. London: Saunders and Otley.

In the dark days before Christmas, when influenza abounded, and the average rate of mortality was considerably increased, we found the novels. whose names we have just transcribed, helped us to spend pleasantly an hour that, otherwise, might have hung heavily on our hands. In all literatures, the novel has existed—exists—and will continue to exist. No society for the confusion or the diffusion of useful knowledge, -no tractarian of saintly aspect and unexceptionable lawn,—no lean tee-totaler, anxious to make the rest of mankind but half as miserable as he has made himself, will be suffered to put them down. Till Mr. Owen's millenium has been realized,-till the development of the new moral world has proclaimed that the kind goddess dulness has at length succeeded in making this world her own, the novel will be read, and its genius and wit, its developments of human character and passion, will fascinate and allure. So much for the novel in general. Of the two now under review, it may be said, that they neither rank with the best or the worst of their kind. We have placed them in the order of merit, and in the same order we shall notice them. With due deference to Mrs. Rolfe, we must remark, that the gallant captain has distanced her considerably in the field. We begin, then, with Savindroog.

In the good old times—before we bought sugar at five-pence a pound, and "very prime lump" at sixpence—when elderly ladies in obscure country villages, their grey hairs bristling all the while with righteous indignation, with slave-grown cotton on their backs, protested against pouring slave-grown sugar down their throats,—we, that is, the young and rising generation, were taught many undeniable moral truths and philanthropic ideas—unfortunately, many of them have escaped our recollection. One of them, however, we yet remember; it is taken from that bard, pre-eminently of our hearths and homes, William Cowper. He tells us, in his Negro Complaint—

"Skins may differ, but affection
Dwells in white and black the same."

On this great undeniable truth, "Savindroog" is founded. It is a tale of human passion, of bitter rivalry, of successful love—love in all its stages of doubt, of despair, of triumph. It illustrates a lawless state of society that has long since ceased to exist in Europe, though, till recently, it prevailed in—

"The land of the east, in the clime of the sun."

The Rajah of Mysore has a lovely and accomplished—the two adjectives, common-place and prosaic though they be, do, in some degree, convey the idea—daughter; this daughter is ripe for marriage, and, according to a good old Indian custom, at the feast of Carna Deo, she chooses the lucky man, who is to enjoy her heart and throne. Accordingly, from far and near, come suitors for the royal maiden's hand. Cochin sent her rajah first into the field; from the Mahrattas came Jeswunt Rao, the haughty Peishwah; the youthful Rajan of Berar, graceful as the god of love, eager to secure so rich a prize, obeyed the summons; Zamorin, the famed warrior of Calabar, came next; to him succeeded the learned Rajah of Tanjore: nor must we omit the great chief of Cananore, the possessor of "the Hundred Thousand Isles," and "Sovereign of the Seas." But the Fawneved Begum had seen at her father's court one whose virtues had long won her heart, and from her roval suitors, with their costly gifts, she turned away, as all proper maidens, Indians, or otherwise do, to the object of her first and only love. Of noble stature and manly beauty, but with a heart yet nobler and more manly still, was Prince Kishna, the Dulmoy or commander inchief of the armies of Mysore. The Begum's choice was pleasing to the paternal bosom, pleasing to all Mysore; but, alas! the wicked Kempe Goud, chief of the Jungle, envying Kishna such celestial bliss, tore the Begum from her home, and confined her in Savindroog, or the Rock of Death, in the hope that she would become his wife. Here, in the guise of a Yogie, Kishna, who was reported to have drowned himself, finds her, and hence he bears her away. Pursued by the enraged Kempe, they are rescued by the Rajah of Mysore, in the temple of Maha Kali. Kempe is slain, his followers are restored to obedience, and the Begum reigns as Queen of the Jungle, long and happily with her gallant lord. Such is a meagre outline of the plot; but the perilous adventures—the sketches of Indian superstition and manners—the voluptuous glimpses of Indian life, by which the tale is rendered one of the most fascinating we have read for some time—we cannot attempt to shadow forth. Captain Rafter has broken new ground, and with the most perfect success. India is rich in romance, rich in materials that are perfectly fresh. With its old legends, and yet older tribes—with its sacred castes—with its fierce hereditary feuds—it offers the novelist a most tempting theme. Captain Rafter has begun well. May his shadow never be less! May he soon give us another tale of Indian life!

"The Oath of Allegiance" treats of Spain, and Spain under Philip II. The Duke of Avanda, a Spanish grandee, an attached friend of Charles v., falls under the displeasure of his bigotted son, and hides in an old country house, where miraculously his children, whom he had long supposed dead, are restored to him. His son grows up a hero, and wins golden opinions at court. His supposed sister turns out to be Philip's daughter. The Count of Avanda is re-called to court. Philip confesses that he has wronged him, and the tale ends as all tales should—leaving every one perfectly happy. In some degree, this is an historical novel: it treats of historical personages. Charles v., Philip II., and the Duke of Alva, fill important parts in the tale: but it exhibits no great powers: it does not for a moment carry the reader captive. It is well written—nothing more. And vet Philip—cruel, old, higotted, with a monarch's sway, but the heart of a monk—is a fine study of an artist. A stranger to benevolence and joy, gloomy and austere, a despot and a slave—more willing to strip himself of his vast domains than

to reign over a land of heretics, he stands out in the history of the past—a warning how superstition and power can make a demon of a man. Our authoress, however, has no high aim. She appears to have written with an eye to the circulating library, and for the circulating library the work will do.

A Harmony of the Four Gospels, in the Authorised Version, following the Harmony of the Gospels in Greek. By Edward Robinson, D.D. L.L.D. Author of "Biblical Researches in Palestine. Professor of Biblical Literature in Union Theological Seminary, New York. With Explanatory Notes and Illustrative Passages. London: Religious Tract Society.

This work is well and carefully done. Few biblical scholars can compare with Dr. Robinson. The old world and the new bear witness to his well merited fame. We are glad the Tract Society have adopted and republished his work, improved, in this country. The English student will find it a great aid in the study of the sacred volume.

A Brief Sketch of the Life of Sarah Martin, of Great Yarmouth. With Extracts from her Writings and Prison Journals. A new Edition, with Additions. London: Religious Tract Society.

Our first idea of Miss Martin was obtained from an article in the "Edinburgh Review," in which her useful life and acceptable labours amongst the inmates of a prison, were mentioned, with due respect. Her Journal, and other papers, have now been published by the Tract Society, and seldom have they published a volume of greater interest, or one more likely to do good. This little volume should be read by all classes; by the poor, that they may learn how much may be done by moral means, by persons in the most humble walks of life; by the rich, that they, from their abundance, may be stirred up to do much for man's mental and moral good.

Six Old English Chronicles, of which two are now Translated from the Monkish Latin Originals. London: Henry G. Bohn, York-street, Covent Garden.

Memoirs of the Duke of Marlborough; with his Original Correspondence.

Collected from the Family Records at Blenheim, and other Authentic
Sources. By William Coxe, F.R.S., F.S.A., Archdeacon of Wilts.

A New Edition, Revised. By John Wade. Author of "British
History Chronologically Arranged." In Three Volumes. Vol. I.
London: Henry G. Bohn, York Street, Covent Garden.

The six "Old English Chronicles," form a volume of Mr. Bohn's truly invaluable antiquarian series. The six "Chronicles" are:—Ethelwerd; Asser's Life of Alfred; Geoffery, of Monmouth; Gildas; Nennius; and Richard of Cirencester. They are edited with illustrative notes, by J. A. Giles, D.C.L. We are persuaded there are many who would studently be antiquarian series. Mr. Bohn deserves the thanks of all who

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wish well to their country; as works that were published at a price that kept them from the masses, he has placed within the reach of all. This is especially the case with Coxe's life of Marlborough, that has been only accessible to the rich; when it is completed, we shall most likely have some remarks to make on Coxe and his hero. We merely mention it now, hoping soon to be able to announce the completion of this cheap republication of a standard historical work.

The Power of the Soul over the Body considered in relation to Health and Morals. By George Moore, M.D., Member of the Royal College of Physicians. Third Edition. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans.

The Use of the Body in relation to the Mind. By George Moore, M,D., Member of the Royal College of Physicians. Second Edition. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans.

THE subject treated in these two volumes of Dr. Moore is one of the most interesting that can occupy the mind of man. We have placed them together, for they have much in common. They both are works of great credit. They both deserve to be attentively read. In our opinion the Doctor's first work, "The Power of the Soul over the Body," will be considered the better of the two. It consists of three parts. The first considers the general adaptation of the body, the senses, and the nervous system to the soul. The second the manifestation of the soul in attention and memory: and the third, the influence of mental determination and emotion on the body. value of the work is considerably increased by the cases that are given illustrative of mental action, and which to many readers will be new. Dr. Moore tells us the principal part "was written several years ago, during the unwelcome but valuable leisure of disease, for the purpose of being addressed to a few young men who appeared to be deeply impressed with the nature and importance of the subject. On a re-perusal of the manuscript the recollection of this encouragement induced a hope that the publication might find an apology in the approval of reflecting readers, especially as at this time the public mind is unusually roused to the observation of mental influences in the production of remarkable phenomena under mesmerism and disease."

The author's second work consists, principally, of moral deductions from physiological facts, which a wider range of observation has enabled him to collect. He views the human body as a machine constructed for the use of a spiritual being. "It is adapted," he tells us, "to the elements amidst which it dwells, but while in its own substance partaking of their nature, it is, nevertheless, so constituted as to be actuated by powers, the mode of whose existence and operation cannot be explained by reference to the known laws of matter." In fact, this work is an attempt at the philosophy of life from its first developement in the ovum to the dissolution of its constituent parts by death. The moral deductions our author makes are such as reason and revelation warrant. Dr. Moore writes with a fitting knowledge the subject, with a sincere desire to do good, to teach men to live soberly, righteously, and godly." To all classes do they appeal, but by them the young and the intelligent are in a more especial manner likely to be instructed and improved.

Dudley Castle in the Olden Time. An Historical Poem in Four Parts. By George Wilson. London; Hamilton, Adams and Co.

Revelations of the Beautiful, and Other Poems. By Edward Henry Bur-

BINGTON. London: William Pickering.

CRITICISM on Mr. Wilson is perfectly unnecessary. We will let him speak for himself:—

"Twere well our rulers fearing God
Should legislate for man;
But still we find that power and might
Put forth their claims as the better right,
And they will keep who can.
How many times I've wandered o'er
The castle, hill, and dell,
In search of fossil corals there,
Or trilobites, a genus rare,
And encrinites as well."

This is interesting intelligence undoubtedly, but, George Wilson, it is not

poetry.

Better are the "Revelations," and yet to our mind the eternal wail for the beautiful in a certain class of writers at the present day, savours somewhat of cant. Pale young men, with long dark hair, and sunken eyes, may give to the winds what amount of intelligible rhapsody they like, but why rush into print? Why force reviewers to read what no one else will? Morven, the hero of the principal poem, is certainly a most extraordinary young man.

"Mightier than the mightiest king,
That inconstant youth became,
He was part of every thing,
That we know by sight or name.
Seated by his quiet fire,
Up huge mountains he would rush,
Like an eagle, higher, higher,
Shouting midst the tempest crush."

We learn from this that the "inconstant youth," in the first place, never went up the mountain but in the winter; secondly, that the "inconstant youth" was in the habit of ascending huge mountains, while he was "seated by his quiet fire." Again, we are told "the inconstant youth" "shouted mid the tempest's crush." This is highly probable; any youth, whether inconstant or otherwise, would shout were he crushed by a tempest, or anything else. The and in the two succeding lines is very fine:—

"And he saw the cataract foam,
And he heard it downward dash:

Equally fine is the for, in the next :-

For his mind when most at home, Was an omnipresent flash."

The miscellaneous poems are better—neither so transcendental nor unitelligible.





CHAPTER IV.

A Night in the Forest.

It was a wild yet magnificent night for those whose worship has been laid on the high altar of nature. Masses of great forest trees, each standing out singly-vast, grand, and sombre-from its neighbours; the sharp, crisp, merry blast now swaying its mighty branches, now sighing round the knotted, scarred, and wide-girthed trunk, and anon flying up, with a loud angry swoop, to the very topmost twigs, tearing down many a rotten branch and many a withered leaf in its uproarious ascent, and in a moment booming away to some dark, ferny dell, where the deer lay with their heads to windward, snuffing every puff of wind as it blew over them. It was a glorious night. The sky was studded with silver stars, for there was no moon, and every planet shone down upon the earth as if with an eye of love. The very wind itself, so blusteringly strong, and yet so gentle, at the same moment, seemed to possess a mysterious influence on the senses. There was a wild, majestic music in the fierceness with which it mounted the neighbouring hill, battling its way amidst clouds of leaves through the forest trees, dodging round sly turnings and windings of the lonely road, and then bearing down with its wild music over that same road, when the way was straight and level and even enough for such a lawless wind, until it came upon the odd, dark, grim, sly-looking hut just under a huge, aldermanic-looking plane-tree, which spread its mighty, leafless, arms far and wide, as if proud of sheltering the black, dismal fungus underneath.

A fungus! Never did a scarred, weather-beaten, ugly face more effectually give the lie to the honest, manly heart that, let the world say what it pleases to the contrary, beats beneath it, as frequently, hore so, than under a fair and comely visage. There had been any a merry wassail, many a jovial, laughter-ringing, side-aching, meeting under its ugly roof; often and often had its shapeless February, 1848.—vol. Li.—No. ccii.

walls groaned with all the good things they had heard (for walls have ears); and the fungus had pretty sharp ears, too, and looked, forsooth, as if all it had heard and been a witness to had driven it for long out of all symmetry or shape, leaving it to a frosty old age of uncouth distorted strength.

The fungus had a chimney: not one of your trim, dapper, slim, and slender-made beauties of brick and mortar, that like a townbred exquisite looks as if swathed in stays and laced into an excruciatingly elegant willow-wand, and out of the top of which no honest puff of sea-coal smoke could ever find its way,—but a short, squat, sturdy affair, that looked as if it had been snubbed in the builder's mind before ever it was a chimney at all, and had never got its growth after,—and out of this besnubbed and ill-treated funnel there was at this moment a broad blast of smoke pouring forth, as if the occupants of the grim, suspicious-looking hut were about to make a night of it, as they had done many a night before, and would do so again. The roof had once been thatched, but that was many a long year ago, and the velvety moss had grown stealthily over it for many a long day, and even that had lost its bright green tint, and had changed to black, as if to be in keeping with every thing about it. The door was of oak, and had a pair of hinges that might have done duty, as far as strength went, for a cathedral; and the door itself, as if to second the hospitality of its owner, had an odd trick of always swinging open, and open it now was, as if in sheer mockery of the bitter cold night, emitting through its portly limits a broad ruddy stream of flame upon the dark road and the still darker forest beyond.

If the hut was so odd, and uncouth, and unearthly, without, it was scarcely less so within. It contained but two rooms, or rather only one, with a slight recess at one end. A wood fire blazed merrily upon the hearth, sending up a shower of sparks into the wide yawning chimney; a long, deep settle ran almost quite along one side of this apartment, in front of which stood a sturdy beechtree table; a dresser occupied the opposite wall, over which were hung fishing-nets and creels, a brace of well-polished guns, a spearing-rod, and several minor weapons, the possession of which denoted the taste or the occupation of their owner. Dried skins of otters, foxes, and such small deer, with the branching antlers of a stag, garnished the walls, interspersed with less gallant trophies, of things appertaining more to the farmyard than the forest,sides of bacon, and hams, hung beef, and neats' tongues, and a large keg, evidently containing brandy or hollands. The atmosphere was impregnated with a mingled fume of tobacco-smoke. liquor, and the frying of bacon, which now was frizzing over the cheerful fire, whilst the three men who occupied the hut lay far back on the settle, holding a desultory conversation, that sometime was earnest and vivid, but more frequently was monosyllabic and

taciturn as ever conversation could be, and at last died away altogether, leaving its supporters with their dark, weatherbeaten faces, turned towards the ruddy fire.

There was a fourth man, whose office it seemed to be to superintend the cooking of the supper; he was a short, thickset, archlooking little fellow, with an imperturbably good-humoured smile on his chubby, marbly face; eyes as small and bright as beads were deep set in his head; his hair was black and bristly as that of a wild boar; an excrescence in the centre of his face, like a bottled mushroom, served him for a nose, the smallness of which was most amply compensated for by a mouth that seemed as if it had stretched itself to its utmost possible limits, to admit all the good things it had swallowed in the course of its existence; there was, in fact, an unctuous, sleek, oily look about this little fellow, with his sly, comical, merry face, his short, thickset body, and his sturdy bow-legs, that won upon you at the first glance. His features had nothing sinister and deceitful in them: they looked, in fact, the personal property of a man whose whole mind is centred in the good things of this life, and in this respect nature told no lie,—the face was the index to the mind.

"Holloa, Barns!" roared the man who sat farthest from the fire, raising himself up from his lounging posture on the settle, "is that confounded frizzle, frizzle, frizzle, never going to come to an end? how long are we hungry fellows to wait for our suppers?"

"Gently, gently, Jacob Rudd," rejoined Barns, looking over his shoulder, as he gave the scollop another turn, "one turn more,

my good Jacob, and---"

"Oh, never mind the turn, Barns," growled Rudd, turning round, and assuming a posture that displayed his brawny, muscular figure, in all its perfection; "come, lad, throw your old frying-pan into a corner, and let's to meat. I'm as hungry as a starved wolf,

after it's been a week in a trap. Ha! ha! ha!"

Barns laughed at the same moment, and even in this there was a singular contrast in the two men: Barns laughed with an oily sound gurgling down his throat, his little round face crinkled into a huge smile, and all dotted and mottled with round red spots, where wrinkles should be, his small eyes twinkling like two stars, and his whole body quivering with the emotion,—such was the laugh of Barns; whilst Rudd, flinging a vigorous arm over his next neighbour's shoulders, sent out a loud ho! ho! ho! that swelled the great veins in his grisly, black-whiskered throat, his stern, yet handsome, features glowing with a deep crimson, the dark circles contracting round a pair of eyes that seemed to take in every corner of the little hut at a glance, his muscular, yet by no means fleshy, frame heaving with this call upon its powers;—it was the laugh of a Titan, and the walls shook, and the rafters rung, with the sound, whilst the other two men, who had been apparently

sleeping away their fatigue, got up and stretched themselves, as

men do who have travelled far and long.

They were dark, travel-stained clothes, all splashed with mud, and with here and there a tear, where tear should not be. Neither of them seemed to have been in bed nor slept for a long time; and there was a wildness and ferocity about them that nineteen men out of twenty would have shrunk from. They had not even thrown off their boots when they sat down, but had retained them on their feet, as if prepared for any emergency.

"Supper! supper, ho! Barns!" cried the stouter of the two, sitting down again, alongside of Rudd; "hungry fellows like us can't wait for such a greasy scullion as you are. Come, bustle!

bustle! or by old——"

Barns's little eyes twinkled, and an unctuous sigh escaped him, as, with an adroitness that long practice had made perfect, he turned the savoury contents of his copper into a huge dish, which in a moment stood smoking on the board. Coarse wooden platters, and knives and forks, were then set upon the table, together with several dark, suspicious-looking bottles; and then, every man carving and catering for himself, the four set to with an eagerness that would have made the mouth of a city alderman water to look upon.

Barns was the busiest, the gayest, the noisiest, the most vora-Rudd and his companions despatched their meal with a sullen voracity resembling more than any thing else that of a famished bear, when just awaking from his six months' winter's sleep. Until hunger was appeased, they had no time for conversation; but Barns!—the sleek, the oily, the merry, the garrulous Barns—was a host in himself. Every mouthful afforded food (if we may say so) for a moral; every tit-bit was washed down with a pungent sauce of quips and jests. There he sat at the head of the table, with his round, bullet-shaped, mottled face, bright as mahogany, and pretty much of its complexion, his large capacious mouth ever open to receive the contents of his platter, his little eyes twinkling like two stars, his nose—but who can describe There he sat, crowned king of the feast, a jolly Bacchus in a buff jerkin and greasy small-clothes, happy, noisy, well fed, well lodged,—a very Epicurus amongst the scullions of Christendom.

"Spike! my good Spike!" gurgled Barns, gulping down a moderate dinner at a single mouthful, "you don't eat, Spike! you don't drink! Now, Spike, when you know how Jass Barns—your own Barns, Spike—eat, and drank, and dreamt for weeks beforehand, on the strength of this supper; when he had night-mares, and day-mares, and all kinds of wild, uncouth, four-footed fancies of glorious swizzlings, in which Spike, and Bunting, and Jacob Rudd, were to share with him; when the poor fungus

was tittivated up, to do honour to the occasion; and rabbits, and hares, and black cocks, dropped down before the very door, quite of their own accord."

"Curse your gabbling tongue, Barns," growled Spike; "what sets you to harp on such a string? D'ye mean to poison us with

peaching how you came by all the materials of the feed?"

"Hush, Spike," interposed Barns, with an internal chuckle, "you know your own Barns too well for that. No! no! he's a silly cook that can't keep secret where his larder's stocked from, and he'd be a clever fellow, and would need a keen nose, to divine what this fine mess is made of, —eh, Jacob Rudd? What a glorious smell there is, my boy, in the old fungus! The very rafters seem as if they were enveloped in an oily mist, a fog that is made up of leverets, and black cocks, and grouse, and——"

"Bah! you fool," muttered Jacob Rudd, with a loud laugh; "bring us a bowl, and then, lads, we'll brew a jolly bowl of grog; plenty of lemon and spice, and lots of brandy and hollands. Behach! it's a rough night, without, and bitterly cold. Rake the fire together, Bunting, and throw on another log. Ho! ho! ho! we'll make a night of it. Shut to the door, Barns, and bar it. Spike, you hound," and Jacob Rudd jostled his neighbour with good-

humoured roughness, "why ain't you jolly?"

"Hands off, Jacob Rudd," growled Spike, whose dark, strongly-marked face flushed over as he spoke, "hands off, I say. Can't

a man hold his tongue, and be silent, if he pleases?"

"Not in my company, master Spike," retorted Jacob Rudd, with another rough shake; "hang it, man, don't wear that cutthroat look, as if you were going to swing at cock-crow. Laugh, and sing, and troll a catch, and be merry. We're all friends, here, little Barns, Bunt, and myself, and I say it,—hang it,—and I feel it, too, that you are not treating us well to give that ugly phiz of yours such a sinister leer. And now, master Spike, I've told you my mind."

Spike folded his arms over his brawny chest, and said in a dogged, surly tone, "And what if I should say, Jacob Rudd, I'd not advise thee to meddle with another man, when he's not meddling with thee? what if I should give you blow for blow, and sneer for sneer? what if I should give you thrust for thrust, and say that I'll not

stand such work, even from you?"

"I'd say that two can play at that game better than one,"

retorted Rudd, rubbing his hands, with a taunting air.

"Take that, then," roared Spike, springing upon him; "d'ye think a man can sit tamely by, and be goaded to madness like an ox? Stand up, Bunt, and see fair play. We'll fight it out before we stir from this spot, that we will. There, take that! and that!" and with all the madness of an infuriate wild beast, Spike sprang upon his antagonist, and with one effort hurled him to the ground.

He was up again in a moment, cool, collected, and as self-possessed as if he had been a statue. The fire had blazed up, and a bright red light was diffused through every chink of the little room. The group stood out in bold relief.—The two principal actors in this sudden tragedy, in the centre, directly in front of the hearth, their tall, brawny, muscular, finely-developed frames thrown into a posture admirably calculated to exhibit the powerful symmetry of their build, their dark, stern faces turned towards the fire, both ready to strike; on the one side, the gaunt, cadaverous form and visage of the man called Bunting, equally formidable, and equally warlike, whilst Jass Barns, enshrined amongst his household gods, his pots, and pans, and kegs, without one single wrinkle or smile wanting on his oily visage, nor one twinkle the less in his little bead-like eyes,—for little Barns was as bold and resolute as a lion -filled up the empty space upon the canvass, and completed what with his accessories made a very spirited picture indeed.

Barns sprang forward, but Jacob Rudd was too quick for him: he was the assailant now. One hurl of that athletic arm, one grasp of that herculean hand, would have annihilated poor little Barns; but Rudd had a different antagonist to deal with. Spike, to all appearances, was equally as strong, and determined, and puissant as his foe; and with arms locked, quivering chests, limbs that shook in their sturdy strength, as they swayed hither and thither with fearful impetus; with wild, matted hair, flashing eyes, flushed faces, voiceless, breathless, and alive only to the struggle that filled their hearts and lent vigour to their frames, these two men swayed to and fro around the little hut, filling its narrow limits with a confused mass of legs and arms hurled up into mid air, with gaunt cadaverous Buntings, and sleek, fat little Barnses, stuck in where never Buntings and Barnses had been before. All

was noise, uproar, and the wildest tumult.

In another moment both were struggling upon the floor. Now it was Jacob Rudd's infuriate face and titanic limbs that were uppermost, vainly striving to retain their advantage for a moment; and presently the distorted mass reeled over, and Barns beheld Spike appear, equally red, equally breathless, equally hot, equally incapable of maintaining his equilibrium; and then Barns and Bunting would rush in, and Barns's nose would be made the depository of a punch intended for Spike, whereat Barns's nose, being naturally indignant, would turn itself up, and swell out of all size and shape with very rage: and then one of Bunting's eyes would receive temporary notice to quit, and became ignominiously extinguished; and then round they would roll again, hot, and breathless, and yet still striking right and left, as if their very existence depended upon their doing so ever after.

"They're murdering of each other, Bunt," screamed Barns, flinging himself, for the sixth time, into the scuffle; "bear a hand there, and choke Spike off; he's quite a bull-dog, is Spike; he

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wants choking, does Spike: strangle him, Bunt! strangle Spike! he's a bull-dog! choke him! choke him!" and following his own charitable directions, Barns put the knuckle of his fore-finger and thumb into that portion of Jacob Rudd's throat where the jugular vein is popularly supposed to be placed, and by dint of tremendous exertions, aided in no slight degree by Jacob's own spent condition, for Barns's fingers, of themselves, were far too fat and fleshy to have been of much assistance otherwise, he at last, aided and abetted by Bunting, who never for a moment lost sight of his constitutional cadaverous coolness, contrived to separate the death-dealing Jacob Rudd from the equally deadly and annihilating Spike, and laid them each severally on their backs, like a pair of pugilistic porpoises, to recover their breath, and regain their

equanimity, if that were possible.

Then, when they had time to look up—for even after they were separated, much remained to be done, in the way of such pleasant little relaxations as binding up and wiping, and otherwise repairing the casualties of the war pleasantly scattered over their respective countenances and adjacent parts—Barns and the phlegmatic Bunting were made corporeally aware of the company of another actor in the scene, for the door was standing ajar-Barns had not secured it beforehand—and a tall, keen-eyed man, with an expression of face that made Barns tremble, in spite of himself, was standing within a couple of paces from him, eyeing him, and Spike, and Jacob Rudd, and the phlegmatic Bunting, and the little hut, and the fire-place, and even the table flung into the corner upon the settle, and the pots and pans, and the huge copper, with an activity of intelligence that made him start, and wonder who he could be, and what was his name and his business, and how he had come there, and where he was going to, and fifty other things that jostled each other through Barns's brain, in a manner that would have made fearful havoc with the unctuous melange of hare, and grouse, and black cock, etc., had they by any chance found a back-stairs passage to Barns's stomach.

"You've had a fight, I fancy, gentlemen," said the stranger, taking off an overcoat and comforter, and approaching the fire; "well, if you've not finished it, don't mind me: get up again and fight it out, for a half-fought battle's worse ten times over than

none. I can wait till you've done."

Barns said they were done. He said it with a very crest-fallen air, and his voice was quite husky. It was not with fear, though. They had been fighting, he would confess, at least the two gentlemen on the ground had; and here Barns glanced sheepishly over to Jacob Rudd and Spike, as if he appealed to them to corroborate his statement, but they had got it all settled, now, and even if they had not, they never would nor could have thought of fighting before such a gentleman as himself.

The stranger laughed, and glanced at all of them again with his keen, eagle eyes. Even Jacob Rudd quailed beneath them, as he picked himself up, and sat down, with a surly attempt at ease, on the settle.

"I have lost my way," said the new comer, after an awkward pause; "these bridle roads through the forest are so perplexing, especially in the dark, even to a man who has travelled them before."

"You have been in this country, before, master?" said Rudd,

gruffly.

"Yes, years ago," said the stranger, fixing his eye on the man he addressed.

"Many years ago?" said the other, inquiringly.

"Yes. Why do you ask?"

"I ask your pardon, master," stammered the man, endeavouring, without effect, to brave the keen scrutiny of the man he addressed,

"I thought you perhaps belonged to these parts."

"No. I have lived in every clime beneath the sun, and therefore it would be odd if I had not lighted on such a wild spot as this is, in my wanderings. Neither do you belong to this part of

England, my man."

Rudd moved uneasily on his seat. Barns and Bunting noticed his confusion, but even they, so strong was the awe created in them by the stranger's manner and appearance, did not venture to join in this interrogative kind of conversation. As for Spike, he sat in his own dark corner, of which he formed by far the darkest and gloomiest portion.

"You are a Wiltshire man, if my ears don't belie me," said the

stranger, with a quiet laugh, that increased Rudd's irritation.

"That he is—is Rudd," stammered Barns, in a half frightened ecstacy; "oh dear! to hear that."

"I knew it," said the new comer, quietly; "you have travelled

far, my friend, to land here at last."

"Not so far as yourself," said Rudd, looking up with dogged composure, and taking in at a glance the grizzled, yet still curling hair and broad brow, the piercing eye, bronzed complexion, and short pointed beard of his tormentor,—he even remembered afterwards the peculiarly patterned handkerchief the man wore round his throat; "the rich fancy us poor folks ha'nt a right to go where we fancy, we're to be like gorse, and strike root where we are planted; that's your doctrine, master."

"Hurra, Jacob!" yelled Barns, in a voice that suddenly became very faint and inaudible, as he caught the stranger's keen glance

fixed on him.

"Not quite, my man," said the other, significantly; "I have no objection in the world for you, or this friend of mine here," and Barns trembled, as he became aware that he was being desig-

nated, "or any other honest fellow, changing his quarters east or west; only they ought to carry a good name with them, and more than that, a clear conscience."

"Like Jacob Rudd," suggested Barns, who was beginning to get the better of his strangeness; "like Jacob or Spike, ah! Spike,

you rascal!"

Spike looked daggers at poor Barns, for this introduction of him in such an unnecessary manner; it wasn't at all the thing, and that Barns should know before he was six hours older; so thought Spike.

"Ah! like Jacob Rudd," muttered the stranger, laughing to himself again; "tisn't an odd name, that, and yet it sounds so to me."

"Odd, does it," inquired Barns, quite disregarding the muttered oaths and kicks of Jacob Rudd himself, and the frowns and hems of the more phlegmatic Bunt; "now that's singular, for it don't sound so to me, or Spike, or Bunt there; we all know Jacob's name as well as we know Jacob's self; don't we Spike, my boy?"

Spike's only answer was a kick on the shins, that under cover of the darkness, made Barns curl up his feet, and screw up his mouth, and twinkle his eyes harder than ever.

"Jacob Rudd!" muttered the stranger, so inaudible, that even

Barns did not catch the sounds.

Rudd got up and walked towards the door; some indefinable feeling made Barns look up towards him, he tottered rather than walked, and all the ruddy colour had forsaken his cheek, his lips were tightly compressed, his brow ghastly white; Barns thought he was ill.

"My horse is in the stable, Rudd," said the stranger, in a voice, which though they had heard it only for a few minutes, by its singular tones, was by this time deeply impressed on their memories; "I found out you had a stable here, and as the poor beast had carried me a long way, I littered down a bedding for him, and gave him some hay; you can go and see whether he is all right, or not."

The words were spoken in a tone of command, Barns wondered at them, and he wondered still more when Jacob Rudd said, as he opened the door, "I'll look to your horse; us poor men were born to be servants to the brute beasts of our betters, master."

The stranger smiled in his own quiet, ironical way, and said he was hungry; any other speech would have vexed Barns in a way—this on the contrary, quite put him into a good humour,—in a twinkling he had placed a piping hot supper before his singular guest, that a king might have envied; his own jaws watered, as he snuffed up its delicious aroma, and even, when supper being concluded, and the stranger, taking out of its own peculiar receptacle, a long alender pipe, with a curiously carved and painted bowl, began

to smoke, and presently became enveloped in an atmosphere so dense, that nothing of the upper part of his person was visible but a dim and uncertain outline,—the three men sate quite still, scarcely daring to stir, lest they should disturb their singular and unwelcome guest.

"Barns," said the stranger, after a pause of half an hour or

more.

Barns had fallen into a doze, but at that one expressive syllable, uttered in such a tone, he was alive again in a moment.

"Barns, can you give me a bed here?"

"If you could put up with a shakedown," suggested Barns, very

humbly.

"Put up with it!" said the stranger, laughing, "to be sure I can, and easily too; get me it ready at once, if you please, for I'm very tired,—hollo! where's that varlet, Rudd?"

"In the stable," suggested Barns.

"Oh, very well; he's perhaps better there than here; now get my bed ready, these gentlemen can take the settle; I hope Rudd does not intend to patronise that horrid, reeky stable for the night, I had many a sorry misgiving, for housing my horse in such a hole, but travelling makes us acquainted with strange bed-fellows; put the shakedown in that corner, out of sight of the fire—I hate to see a fire when I'm in bed," and with a prolonged yawn, and a protestation of his drowsiness, Barns's mysterious guest turned into his quarters for the night, which was nothing more than a very soft, and very plentiful couch of new heather, as sweet as a haymow and as soft as down.

CHAPTER V.

The Tempter and the Trial.

Two o'clock, and Barns was not asleep yet! We cannot say that he had never closed his eyes, for he had shut and opened them, and shut them again and again, without ever once producing that temporary oblivion of all things passing around, so necessary to a state of somnolency. He had rolled himself over from one side to the other, times out of count, now leering wofully at the fire on the hearth, and the huge copper, and the recumbent figures of Spike and Bunting, as they lay stretched on the settle, and then gazing philosophically up to the ceiling, and listening at one time to the wind howling out of doors in the forest, and at another to the crickets chirping about the old hearth-stone.

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The occupant of the heather-bed slept soundly,—Barns could tell that, from the measured breath he drew; and from thinking of him, Barns remembered Jacob Rudd, and presently he began to wonder why he had not come back again, for Rudd always slept in the house, when he came there, as there was not another house, for miles; and even if there had been one, Jacob was not the man to leave such comfortable quarters for others, even were they ten times as good, to run the risk of losing himself in the forest, in the dark.

"He must be in the stable," thought Barns, and the more his mind dwelt on this idea, the more thoroughly did he become impressed with it, and the more did he wonder at it. "Why didn't he spend his night in-doors, as he had always done before?—What was the stranger to him, or any of them, that Rudd should turn himself out on such a night?"—Barns could not understand it at all; "but he must be in the stable, for all that," thought Barns, as he turned a drowsy eye to the fire again.

It was very strange! the fire was not half as bright now, and he could not hear the crickets chirping on the hearth; and as to the wind, it had died away altogether; he could not hear the stranger's low, regular breathing; he certainly was getting much drowsier, and as to Rudd, if he chose to sleep in a stable, in preference to being stowed away snug and warm in the old hut, why his friends had no right to quarrel with his taste; and so Barns sank down on his elbow, and was presently snoring away right merrily, dreaming, for all the world, of glorious stews, made of unheard-of quantities of black-cock, and grouse, and hares, mixed up with terrific battles, in which gigantic Spikes and Jacob Rudds were involved.

How long he slept, he could not tell, but it was not yet morning, when he was aroused by a cold, chill air, blowing in upon him. Barns raised himself up, and saw that the door was open, and what was stranger still, Rudd,—Jacob Rudd; the fire was not dead out yet, and Barns saw enough to enable him to recognise him, -hanging over the stranger's bed! Barns's breath came thick and hurried: he remembered, as if by inspiration, all that had passed between this man and Rudd overnight; something glittered in the twilight of the room, as Rudd moved his position, which Barns knew must be a knife. Barns could hear the stranger breathing now, quite regular and calm, whilst that man hung over him, meditating one of the foulest deeds that stain our fallen nature. Rudd drew back for a moment, as if surveying his victim, with a view to discover the most vulnerable point. Barns's agony amounted almost to madness; his throat was parched and dried up, his tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth, his eyes almost started from their sockets; -Rudd crept forward again, with outstretched neck and hand, and at that moment, as if God's angel was looking down into that sordid hut, and lent Barns strength to achieve his task, did Barns send a hoarse yell through the blackened walls, that aroused Spike and Bunting, and the stranger from their sleep, only to be saluted, on opening their eyes, by the figure of Barns, sitting bolt upright in his bed, with hair on end, and dilated eye-balls, quivering in every limb with horror.

"What, my good fellow, ails you?" demanded the stranger, in an angry tone. "Have you seen a ghost, or had a nightmare, through eating too much supper?—or mistaken the wind for a

robber?"

"Or had dreams?" suggested Bunting, sententiously.

"Where is Rudd?" demanded Spike, yawning; "he's not been

here since the quarrel last night."

"Ay, where was Rudd, indeed!" thought Barns; "he had made his escape, thank God, and the stranger's throat was sound and safe still; and, after all, it was perhaps the best way to keep all snug."

"I've been dreaming," said Barns, sheepishly.

"You have!" rejoined the stranger; "then I really beg, my good Barns, that for the rest of the night you won't amuse yourself with dreaming, if it has to cost us our rest: you had much better be awake, than do that."

Barns thought so too: and said he would sit up by the fire for the rest of the night, and got up accordingly. In crossing the floor, he stumbled over something which, on picking up, he found to be the knife Rudd had dropped. He knew it was Rudd's knife, and he became so confused at the discovery, that the attempt he made to conceal it was so clumsy, that the stranger's keen eye discovered it at once.

"What have you got there, Barns?—a knife?"—

"Yes, sir," stammered Barns.

"Here, give it to me; let me see it?—ah!—rather an ugly customer, Barns," quoth he, surveying it, curiously; "I shouldn't like to fall in with a man that had such a knife about him, if he wanted to pick a quarrel with me,—eh, Barns?"

Barns's legs shook so that he could scarcely stand.—What if the stranger knew that Providence had, within the last few minutes,

most miraculously averted such a catastrophy from him!

"Leave the knife with me, Barns: I'll look at it to-morrow;" and the stranger turned over to sleep once more. Spike and Bunting followed his example, whilst Barns, after awhile raking together the embers of the fire, threw on another faggot, and sate down in front of it, to watch until the day-light came again.

Rudd was thinking of him at that moment, although he was miles away by this time. His first impulse, on being startled from his purpose, was to plunge the knife intended for the stranger into Barns's heart; but the presence of mind he retained, even in that moment, showed him that such a step was but dyeing his soul with

another crime:—and then he thought of escaping;—the door was open, and the stranger's horse could be got out of the stable in a moment:—the next second showed him that it was better to make away on foot, as he was thus sure of escaping, without leaving any clue behind him; and in a moment he sprang into the very deepest part of the forest, and was running at the top of his speed, bareheaded, with reeling brain and trembling limbs, the sweat standing in great beads on his forehead, a fire that oceans could not extinguish feeding upon his vitals, and the blackest crime that man can dare brooding like a fiend within his soul.

The rain was sweeping down in torrents upon him, yet he never felt it; the wind swept in wild gusts through the groaning trees, yet he heard it not; the lightning blazed in shattered brightness around him, dazzling his eyes as he gazed, yet still he pressed forward, now stumbling over the hole of a tree that the wood-cutters had hewn down, now falling over a treacherous ditch, and rising up again with his hands grasping the dead leaves with which the ground was strown; the rain drenched him to the skin, the darkness prevented his seeing a yard before him; he often was forced to throw himself on the ground, to regain breath,—rest he did not require,—and then would start up again, whilst the wind howled more fearfully than ever, and the rain fell, and the thunder rattled above him; but all the fury of the tempests was as nothing, compared with the hell that raged in his own breast.

Still he kept on. He had walked for hours, already, and the day was beginning to break, and yet he felt no exhaustion. On! on! on !-- the forest was cleared at last, and he was on the highway; past villages, and village churches, standing like quiet dreams in their churchyards,—those silent cities of the dead,—seeming in their calmness and beauty, like types of the heaven to which they led; past farm-houses, surrounded by their well-filled stack-yards, and hay-ricks; and here a grey, time-honoured hall, shadowed by its venerable elms, and there, a solitary cottage, the curtained pane of which showed that its inmates were not yet beginning their daily round of patient toil. Still he kept on, now driving away a snarling cur with a curse or a stone, now stopping to pull a stake from a hedge to make a stick of, never pausing for a moment, for the town he was bent to was yet miles away, and in another hour the sun would be up and people astir, and he could not travel then, in the plight he was in.

He began to whistle, but presently dropped it, for even the tones of his own voice jarred upon his thoughts; he wrung the wet out of the ends of his neckcloth, and looked down with a dreamy wonder at his spattered and muddy boots and gaiters, and muttered that the rain had soaked through into his shirt at the shoulders, and then he thought of Barns and his guests, and this quickened

his pace to a run again, until he stopped for sheer want of breath, once more.

He was approaching a town, now: houses began to be scattered along the road, some half-buried, a hundred yards or more away, in shrubberies and gardens, some jutting out upon the very path; and then a market-cart or an early coach whirled past, the passengers weary, wet, and jaded, with a night spent on their hard seats, in great coats and cloaks, under dripping umbrellas, too wretched to notice even him; and mechanics hurrying to their work, smoking their short, black pipes; and a canal, with its sluggish, inky waters, and its black towing-line, as dead and lifeless a picture as the world can produce; and Rudd felt weary and sick at heart, until he came to a bridge, over which he leaned, burying his head in his hands, never heeding the rain drizzling down into his neck, and running through his hair, making it like so many slimy snakes.

He did not stop there to decide upon what to do; he had done that from the very first: and presently he went on again, following the towing-path for a mile or more, through a dreary, flat country, keeping the town, which loomed down upon the landscape, with its blackened manufactories and ghostly chimneys, like a wild phantom of his own imagination, all the while in view, until he came to a narrow by-way, that branched off to the right; presently, signs of life began to appear; crazy, shattered, weather-worn, tumble-down tenements, that looked as if they had lived hard and fast in their younger days, and were doing penauce for it in their squalid misery in old age, appeared at first by twos and threes, and soon, whole streets of them, with the garbage of months accumulated around the doors; whole houses had their windows boarded up, as if to hide the light of day from what was passing within; others, less chary on this point, contented themselves with shutting out half the light, by means of bundles of rags, old hats, and dirty matting; here a chimney had fallen down, and the bricks that had composed it were still lying in the thoroughfare; snarling curs. smoke-dried, half-starved fowls, and squalling children, as miserable and revolting as dirt, and want, and neglect could make them. met him at every step:—Rudd was in a den of thieves!

It was a sanctuary to him. He breathed freer, and looked about him oftener, and held his head higher with the very thought. Early as it was, the whole place was as busy as bees, and as Rudd walked on, still as quick as ever, he met people at every corner,—men with fierce, dogged, evil-looking visages, and uncouth bearing, at every corner, to whom he nodded, and who nodded to him again. No one attempted to stop him, though: and after he had threaded his way through this wild resort of turbulent crime and lawlessness, for some time, he turned down a dark alley, and once more found himself at the water-side.

A low-roofed, narrow-windowed house was before him. One end jutted out upon the canal, with a window overlooking the stream, furnished with a shutter, which was now closed,—the very look of the place would have been against it, in any court of justice in the kingdom, so dark, and sinister, and evil-disposed did it all look; the thatch on the roof was blackened by time, the windows were heavily barred, the very door itself, though it stood ajar at this moment, wore a forbidding look, that seemed clearly to order all visitors to go about their business and not meddle with it, or stand by the consequences.

Rudd strode across the little yard, and pushed open the door; a bandy-legged bull-dog, of a dirty-white colour, with a huge, misshapen head, and blind of one eye, leaped out upon him from a kennel, but he drove it away with his cudgel, and entered the low,

smoky room, as if he carried his own welcome with him.

A woman started up from her position before the fire;—Rudd

thought she had been crying.

"Is Grimes in, Nell," demanded he, throwing himself into a chair.

" No, he's away:—are you back again?"

"Yes:—why do you ask such a question?—don't you see me, woman?" snarled her visitor.

The woman seemed to cower down before the brutal ferocity he assumed, there was very little light in the room, nothing in fact but what the dull, red gleam of the fire produced, and this fell on her bent, haggard, gaunt, features as she turned towards Rudd and said almost in a whisper, "You told me when we last met, months ago, if you remember, that if you came here again it would be as a hunted wolf; Rudd, Rudd, there's something about you, this morning, that tells me you've prophesied truly: you've travelled long and far, for your clothes tell me this, you've not been a-bed last night, or you wouldn't look so wild; but, you needn't try to persuade Grimes to go with you, he shan't stir an inch to help you; he did so once before, and look what he got for it, there's been a curse upon us ever since."

"Dont preach, Nell," growled Rudd, fiercely, "if Mick chose to lend a hand now as he did then, what matter does it make?"

"Matter! why that a curse will be on him ever after, there's a curse upon us now—we shall be doubly-cursed: and I sa he shan't stir hand or foot to help you."

"Not if you cannot only retrieve all that you have lost all through your lives, but get rich as well Nell, by joining in a scheme with me that we can work together?' demanded Rudd, with the skill of a tempter; "a plot that only needs Grimes to stretch out his little finger to make you both rich for life."

"Not if it could make us kings and queens, Rudd. Did'nt you promise as much before? and what did we get by it all? We

were honest and respectable before that, and now we are scorned even by the very thieves that swarm about the wretched shed we hide our misery in—No! no! we won't be tempted again."

Rudd watched the changes of her countenance with eager interest. Want and misery, and the uncertain and precarious mode of life to which she had been subjected, had wofully impaired a countenance which, in its better days, must have been more than comely; there was a sullen fire in her dark eyes, a stern yet not repulsive frown in her wasted lips, that lent a rugged beauty to that pale suffering face, that happier fortunes would have seen clad with smiles; he gloated over the vindictive hatred that he knew was smouldering beneath, with the keen, unhallowed joy of a destroyer who feels that his wretched victim is too deeply entangled in the meshes he has woven, ever to extricate himself: he would, like a skilful angler, allow the poor fool to drive away with the bait, whilst he himself held the line and let the barbed hook do its errand.

"You are not poor, Nell!" he said, with a cough.

"Poor!" echoed the woman, with a shuddering glance round the wretched room; "no, we are not poor!"

"But still you are not so overburdened with money, that you'd refuse more. eh?"

The woman laughed scornfully at such a proposition.

"You don't care about comforts, at least about what most folks call comforts; or, I'd say that I could put you into a way that

would add to what you already have."

The woman had sate down again. With her chin resting on her hand, she was eying him wishfully now. Rudd drew closer to her and commenced a hurried explanation in a whisper; at first she repulsed him, whenever he stopped for breath, at one time vehemently, and even angrily; then with a sudden sadness, she began to sob, and the tears stood in her eyes, yet, still Rudd went on: he seemed himself to believe so earnestly what he said, that it half convinced her; she could only find room to doubt now that her scruples and fears were melting away, her remorse and terror were disappearing like frost work before the sun.

"We are so poor, we have scarcely bread to eat," said she, in

a hollow voice, as her eye scanned the miserable room.

"You will be rich, you will roll in gold," urged Rudd.

"We live in constant dread."

"Ay, now! but when you get rich, a single hour will do it, you will be transformed."

She listened to him with a vacant stare, her mind was already running out in the dreams that he had conjured up.

"But if we are found out, if they get a clue to the business

before we can escape?" said she, looking up.

"Fool!" muttered Rudd, stamping his foot, "how can they?

you will be hundreds of miles from the place—they cannot trace you—they cannot even say that you had art or part in the business—all will be managed so that no one but ourselves will be the wiser for it."

Her keen, eager, alabaster-looking face, was fixed upon him; her piercing eyes seemed to read him through and through, at

every word, in a way that made Rudd shudder.

"You can be rich, girl! roll in gold with the bravest of them, dress finely, live highly, ride along in carriages where afore you trode wearily afoot; think of that, Nell. It almost makes one mad to think of the misery and starvation you're steeped to the lips in, now, with what you may be soon," muttered Rudd, dashing his black hair off from his flushed face and damp brow; "d'ye hear, lass? you're a pauper now, are almost driven to beg your bread from door ——"

The woman uttered a wailing cry, the last words had sent a pang to her heart that all the rest had failed to achieve.

"We are starving, Rudd," groaned she, wildly.

"Well! well, girl ther's a good time coming yet! the wheel 'ill turn now, depend upon it; only help me to persuade Mick when he comes in, to join with me in the business that brought me here, and your fortune and his is made."

The woman shuddered, in spite of all her efforts, and Rudd

noticed it.

"Girl," he demanded, fiercely, "what have you to fear?"

"I don't know, my conscience tells me ----"

"Conscience! bah, all lies, Nell, who cares about conscience in these times, when poor folks come into the world to rot and fester and starve from their cradle to their grave, and the only kindness they meet with, is that their mothers give them at the breast? You have nothing to lose that I can see."

"No! no! we have not; what have the poor to lose?" said she,

bitterly.

"Ay, that's the way to say it! Nothing, Nell," cried Rudd in a transport, "nothing indeed; but here comes Mick at the right time," he added, as the door opened, admitting a ruffianly looking fellow, with a sack half filled on his shoulder; "what cheer, my hearty?"

"What cheer, Rudd! its an ill wind that blows you here, I fancy," rejoined the man he addressed, as Mick, disburdening himself of his load, sat down alongside of his visitor. "Nell, some break-

fast, in a moment, lass."

Whilst the woman, with a listless silence, arranged the ricketty table with the sorry materials for the meal, Rudd and Grimes (for such was the man's name) sat together in moody silence; which, neither seemed disposed to be the first to break. Although both

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belonged to the same grade of life, there was a marked difference in the appearance of the two men, quite distinct from any variety of form of feature whatever—the distinction, we would notice, had nothing to do with these: it was rather the type of the peculiar idiosyncrasy of the men than anything else, that was so striking at the first view.

The robust, manly, and determined frame of Rudd, the vigorous intellect that displayed itself in his swarthy yet handsome features, his keen, intelligent glance, the wild, unchecked earnestness that lent a rugged grandeur to his powerful and athletic frame, we have already described; his fate had been cast amongst the humble, all enduring ranks of the sons of toil; but nature, whilst it had bestowed upon him the limbs, and the sinews, and the strength to win his daily bread with the sweat of his brow, had also implanted inclinations, and desires, and passions, in his breast, that made him scorn all honest labour as the most unbearable infliction, and driven him to seek a subsistence in wider and more congenial channels; the mark of honest labour had never imprinted itself on his brawny hands; he was ripe to any deed, no matter how great the danger and peril might be, provided the reward was commensurate therewith.

The very thought of danger lent a zest to the undertaking, his temper grew sluggish when his limbs and neck were safe; the blood coursed madly through his veins, and his very heart beat quicker when perils thickened around him. Had fate made him a patriot or a warrior, fame would have held him up to the gaze of an admiring world, as an Alexander, a Cæsar, or a Napoleon: as it was, he was simply a hungry, lawless, Ishmaelite, with his hand

turned against every man.

The man called Grimes was evidently different, he had toiled wearily and long: for want, and care, and privation haddug heavy furrows in his gaunt cheeks and brow, he had tried everything and prospered with nothing: for as Nell said, there was a curse upon them now! they had been honest, till necessity had starved them into theft. Born in a kennel, reared in squalid misery, with a youth of lawless vice, who can wonder that all these had produced a middle age of hardened crime; the hour of temptation came, Grimes looked down to his sturdy arms and brawny chest, and felt the demon hunger tugging at his vitals, and thought of Nell at home trying in vain to stifle her own cravings and hush their poor, starving month-old brat into a quiet sleep; human nature triumphed over his sense of right and wrong, and Grimes became a thief; a few more such lessons, and he grew callous and became an outcast from the world.

"You have an errand, Rudd," said Grimes, looking up at last; "you never come to see me but when you have."

"Yes, yes, I have; but eat your breakfast first—or hold! if you can do as much, Nell, I'll eat with Mick, as I've not broken fast since overnight ——"

"Not eaten, comrade, since yesterday?"

"It's the truth; but a hungry belly can't find time to talk much; as soon as we've satisfied our hunger, I'll tell you all,—one thing at a time, neighbour;" and so saying, Jacob Rudd began to dispatch the coarse and sordid meal Nell had placed before them, with a voracity that proved him already to have forgotten the substantial glories of jovial Jass Barns' supper. The woman excused herself, by saying she had already eaten, and sitting down in one corner, remained a silent yet observant spectator of all that passed.

SONG.

HOMEWARD BOUND;

OR, THE MIDDY'S GRAVE.

Our gallant ship was homeward bound For England's happy shore,
The jest and song went gaily round,
At thoughts of home once more;
When he, the pet of all our band,
The playmate and the pride,
Fell sick, and just in sight of land,
Our little Middy died.

His fragile form, so young and fair,
Had own'd a noble mind,
And hardy hands, with gentlest care,
That fragile form enshrin'd:
All mourned the boy's untimely fate,
And through that wint'ry day,
In all a seaman's simple state,
Our gallant Middy lay.

The night was dark, the deep sea shone Beneath no planet's light, The sailors crowded one by one To hear the burial rite! And when the pet of all the crew Was plunged beneath the wave, Those hardy sons, to nature true, Wept o'er the Middy's grave.

And now the good ship nears the land,
Now joyful friends are met;
But one lone widow seeks the strand,
Whose cheek with tears is wet:
She, who in anxious hope and joy
Had hurried to the shore,
The mother of that gallant boy,
Shall see his face no more.

MAN AND HIS MISSUS.

BY ONE OF THE HENPECKED.

"BUT Mr. G.," said my wife, who is a strong-minded woman, with a red nose, "the relationship of the two sexes has been wrong from time immemorial. Woman has been the slave, and man the tyrant. Directly a woman is married, she becomes inferior to man; her existence is merged in that of her husband; in the eye of the law, she exists not at all: he may exact and compel obedience. When the marriage service has been performed, man gives up no right; but woman does. She was before his equal—now the law has degraded her; she before existed as a distinct moral agent—now she is viewed as one legally dead. And yet Blackstone, whom you men are so fond of quoting, (Mrs. G. had read Blackstone) has the impudence to say, 'so great a favourite is the female sex, of the law of England.'"

Such was the fierce philippic which greeted my ears, in answer to a few mild observations of my own, occasioned by a passage I had just read aloud from Mrs. Ellis's "Women of England,"—a work I am very fond of reading while Mrs. G., excellent creature, distributes the morning quantum of coffee and buttered rolls.

"But, my dear," said I, "you know you promised to obey, that happy morning that witnessed the consummation of my bliss, that morning that made me the happiest of men."

"As to that, my dear" responded Mrs. G., "a woman, at such a time, is so nervous, in such a state of excitement, so carried away by so many overpowering emotions, that she really does not know what she says, and it is not very fair to take advantage of what is said or done at such a time."

"Exactly so," chimed in my respected mother-in-law, who, under pretence of knitting me nightcaps,—articles of dress I abhor—had been smuggled into the house, and who seemed to have subsided very comfortably into a regular fixture. "Exactly so, Lucretia, as I always told your poor, dear father. I used to say to the dear, departed—" here I looked rather tremulously at the old lady's water-works, for I am a quiet man, and hate a scene—"I was so flurried, that if I had not had the smelling bottle which Mrs. Smith gave me, (you know who I mean, Lucretia,)—the lady we met when we were at Cheltenham, last spring, who lived in the white, no, I mean in the red, brick house next that by the new church, no, by the old church." Here the old lady, finding herself floundering, concluded by saying, the marriage service was so terrible that she thought she could never go through it again,—a declaration, it struck me, she might very safely hazard.

"But, my dear," said I, "in some respects your estimable sex is inferior to ours. Man's physical organization marks out for him a sphere of bodily activity differing from yours. Hence, while man has worked for the sustenance of his family, abroad, the wife has laboured for their welfare at home. It is the same with the mental qualities of the sexes. Mr. George Combe, my dear, says that the female brain is smaller than that of the male: 'that in the male, the sentiment of self-esteem is stronger than that of veneration; while the proportion is reversed in the female. Nature herself thus indicating that, as a general rule, woman was destined to obey.' And indeed," said I, waxing warm, "no woman can call obedience to a good husband slavery. To obey such, is a pleasure; such obedience is more delightful than perfect freedom. If it be a slavery, it is one, the fetters of which are rivetted by love."

"Well there, Mr. G.," said my beloved better half, somewhat haughtily, "you may spare your eloquence. An affectionate wife of course does obey her husband: does look upon such obedience as a pleasure. Such obedience is, as you lords of the creation deem it, most admirable. But what I complain of is this, that whilst you men are as desirous of marriage—"

"A great deal more," screamed my venerable mother-in-law; "my dear departed would have been miserable, if I had not married him."

"Whilst you men," continued Mrs. G., "are as desirous of marriage as we can ever be; whilst marriage is as much for your benefit as ours; your standing in society is not altered by it. Ours, on the contrary, is. Legally, we are dead; the man alone is recog-

nized by law. The woman is completely in his power. He may be weak and worthless, yet all that she has, all that she can earn, by the pen or otherwise, he can gather and spend on himself. Recollect the writer who, under the assumed name of Charlotte Elizabeth, secured to herself the hard-earned savings that her wretch of a husband otherwise would have squandered in drunken debauchery. Our social laws yet bear the stamp of barbarism; they have still about them relics of a time when rude strength was the only good; they say but little for man's boasted civilization. In short," said Mrs. G., rising, and marching to the door, with an air, Mrs. Siddons might have envied, "in short, what woman wants, and must have, is more influence." Here the dear creature left me solus.

More influence! As if the weaker vessel were not now omnipotent! As if to talk, as Lady Morgan does, about woman and her master does not read like a most undeniable joke at the master's expense. As if, in short, the tale some of the advocates of female rights tell us were true, and that man had been the lord, and woman the slave! That such an impression is manifestly false, it requires but little ingenuity to perceive. The asserter of the contrary displays an ignorance of facts not more remarkable than profound.

The poet very properly asks,-

"What laid old Troy in ruins?"

Our readers, gentle or otherwise, know, to this question but one answer can be given. Ten years' war generally costs a considerable sum; it produces national debts: they produce national discontent; national discontent produces national reform. A very moderate acquaintance with Rollin and human nature is sufficient to teach us that Helen's beauty and wiles were the ultimate causes which made Athens, in time, what Ireland is now, "The first flower of the earth, the first gem of the sea." The history of England is an abundant illustration of the fact, palpable as the nose on one's face, that,—

"In all the drama, whether grave or not, Love rules the scene, and woman forms the plot."

In the good old times, before the Norman had come over, and taken the spoils of England's bravest and best, Augustine was sent from Rome to make Christians of the British worshippers of Odin and Thor. For this charitable attempt, Gregory the Pope has received much praise, but Augustine might have laboured in vain, had he not had a friend at court. Bertha, the fair wife of Ethelbert, was a Christian; and it was by her virtue and beauty that Ethelbert's eyes were opened to the errors of paganism and the

reception of Christian truth. Heathen England became Christian, because a woman's appeal melted hearts that other entreaties might have addressed in vain. For a thousand years the church of Bertha flourished in the land. The Saxon power passed away; but the Saxon gospel still breathed forth its utterances of hope and love.

"Then came the Norman, in his pride, Attended by his Saxon slaves; And then 'the priest of later times Sang mass above their graves.'"

But a change came. Suddenly, without a note of preparation, England became Protestant. The fetters by which she was bound to Rome were at once and for ever burst. Why was this? Had some Lutheran orator gone through the length and breadth of the land, convincing men's judgments and influencing their wills? Was there then, as now, a Protestant Association, with its Exeter Hall meetings, with its penny tracts, and itinerant orators? Was there a Reverend Hugh M'Neil then, as there is now, with his—

"Pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Beat with fist instead of a-stick,—"

eager to demolish for ever, the pope? Was there a Mr. Lane Fox, then, as there is now, (though unfortunately no longer a part of the collective wisdom of the nation,) ready "to ride up to his charger's neck, in the blood of the papist and the infidel?" Alas! no; at any rate if such did exist, the historians who have chronicled so much small beer, have been silent as to their heroic deeds. A woman stepped upon the scene, and all was changed. The thing was done not by protestant logic, but by protestant beauty. The gown was victorious, but it was that of the irresistible Anne, and not of the grave divine. For bluff King Hal, there was a royal road to learning, as well as to most other matters, where his royal appetite was concerned. In his case it was:—

"Love could teach a monarch to be wise, And gospel light first beamed from Boleyn's eyes."

To please a woman, Alexander set fire to his capitol, and Anthony made war with the conqueror of the world. To avenge the wrongs of a woman, monarchy was abolished in Rome, and, at a later day, the Moors usurped the power and wealth of Spain. On account of its connection with the name of Zenobia, the memory of Palmyra yet survives. We must not forget the heroic Joan of Arc, whose disgraceful death will always be flung in the teeth of Englishmen, though all her judges, with but one exception, were countrymen of

her own. Anne of Austria frowned on the libertine addresses of Buckingham, and the result was, a war with France. Duchess of Marlborough ruled Queen Anne, and in consequence we won the laurels of Blenheim, and Ramillies. Mrs. Masham became Anne's favourite, and under Mr. Harley, the protestant succession was in such jeopardy, that if Anne had not suddenly died, the Revolution would have been nullified, and way would have been made for James III to ascend the throne from which his father had been righteously expelled. In later times, female influence has been as omnipotent as ever. Napoleon in the very zenith of his power, stood in such awe of Madame de Stäel, that he deemed it necessary to expel her from France. In unreformed parliaments when elections were not the tame exhibitions they have now become, Fox won his seat for Westminster, not by gold, nor by his eloquence, although that was of magic power, nor by his popularity, though that was great; but by the exertions, the personal canvass of a duchess, of whose gorgeous loveliness our fathers spoke, as if it were of more than mortal truth; so true is it, that man lives under woman's influence, that she speaks, and he obeys! that it is man and his missus, all over the globe. What says Campbell, and on this subject poets speak as having authority, what, but that:—

"Without the smile, from partial beauty won, Oh! what were man? a world without a sun."

But it is not beauty alone that has given woman the pre-eminence she has so long acquired. The domains of learning and science she has explored, and won the laurel which man would fain have worn alone. Apollonius wrote a biography filled with no names but those of female philosophers. Plutarch dedicated more than one work to women. Menage collected the names of sixty-four who have distinguished themselves in the schools of philosophy. Three empresses have conferred literary distinction on the name of Eudocia. "A learned German scholar," says Mr. Craik, "John Christian Wolf, in his edition of the 'Remains of the Greek Poetesses, 4to. Hamburg, 1734,' gives a list of works about literary women, in a closely printed note which extends over about half a dozen of his spacious pages, and may contain perhaps a hundred and thirty or a hundred and forty titles. another publication, his 'Fragments of the Greek Female Writers, in Prose, 4to. Hamburg, 1735,' the same erudite and laborious writer has given us a catalogue of all the women recorded to have distinguished themselves in literature or art from the earliest times, down to the sixth century of the Christian Era, which fills above two hundred pages. Such a list made complete to the present day would certainly present some thousands of names.

papers have recently announced the death at Padua, of a Count Leopold Ferri, leaving a library entirely composed of works written by female authors, amounting to thirty-two thousand volumes.

Our own illustrious Elizabeth was mistress of nine languages; those who have read that most delightful biography, Sir J. Macintosh's life of Sir Thomas More, cannot but be aware of the great attainments for which his noble daughters were distinguished. In the Parker Correspondence just published, we have a high testimony to the learning of another of Elizabeth's cotemporaries, the

Lady Jane, daughter of the Marquis of Dorset.

The fair sex themselves have been pre-eminently alive to their own merits. At the latter part of the sixteenth century, a learned Italian lady, and celebrated poetess, Modesta Pozzo, in an elaborate prose treatise entitled "Dei Meriti delle Donne," (of the Merits of Woman,) maintains that women are at least equal in capacity to men. The same strain was taken up by Lucrezia Marinella, in a work designed to show "the Nobility and Excellence of Women, with the Imperfections and Defects of Men." In 1665, the Demoiselle Jacquette Guillaume endeavoured to establish the superiority of women in a work entitled, "Les Dames Illustres, etc.," (Illustrious Ladies,) where, by good and strong reasons, it is proved that the feminine sex surpasses the masculine in every Marie de Gournay, the adopted daughter of manner of way. Montaigne, wrote a vindication of the mental equality of the two sexes, which was answered by that female prodigy of learning, Anna Maria Schurman, who, in a work published in 1648, "De Ingenii Muliebris ad Doctrinam et Meliores Literas Aptitudine," (for the sake of our male readers we may translate the Latin thus, "On the Aptitude of the Female Intellect for Learning and Literature,") in which she argues for the mental superiority of man, but in a manner that the modern advocates of woman's rights would not perhaps altogether approve.

Theology does in some degree engage the attention of most men, but this department of science man has not been suffered to retain exclusively for himself; the Roman widow, Marcella, the friend of St. Jerome, in the latter part of the fourth century, was so learned in the Scriptures, that people came from all parts to consult her as one of the great doctors of the church. Dorothea Bucca, who was born at Bologna, early in the fifteenth century, had the degree of doctor publicly conferred on her by the university of her native city; in the year 1436, she was professor in the same university, and delivered lectures to hearers collected by her fame, from all parts of Europe. Fedele Cassandra, who was born at Venice about 1465, disputed publicly on one occasion at Padua, both on philosophy and theology, and though opposed by some of the most distinguished doctors of the day, was acknowledged to have worsted her opponents in this literary combat. "A Latin oration," says Mr.

Digitized by GOOGIC

Craik, "with which she concluded the display, was printed, and she afterwards repeatedly lectured on philosophy in the University of Padua, to crowded audiences, and with the greatest applause. Lucrezia Elena Cornaro Piscopia, born 1646, at Venice, after having acquired in her early years so rare a knowledge of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, as to write all these languages as if each of them had been her native tongue, and having beside made herself mistress of French, Spanish, and Romaic, as also of mathematics, and music; applied herself to philosophy and theology, with the same success that had marked her other studies, and was, on the 25th of June, 1678, created a Mistress of Arts by the University of Padua; the ceremony taking place in the cathedral church, in consequence of the ordinary academic hall being insufficient to contain the immense concourse that attended. It is said she would have been made a doctor of divinity, had not the Cardinal Barbarigo, who was then bishop of Padua, resisted that proposition. In 1827, the degree of doctor of philosophy was conferred on Johanna Gallien, the wife of the Greek scholar Daniel Wyttenbach, by the University of Marping, in Germany. Nor would we omit our own country-woman, Dorothy Lady Pakington, daughter of Thomas, first Lord Coventry, the life keeper, and wife of Sir John Pakington, bart. "The Whole Duty of Man," a work which has gone through innumerable editions, is generally attributed to her. Dr. Hickes says, "Hammond, Morley, Fell, and Thomas, those eminently learned men, averred she was as great an adept in the Sacred Scriptures as themselves were, and as well versed in divinity, and in all those useful and weighty notions relating to Deity, which have been recommended and handed down to us, by either profane or christian philosophers. Queen Caroline, the wife of George 11, was a highly accomplished princess, and took great delight in the discussion of metaphysical and theological questions. When Princess of Wales, she carried on a correspondence with Leibnitz, on both mental and physical philosophy. engaged him, and Dr. Samuel Clarke, in a controversy on the reconcilement of the freedom of the human will with the foreknowledge of deity, and had all the papers as they were written, submitted to her. Bishops Hoadley, Hare, and Sherlocke, were the divines with whom she conversed, and whom she often managed, to perplex with the questions she asked; not that the art of puzzling says much for her mental superiority. Lord Eldon tells us that Dr. Johnson, in his presence said to Dr. Mortimer, who had been denying every thing Johnson said, "Sir, sir," said the heroic Sam, "you must have forgot that an author has said, 'Plus negabit unus asinus in und hora quam centum philosophi probanerient in centum annis.'* The same thing may be said as to the facility of questioning.

^{*} Life of Lord Eldon. By Horace Twiss, vol. i. p. 88.

Amongst the ladies who distinguished themselves in the general walks of literature, we must not omit the name of Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle, whom colleges and universities both at home and abroad delighted to honour. The rector of the University of Leyden declared her to be deservedly styled the chief of women. The University of Cambridge affirmed not only that she was the most learned of her sex, but that there was no need for Greek and Latin writers to be studied, since her wisdom would amply suffice for themselves and the world. In another address she was thus flattered: "Most excellent Princess, you have unspeakably obliged us all, but not in one respect alone: for, whenever we find ourselves non-plussed in our studies, we repair to you as our oracle: if we be to speak, you dictate to us; if we knock at Apollo's door, you alone open to us; if we be to compose a history, you are the remembrancer; if we be confounded and puzzled among the philosophers, you disentangle us and assail all our difficulties." The students of Trinity College inform her Grace, that they mean to dedicate an epitaph to her memory as follows: "To Margaret the First, Princess of philosophers, who hath dispelled errors, appeased the difference of opinions, and restored peace to learning's commonwealth." Dr. Barlow, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln. tells her that whereas he has seen a manuscript treatise in which it is attempted to be proved that women excel men, very little to the satisfaction of his sex, her Grace will prove the best argument in the world to convert them from their infidelity. Amongst the other learned men by whom her Grace was flattered, we may mention Dr. Henry More, Sir Keneleu Digley, Etheredge the dramatit, and one greater still, the far famed Hobbes; but alas. fame is but a breath; the twelve volumes that formed the printed works of the thrice noble, illustrious, and excellent Princess, the Duchess of Newcastle, as she styled herself, snarling, ill-tempered Pope, in the Dunciad, quoted as part of the library of Bays, among the books that,—

> ——On outside merit, that presume, Or serve (like other fools) to fill a room."

Woman has always been famed for her power of language. We would now speak with respect of female orators. Hortensia, the daughter of the great Roman orator, Hortensius, is celebrated for a speech which she delivered before Antony Octavius and Lepidus, against a decree which had been issued to compel a large number of wealthy Roman ladies to declare the amount of their property, for the purpose of taxation. In the fifteenth century, a Venetian lady, Isotta Nogarola, pronounced several discourses before popes Nicholas v. and Pius II., and was esteemed the greatest orator of

her day: she also delivered public lectures on the New Testament, and the works of St. Augustine, and St Jerome. In the next century, Francesca, the daughter of Antonio of Lebrixa or Lebrijo. the restorer of learning in Spain, used to occupy her father's chair in the University of Alcala, whenever illness or any other cause made it inconvenient for him to lecture himself. Olympia Fulvia Morata, who was born at Ferarra, in 1526, is celebrated for her learning and eloquence. Julienne Morelle, a native of Barcelona, who died in 1653, and who is reported to have known fourteen languages, held public disputations at Lyons on several theses in philosophy, when she was only twelve years old. Several Italian ladies of the middle ages are renowned as jurists, their names we do not give, as they are now utterly unknown; their lectures appear to have been popular amongst the young men. At this we cannot be surprised. We wonder the plan has never been imitated. The college in Gower street has never yet paid a farthing of interest; we recommend the shareholders to revive the female lecturings of the thirteenth century, the annual meetings of the shareholders would in a very little while become much more satisfactory than they are now, were they to do so. We trust, when our friend, the noble president, devours our pages, as we understand he is in the habit of doing, during a dull debate in the House of Lords, that he will at once seize the idea, and not suffer so valuable a hint to be thrown away.

We have a great respect for medical men, they are generally well bred, and in the country understand horseflesh, at least; but, let the reader picture to himself some young maiden, dark eyed, or flaxen haired, according to his own peculiar idiosyncrasy, counting the throbbing pulse, or soothing the aching head. Think of that, Master Brooks! we fear the regular practitioner would stand no chance with such a rival. With what exquisite tact would the fair physicians, in diseases of the heart, for instance, discover the malady, and prescribe the cure! The romances of chivalry show that this was frequently done. Scott was but repeating actual facts, when he sang:

"No art the poison might withstand,
No medicine could be found,
Till lovely Isoldes' lily hand
Had prob'd the rankling wound.
With gentle hand, and soothing tongue,
She bore the leech's part,
And while she o'er his sick-bed hung
He paid her with his heart."

Two Benedictine monks, Margaret and Pontia, the nieces of

Peter, the venerable abbot of Clugni, were amongst the most famous doctors of the twelfth century. The learned Lady Halket was especially noted for her practical skill in medicine. "And women," says Mr. Craik, "are still sometimes made doctors of medicine. The newspapers the other day, in announcing that Madame Hahnemann, the widow of the founder of homoeopathy, had been condemned by the Correctional Tribune at Paris, to pay a fine of a hundred francs for acting illegally as a medical practitioner, stated, that she, pleaded in defence, that she had received a doctor's di-

ploma, from a university in Pensylvania."

Our readers who are acquainted with the name of Mrs. Somerville, need not be told that women have excelled in astronomical Madame Jeanne Dumée, who lived in the latter part of the seventeenth century, is said to have written a work on the Copernican system, which acquired much praise. Maria Cunitz, who was born in Silesia, published, in 1650, a book of astronomical tables, entitled, "Urania Propitia." Newton's Principia was translated into French by Gabrielle Emilie le Tonnelier de Breteuil, Marquise du Châtellet. She was born in 1706. According to Voltaire, she had by heart the finest passages of Horace, Virgil, and Lucretius; but her predominating taste was for mathematics and metaphysics. She published an explanation of the system of Leibnitz, in a work called "Institutions de Physique," which was much admired. A writer in the "Penny Cyclopædia" says, "This work is a series of letters, in which the systems of Leibnitz and of Newton, (the latter then almost new in France,) are explained in a familiar style, and with a degree of knowledge of the history of the several opinions, and of sound language and ideas in their discussion, which we read with surprise, remembering that they were the production of a French woman thirty years of age, written very few years after the introduction of the Newtonian philosophy into Another distinguished name is that of Madame Lepaute. She was born at Paris, in 1723, and at twenty-five married Jean Andrè Lepaute, the eminent Parisian clock-maker. She was his pupil, but soon became his invaluable assistant. In a work on horology, published by her husband, there appeared a "Table of the Lengths of Pendulums," by his wife; but the most important achievement is the part she had in the performance of the toilsome calculations for Clairaut's Investigations of the Perturbations of Halley's Comet. "During six months," says Lalande, "we calculated from morning till night, sometimes even at meals; the consequence of which was, that I contracted an illness, which changed my constitution for the remainder of my life. The assistance rendered by Madame Lepaute was such, that without her we never could have dared to undertake this enormous labour, where it was necessary to calculate for every degree, and for one hundred and fifty years, the distance and force of each of the two planets,

(Jupiter and Saturn,) with respect to the comet." Equally remarkable was an Italian contemporary, Maria Gaetana Agnese, born at Milan, in 1718. Amongst other works, she published one entitled, "Analytical Institutions for the use of the Italian Youth," which Professor de Morgan describes as "a well matured treatise on algebra, and the differential and integral calculus, inferior to none of its day in knowledge and arrangement, and showing great marks of learning and originality." Mention should also be made of Caroline Herschel, the sister of the great Sir William Herschel, who discovered four comets, and who drew up a catalogue of twenty-five thousand nebulæ, discovered by her brother, which she completed in 1828, and for which the Astronomical Society of London that year voted her a gold medal. Other names we could

enumerate, but these are enough.

And in what walk of life is it that woman does not bear away the prize, from that sheepish, awkward, two-legged creature, man? The emancipated boy brags that he is no longer tied to his mother's apron, and flatters himself, in his blindness, that he will avoid the snares into which Sampson, Solomon, and Hercules, fell. Once upon a time, Lord Eldon, then Mr. Scott, had agreed to a consultation with two lawyers, who had been previously to a dinner with an attorney, who made a point of regularly dining the counsel on the northern circuit, once a year. Scott remained at home. to study the case. We give the tale in his own words:- "Pretty late, in came Jack Lee, as drunk as he could be; 'I cannot consult to-night, I must go to bed,' he exclaimed, and away he went. Then came Sir Thomas Davenport: 'We cannot have a consultation to-night, Mr. Wordsworth, (Wordsworth, I think, was the name; it was a Cumberland name,) shouted Davenport; 'don't vou see how drunk Mr. Scott is? it is impossible to consult;' poor me, who had scarce any dinner, and lost all my wine,—I was so drunk, that I could not consult." And thus is it some athletic countryman, six feet in his stockings, with a chest like that of an ox, cowering beneath some small specimen of the other sex, sees the mote in his neighbour's eye, but forgets the beam in his own. Last week, I dined with my friend Smith, who has been married just a quarter of a year. Dinner being over, we grew confidential; our mutual friend Brown, was the subject of discussion. man," said Smith, growing heroic, as the decanter grew empty; " poor man, completely hen-pecked,-regularly done," said Smith, in a tone of the utmost commiseration. Smith, for the life of him. dare not call his soul his own.

Such cases are the exception, we fancy we hear some poor, misguided creature reply. Would that it were so; but, alas! truth is truth; and, like murder, will out. Blind blockhead, the facts are against you; you might as well attempt to prove Grantley Berkeley a patriot, Dean Merewether a martyr, or Dr. Dillon a saint. Man, whoever you are, be you gent or gentleman, snob or nob, fast or slow,—in the language of those who know you well,—a jolly brick or a miserable muff, you know in your conscience, if you have one, we are right; our statement, humiliating as it may be to those who are sarcastically termed the lords of creation, is the truth. reader of the "Metropolitan" in general, and this article in particular, we take you for a gentleman: - why, then, we ask, do you shave, or hire a barber to shave you?—why accumulate Eau de Cologne and Macassar oil?—why sport unexceptionable Hobys? why luxuriate in a wilderness of Joinville ties?—why patronize Storr and Mortimer? — why suffer your tailor's bill annually to amount to a sum that would keep a small family in respectability and comfort?—You cannot, for one instant, be deluded enough to think that these things have anything to do whatever with the improvement of your morals, or the strengthening of your under-Because you thus elaborately ornament your person, standing. are you the better citizen, the truer patriot, the sincerer friend?— For these things, does your honoured sire deem you a more obedient son? or by these things does your simple-hearted sister judge of the strength of your fraternal love? Even if you pay your bills, an encouragement to tradesmen many gentlemen abhor, does the well-built coat or the scientifically cut trouser bespeak the mind richly furnished and the heart genuine and true? You know well, that if woman were banished from the world, the daily shave would be joyfully omitted, and the tailor's bill would dwindle into a most ridiculously small sum. Mutatis rebus, it is the same even with the snob. Were such a fearful catastrophe,—which we earnestly pray may never happen, in our lives, at least,—but were such a catastrophe to take place, quick would vanish the rich display of Burlington Arcade jewellery, with which the gent delighteth to dazzle the weak eyes of heedless mortals; quick would disappear stunning neckcloths, and trouser of gigantic check. The pale primrose, eighteen-penny kid, the penny Cuba, the four and ninepenny gossamer, the sporting cane, would soon become matter for the historian's curious research, and learned conjecture; and as young fellows who now carry watch-keys and drink gin and water, would subside into respectable, business men, many an hour of repentance and remorse would be thus avoided; no small poet, looking at the past, with sadness and regret, would have to sing, as small poets sing now,-

> "I should have been more moderate in my diet, Eaten less butcher's meat, and drank no wine, Nor suffered heart and head to run such riot, Loved but one maid, instead of eight or nine."

We men get valorous over our cups, and drink our Wellingtons

and Marlboroughs, but Grace Darling encountered as much personal danger as either of the very respectable gentlemen aforesaid, and the maid of Saragoza, a great deal more.

"Her lover sinks,—she sheds no ill-timed tear;
Her chief is slain,—she fills his fatal post;
Her followers flee,—she checks their base career;
The foe retires,—she heads the sallying host;
Who can appease, like her, a lover's ghost?—
Who can avenge so well a leader's fall?—
What maid retrieve, when man's flushed hope is lost?
Who hang so fiercely on the flying Gaul,
Foil'd by a woman's hand, before a batter'd wall?"

We are told by our friend, Henry Brougham, the schoolmaster is abroad. Our rosy, fox-hunting squires think that is bad enough, but, alas, he has his wife with him; the schoolmistress is abroad as well. There are colleges for females as well as males. In the "Whittington," we have seen, with our own eyes, ladies with their chop and newspaper, as if even our most inaccessible sanctuaries, those refuges for the destitute, the unfortunate, and the henpecked, clubs, were to be thrown open to them. Where will the tide of innovation stop? What barrier can be erected against its impetuous waves? It is in vain we cross the Atlantic. There women make neat and appropriate speeches, on every conceivable subject, to the delight and edification of the most conceited, swaggering, repudiating mortals that ever lived. It is in vain you reach the coach by which you would travel, half an hour before any one else, in order to secure for yourself a good seat:-let a woman make her appearance, and give up your seat you must, or the indignant republic will expel you from its virtuous bosom, as a poor, benighted creature, irrecoverably lost by prejudices and ideas brought with you from the old world, in which you had deemed it a privilege to live. The Turks have had a character for misogyny, not altogether undeserved. That women have no souls, they confidently affirm. They tell you, if you need advice, and can get no friend to give it, to ask your wife, and do directly opposite to what she tells you; and yet, with a most remarkable inconsistency, they plant their Elysium as thick with houris as the most devoted admirer of the fair could possibly desire:—

"A Turkish heaven, 'tis easily made, 'Tis but black eyes, and lemonade."

Even there it is man and his missus, and so it is all round the world. Let the "missus" remember, that she has duties to discharge, as well as rights to enjoy.



THE DOUBLE ROMANCE;

A TALE OF THE "OVERLAND."*

GATHERED FROM MSS. IN THE PORTFOLIOS AND PORTMANTEAUS OF PASSENGERS.

BY TIPPOO KHAN THE YOUNGER.

CHAPTER XI.

Particulars of a Wedding and Honey-moon.

WE feel that we have entered upon a most important undertaking. For those who never undergo an operation themselves, it is mere guess-work to describe the sensations of the patient, however closely they may watch his countenance, as the knife or lancet does its work. To those who have never been admitted beyond the threshold, it is difficult to know what is passing inside the house. In fine, how can an ignorant bachelor venture with safety upon the theme of wedlock, especially with the likelihood of the eves of. the married and skilled in these mysteries beholding the result of his ignorance? We confess we should like to leap the hedge now that we have ridden so far; but perhaps it may be wiser, under the circumstances, to get Farmer Stack to open for us the gate which we spy yonder: that is to say, we mean to pursue our tale like a huntsman after Reynard's, by some means or other,—and if a barrier should arise to our progress, which our hack will not enable us to clear with credit, we will e'en endeavour to find some sly outlet to help us on to the next chapter.

Doubtless there are some young, enthusiastic people, who would

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throw themselves into a dramatic and decreased salary start, to exclaim, "never!" at the suggestion of the simple-minded, to take to their arms partners with houses and properties; who would glory at the very notion of assisting beauty in distress, plucking with ecstacy the pretty, dismal affection, found as a wild-flower of the field or road-side; and who are ready to vow, with the barbarian earnestness of young Hannibals, that they will wage perpetual war with wealth, interest, self-aggrandisement, and all such wicked imaginations, which ruined, or, at least distressed, their forefathers. But how many are there to whom the cottage love is no thing of life at all, and, if even believed in, is but as an effigy or wax-work, -a representation got up by the Tussaud of romance, to amuse the lower orders of a wondering public! How many are there for whom a carriage and a coronet are far more alluring than the highest mental and personal charms; and how many for whom a wife, who would pay all creditors, give ample funds for a fresh start in one's career, and a promise of independence for the rest of one's days,—how many are there for whom such a wife, (either acting in her ownself, or by her father, brother, or any relation whatever,) would be a jewel beyond price,—a lucky throw, for which an uncommon degree of gratitude would at once be admitted due!

Celia is very plain, and her temper, I must confess, is not quite the thing for my delicate nerves; but her family and footman are really unexceptionable. The crest of the one, and the impertine really unexceptionable. assurance of the other, are indicative of first-rate style. glasses of my aspiration, the rouge of her riches looks natural as the redness of the peach; the dyed curls of her pride seem real as the bloom on the purple grapes,—and the consciousness that her tall follower will unceasingly annoy those subordinate to his authority, and that I may have my satisfaction in revenge upon him, causes me to believe the apparent faults of Celia's disposition to be no more, in reality, than the natural complainings of an overrefined and superior mind, in its intercourse with the vulgar. Call the picture ugly, uninteresting,—what you please; it has a magnificent frame, and the large lacquey, standing pompously before it, conceals all but two pillars of gold, the merits of which are undeniable.

Now, in the case of our hero's marriage, no extraordinary disparagement of wealth existed. Ellen Westwood would have but a poor settlement from her own family; and Amble, independently of the expected inheritance, had always his pay to revert to. Yes, pay,—a word which we have great pleasure in repeating, as furnishing a most agreeable train of thought, in these days of ricketty capitals and doubtful interest; something fixed and quiet, which savours of certainty, amid a myriad nothings and instabilities, with huge, noisy names; a monthly minister of consolation; a humble companion, but one whose regular visits we cannot afford

to dispense with, as being far preferable to the chance brilliant acquaintance, who makes one appearance at our doors, with a smart equipage, promises to repeat the call frequently, fails in his first engagement, and is never afterwards heard of! Colonel Westwood provided them with a sufficient amount to commence their joint ménage; but this assistance, even, was not accepted, without a clause specifying that all monies so advanced were to be faithfully restored, on the removal of the difficulties which the Lincoln's Inn firm persisted to be still extant, in the way of the estate's adjust-It was a match of the school of sentiment, it is true; and, as such, might be dangerous in the eyes of some, but the prospect of life presented to the couple was not a very gloomy one, even supposing the greater hopes of advancement to remain unfulfilled; and so the newspaper announced, that on the —— day of March, 184, at — Church, in the parish of St. Marylebone, our hero was united to our heroine, without much wonder or speculation being exercised by the friends of the respective parties.

Uncle Edward had told the tale, correctly and concisely enough, in his letter published in our last chapter; but a little more may perhaps be said regarding the return of Harvey Westwood, to put

the whole business in a clear light.

On the young East Indian being received as the accepted lover of her daughter, Mrs. Westwood had written, as we before mentioned, to her husband, then engaged as secretary to a railway company, just formed on the Continent: this latter had signified his unqualified approval of the match, being more anxious that Ellen should be the wife of one she could love, than aspiring after a wealthy and high worldly alliance for his family. He declared his intention to cross the Channel immediately, should the wedding-day have already been determined on; but should the exact period of the happy event yet remain undefined, he would await the result of certain undertakings in which he was engaged, and from which he purposed realizing great profit and éclat. He had just discovered that the atmosphere could furnish a fresh means of steam supersession, which must be effectual, and would astonish the scientific world. Indefatigable in his self-constituted vocation of finding some new advantage in everything, he was in the habit of making reference to the elements in the way of business, as though he regarded them in the light of friends,—in fact, his only friends not disinclined to place their funds at his disposal: he would inform the public at large, or any individual in particular, whenever required, - from a platform of competence of his own raising,—of how much pecuniary benefit was derivable from each, and in what way this was to be tested. Earth, air, fire, water, all were the same to him, in the great cause of invention; and he had only been prevented by the aforesaid deplorable deficiency in coin, from giving a new aspect to geology, that would render null Digitized by GOOSIC

and void all former theories on the science; from establishing a balloon-omnibus, whose regular course could only be retarded or quickened, but never wholly impeded, by the strongest wind; from causing the universal adoption of buildings and furniture, the noninflammable properties of which would defy the malicious arts of the most determined incendiary; and from saving innumerable lives during shipwreck, by a complete floating suit, put on at a moment's notice, to which a week's provisions, and all the chief essentials of the toilet, were attached, in water-proof cases. Among these schemes, that of the Chambeaux and Chateau Neuf Railway alone appearing reasonable, and likely to entail success, Colonel Westwood was induced to speculate himself, and to advise one or two influential friends to follow his example. Alas for the bubble! -we need not enter into particulars; the directors were well-content to get quit of the affair with a money-loss; the shareholders paid up their liabilities with long faces, and swore,—as most men swear under like circumstances,—that they would embark in such dangerous enterprizes no more. As for the secretary, he had nothing to lose, and consequently came off unscathed; except that he had a difficult task imposed on him, to convince all parties concerned, that had it not been for a certain unforseen event, all would have gone on smoothly in the matter, and that this unforseen event, when it did happen, was the most unfortunate and least to be expected occurrence that could have taken place. Summoned to England by these transactions, he lost no time in repairing to Edward's chambers, for a consultation: the barrister accompanied him to his wealthier brother, without delay. Then came an explosion, as we have shown, which ended in a determination to accept employment in the East: this determination led the gallant colonel to the step, whereby our hero was recalled to London, and his heart's desire. And well for him that it was so; for the Messrs. Grabbe had just prepared a communication for their oriental client, intimating that, acting, as they were fully convinced, agreeably to his late parent's wishes, all further remittances from them would be discontinued, until he should again set foot in the East, and resume his professional duties. The dispatch of this letter, however, having been deferred till after his marriage, we will reserve the interview which it occasioned for a later period in our narra-

Gunter furnished the wedding breakfast, which was held in Portland Place. It was, altogether, a very gay affair. Half-adozen members of the senior—some two or three with their ladies; another half-dozen fair young friends of the cousins,—and a brace of useful invalids, who convalesced on dinner parties and picnics, assisted at the ceremony: while a few subs of Amble's acquaint-ance dropped in to take up advantageous positions at the table, with ulterior deadly views on the champagne. The mysterious

stranger, of the mackintosh cape, was observed to witness the proceedings at the church with intense interest, as though he were a poor and unrecognized, well-wishing, member of the family. Of course, the house-door was shut upon him, and we alone of the whole party know that, while the seats at the breakfast table were yet unoccupied, he was scampering down Regent Street, in quest of one of those accommodating vehicles which would convey him a long distance for a small sum. Moreover we know that he stepped into it with a smile on his countenance, stepping out of it with the same expression: perhaps from the conviction that the object of his attachment was yet single,—or could she have given him a look, just one look of compassion,—or encouragement?

Ellen was a charming bride, Julia an equally charming bridesmaid: Edward and Harvey, both clever, amusing men in society, kept the guests in admirable spirits. Healths were drank, and speeches made, abounding with encomium or gratitude; everybody seemed, outwardly at least, to enjoy the present, which is saying everything for the convivality and good fellowship of the occasion. Then came a post-boy and chariot; leave was taken, and off went the newly-wedded pair. Where they wandered it signifies little:—we will abandon them for four weeks, during which time we have heard of no interference arising to the harmony of their lives. And let us take the liberty of calling a coach for ourselves, and driving

on to the period of their expected return to London.

Sad were the servants, and sad was the whole establishment on a windy night at the close of March, when Mr. and Mrs. Amble were awaited. The house had been disposed of to other tenants already eager for occupation; the furniture had been sold, trunks and packages lay in all directions, in strictly uncomfortable confusion. "Miss Westwood, Passenger to Madras," and "Lieutenant Colonel Westwood, this side upwards," gave sufficient notice of what event was about to take place. Ribbons had left with the carriage and horses; Stubbs was bewailing his approaching loss of a good place; Hemstitch was preparing to follow her mistress to India: the colonel and his daughter, Harvey and Mrs. Westwood, were seated at tea in the library; Edward had just quitted the house, having as he alleged, to meet a friend on business.

"I wish dear Ellen were back," said Julia, breaking a long pause in the conversation; "the night is so dark and gloomy, and

they have a great way to come."

"I should doubt their arriving to-night at all," returned Harvey;

" if wise, they will wait till the morning."

"The morning indeed!" added Mrs. Westwood; "do you think she would write and fix her own time, for the mere sake of disappointing us? I know Ellen too well for that, and her husband also, I imagine."

"My dear, I daresay you are perfectly right; just be good enough to give me another cup of tea."

The Colonel who had been biting his nails, rose and remarked:

"If Archibald fail to come to night, I shall be truly vexed; he has to be with his lawyers on urgent business to morrow; they have requested it themselves, and I would not have him miss the meeting on any account."

Then taking up the newspaper he returned to his arm chair, and drew near the table, so as to pounce the more easily upon any item of intelligence that had escaped his notice in the morning. Mrs. Westwood after giving her husband his tea, repaired to the book-case, and selected a volume of tractarian tales, or rather tales of tractarian tendency, which she shortly opened and commenced perusing with deep attention. There was another pause which Harvey interrupted by addressing his niece:-"By the way, Julia, do you remember that old Mrs. Boodle that was at Ellen's wedding?"

"Yes, uncle, and how we all laughed at her bonnet."

"How you should have laughed at, it you mean: but you know, you were crying your eyes out in secret, you naughty girl, at losing your companion, even for so short a time."

"I am sure that no one can charge me with showing any undue

seriousness on the occasion."

"No, you did not show any, I grant: you tried to look happy, and succeeded."

"There, you admit my success—why should it be the result of art?"

"Well, you are a dear, good girl, Julia; and if papa would speak frankly," Harvey added in a half-whisper, "I believe he would confess to your persuasions having influenced him towards making this Indian excursion, so that you might not leave your little cousin."

"Nonsense, uncle; but what about Mrs. Boodle?

"Why, I saw her yesterday in a terrible hurry at the Railway Station, and—" Mrs. Westwood here looked up from her book, and said in a dreamy, lugubrious tone of voice, evidently with a a view of checking her husband's levity, which she misinterpreted as applied to a character developed in the printed pages before her; and not with the smallest notion of harming the innocent Mrs. Boodle.

"Ah, poor thing, she is gone to another and—a better world!" Harvey looked at the speaker, astounded, then returned half earnestly and half in jest,

"Pshaw, my dear, she has only gone to Ramsgate. That is, if I am to put faith in what she herself told me. Pass the toast." "Why, were you not speaking of—no, no: I am mistaken, I am

in error; we will drop the subject." And Mrs. Westwood, again awake from a sleep of profound meditation, resumed her studies.

"A little more tea," said the colonel, mechanically pushing his cup towards the serious lady; "I am sorry to trouble"——but the knocker stopped the sentence here: a carriage had driven up to the door, and the happy couple made their appearance amid universal greeting and satisfaction.

The next morning an unusual degree of bustle prevailed in the already disturbed house. Ellen's outfit for some time in course of preparation, was now to be attended to by her personally; and her lord and master had to pay a visit to the lawyers. As the last matter has the more immediate connection with the main object of our tale, we will follow our hero, with Edward Westwood, to Lincoln's Inn, and into the private sitting room of the elder Grabbe.

When his client was announced, accompanied by the barrister, the occupant of the easy chair became somewhat excited; but his excitement was more pleasurable than otherwise; he had evidently wound himself up for the occasion, and before the door was reopened, coughed and shook himself sharply like a bantum on a newly reached mound. Perhaps, the presence of the barrister might be, to a certain degree inconvenient; still as he must have been well aware that no conference he could have with the lieutenant would be kept, for any long period, secret from this legal authority, it might not be material after all.

A little past the middle age, of phlegmatic temperament, with sharp, prominent features, and especially a ferrety, searching eye, never fixed on honesty beyond a second: ever seeming to look downward into the bowels of a world beneath for the source of all inspiration; an embodiment of the search after gain in the commonest acceptation of the idea, was this crafty and cautious character. Half rising from his seat on the entrance of his visitors, he tendered a welcome for each with the hand of moderation and coolness, and motioned them to be seated. Edward Westwood threw himself into his chair with perfect nonchalance; Amble, with a mixture of pride and dislike of the species with which he had to do; and after a few trivial remarks on the weather and hopes of health and so forth, generously volunteered on behalf of ladies whom he had never seen, the lawyer began:

"Lieutenaut Amble, I conceive it to be my duty as the executor of the will of your late lamented father, and, subsequently of your amiable and deceased mother—and charged with the management of the whole family estate—to name to you that there is but one barrier now remaining to your being put into possession of an inheritance which you have, doubtless, long expected. I have had certain cogent reasons for keeping the particulars of this impedi-

ment from you, as Mr. Westwood there will be able to corroborate."

Edward bowed, and threw out a glance expressive of "get on;"

but was too polite to say as much in words.

"But now the period has arrived, at which it would be highly culpable in me to delay enlightening you. You have married; that step has perhaps been undertaken, under the impression of possessing a future competence: I confess that I should have wished it avoided—I did not presume to broach my wishes, from a delicacy which must be admitted as natural, if not pardonable, under the circumstances. I mean that I should have wished this obstacle removed, before you had carried any matrimonial resolution into effect—"

"What on earth does all this imply, sir?" exclaimed Amble, with undisguised irritation, and unable to restrain his temper any longer; "be good enough to explain to me what you are driving

at; for, on my soul, I do not understand you."

"Have patience, sir—have patience," continued the lawyer, "we shall clear all in time. But, as I said before, a certain delicacy, for which you may say that gentlemen in our profession are not always noted, has swayed me almost entirely in keeping you unapprized of the very material point at issue; and were I to——"

"I see I must take the affair in my own hands, Mr. Grabbe," interrupted Amble, rising and advancing towards the speaker: this latter saw a stick in the young officer's hand, but contrived to bury whatever fears he may have entertained on that subject in the extensive mental territory beneath, to which he was constantly referring with those floor-penetrating orbs.

He suddenly stopped short, and addressed himself to Edward Westwood: "Will you, as a friend, have the goodness to ——."

But the barrister had taken up a newspaper, and was either actually, or pretended to be, deeply absorbed in its contents; and he, therefore, turned towards the lawyer again, leaning with his left hand upon the office writing-table."

"What was the amount of money, at my late mother's dis-

posal?"

"Fifty thousand pounds," was the calm reply.

"And to what was this suffered to dwindle, by—no matter how; but what was the balance remaining at her decease?"

"Thirty thousand pounds."

"Which is now due to me, as the only surviving heir?"
"Exactly so; if you can satisfactorily establish your case."

"If you refer to any chancery suits, or any—but I will not say what I term them; your own language will suit me better—any legal flaws."

"Nothing of the kind; we have thirty thousand pounds clear of all incumbrances; that is, save a debt of about five hundred pounds incurred by you, since your return, in loans and legal expenses,—all on your own private account."

"And the interest?"

"Has been swallowed up in the suits and matters now concluded: all would be transferred to the proved surviving heir without difficulty-could he be found. But," and the lawyer spoke with a gravity becoming the important announcement he was making of his intentions; "as Lieutenant Amble seems determined to arm himself against his friends, so far as his case stands, I must beg an early adjustment of the sums advanced, and lawful debts incurred with our establishment."

"Will you explain to me what is meant by this mystery?" said Amble, stamping with rage and vexation: "Am I, or am I not

the son of Spencer Amble?"

"If you will be seated," returned Grabbe, with the same calmness that had characterized his former demeanour and address, "I will resume that explanation about to be tendered, which your interruption caused me to withhold."

"No, sir, I will not be seated, until you answer me."

"Then," added the lawyer; "perhaps you will be good enough to lower your head: lend me your ear for a moment."

Amble did as desired, though with no good-will. The lawyer said little, but that little had a wondrous effect upon his client. who turned deadly pale in an instant. He shook from head to foot; he was unnerved and agitated to an alarming extent. Bending on one knee, so as to be able to converse in whispers with his tormentor, he urged him to reveal more and more on the subject he had commenced. He did so; and, during this singular intercourse, Edward Westwood watched his companions with placid interest, under cover of a Times, just ten days old.

There was a great deal of bye play going on between the two. which would interest a spectator caring for the parties on the stage. Deed-boxes were opened,—and parchments extracted and unrolled: manifold papers were brought out of drawers, and the red ribband which bound them, loosed; ticketed letters were constantly referred to; and while the one pointed out particular passages in the manuscript, the other seemed to peruse them rapidly, but with the strictest attention. Now and then, some point seemed to keep them harping over one document, like men seeking to unravel a knot; in which case, the lawyer, while he worked with his fingers, appeared to wish his client to do likewise; he, however, showed a decided preference for the sword, which was raised to cut every mystery in twain, so soon as pounced on by the eager eve of its owner.

The dialogue lasted for full half an hour, the portions of it audible to a third party, being rare and broken.—these were much

as follows:--

- "And this paper, you say, describes him?"
- "Exactly so, but I cannot part with it."

"Then you will promise me a copy?"

"Why, we will see further as to that: I will endeavour to accommodate you in any authorised way, rely on it."

"Two years,—I think you said two years?"
"I did: till then you must remain tranquil."

"But the particulars of the case in my father's handwriting?"

"A copy shall be furnished to you without fail. Only, however, on condition that you return to your duty in India."

"I swear it: I am now preparing for almost instant departure."

"I am thus pressing on this point, for reasons which you will not fail to appreciate: in the first place, supposing that he should come within the time specified."

"He! ah, yes—you are right—I see all; and even after that period, and under other circumstances, I should do well to banish myself from—from home."

"You might, perhaps, wish to look leisurely over these docu-

ments?"

"No-yes-that will do-yes."

"It has grieved me much, I assure you, to make this communication."

"No—no—you have been right, perfectly right: but would the intelligence had come 'ere I quitted the East for Europe! what an amount of wretchedness should I have been spared!"

"You cannot say that we urged your coming: you may remem-

ber you had other advisers!"

"True—true. And what am I in your debt?"

"About five hundred pounds—but we will give you time; nay, are disposed to accommodate you, if necessary, with another loan of two hundred on account. In fact, you need not take my meaning so literally: if, during the two years—."

"Enough. I will leave you."

Amble rose, took up his hat, and was about to quit the room, hurriedly, when a voice detained him.

"Hay, hollo—wait a moment: je viens avec toi, mon cher—what, in the name of wonder, have you been dreaming about, all this time?"

It was Edward Westwood, who, nodding a kind of threatening farewell, to the man of lesser law, hastily followed Amble, and took his arm, as they once more found themselves in the vast, dreary, dusky square.

The East Indian was evidently a prey to the most bitter melancholy; he could scarce utter a word—his face was lividly pale—he tottered in his step, and started as his companion spoke.

"What did that sly old fox say about me?"

"Oh, nothing,—nothing of any moment: I am the sufferer."

"Pshaw, man, have courage: you who can face an Affghan, if required, should never quail before a pettifogging creature like this. But you will not, I am convinced,—it's all stuff to suppose it. I heard him tell you of my being the means of your recall, and liberally will I pay him for his importanence, trust me."

"No, no—you are not to blame: I am the sufferer, I tell you

—I am the guilty sufferer."

"Bah-—cheer up: speranza, caro; glad am I that I did recall you. It gave you a charming wife, and disturbed this nest of hornets, at the same time."

"A wife! alas, a wife."

"Well, I protest; a young military aspirant doing the Hamlet of private life! Shame on it, man—come and refresh yourself with a glass. You need Dutch courage, moral mind, moral courage; we cannot have both sorts, my dear boy, as we could wish. Many a gallant heart has been beaten morally, that would have led into a cannon's mouth without much persuasion."

"Alas, Edward Westwood—you little know."

"Know-know what? I know all."
"Not my misfortunes, my crime."

"Crime, forsooth, crime! no, it was not your own doing at the worst; even should the rescals prove—which I defy them to do—that you, Archibald Amble, are not the true and rightful—."

"Hush! you do know, then?"

"To be sure I do. Can you remember our meeting on the day that you lost your couple of hundred at play? Was I not annoyed at something, then? Well, I had seen a paper which perplexed me,—on your quitting town, I attacked the lawyers for an explanation: Grabbe suspected that I knew all, and made me a half confidence—then, as I threw in a few well-timed hints to stagger him, he thought fit to break the matter to you. Otherwise, he would never have done it. And this reasoning convinces me that he is a rogue: he lies—lies in his teeth—and we will prove it in time. Only leave him to my mercy. Allons; du courage.

"But Ellen ——."

"She knows nothing of the matter."

"And how shall I ever break it to her?"

"You need not do so at all, yet: at all events, wait until you know the truth of your own case. Never acknowledge yourself a pauper, or an outcast, while you have a good dinner, a warm fire, and every domestic luxury staring you in the face. She would not believe you without the proof, and this proof, where is it? Echo answers 'where?'"

"But her father ——."

"Is acquainted with all. I served you in this point, and, I

think, acted with true discretion. Are you satisfied on that head? Come, cheer up; in faith, it would be a good test of love to tell Ellen the secret at once, and, I warrant, she would like you all

the better. The colonel treats it as I do myself."

They returned home: and now, we confess to be not at all displeased with ourselves at having raised a mist of mystery, especially, as we are quite conversant with the whole country which it envelopes, and can promise, moreover, a termination with a beautifully clear atmosphere, aided by blue lights and all kinds of happy external display. But we must entreat our audience to forgive us for carrying our first hero and heroine away from the scene of action. We are sure they do not require to be informed of how many boxes were packed, and how many articles packed into the boxes taken out by the Westwoods: of the nailing, and the cleeting, and other outfitting noises attendant upon a voyage to the East Indies; of the heavy baggage sent round the Cape; and the light, marching order, necessaries, put on board the steamer; of the piano-forte, the carriage, and the crockery; of Hemstitch the maid, and Fido the dog; of the-; no, no: those who wish to be thoroughly versed in these matters, had best try practical experience, or abandon their wishes with the least possible delay. Forgiveness, forsooth! perhaps the reader, if any there be, who has ventured with us thus far, says: "Take them away, by all means: I do not wish to see any of your party again."

We warn this reader, in time, that he had better not continue the book, for, if he does, he will assuredly meet with a cruel dis-

appointment.

Wait till we get to India.

CHAPTER XII.

The substance of a shadow, and the end of a volume.

It is not because the general officer alone, who commands the troops, when the battle is won, is applauded and fêted by his sovereign and country; that subaltern Smith, the undistinguished and unknown, has not deserved equally well of his patrons in his own especial sphere of action on the same hard-fought field; but that glory and renown are to be reached rather by quietly ascending steps than any sudden and bold upward leap. A million hearts may beat and bound with the valorous impulses of the leader of the way, but it is only a very few of the number whose merits can be brought to the notice of the million lookers on.

More than one Napoleon and a dozen Marlboroughs would puzzle the public equally with the historian, and interfere most materially with the reputation of the originals. We cannot declare for certain. that the ensign will do as well as Lord Viscount Whackingham, when promotion and circumstances shall place him in the proud position he now covets in the distance; but we can positively assert that many thousands never have the opportunity of a trial. reflection leads us to the outer room in Mr. Grabbe's office, where young Arthur Brand sits at a high desk on a high stool, mending a pen and humming a pólka, in the company of an old and favored clerk, who had served the firm honestly and steadily for two and twenty years, uncared for, and of no note, except as instruments of his own ambitious views: the elder Grabbe would, were his pleasure but consulted, keep these two personages of our drama, in a perpetual back ground; until, at least, any thing essential to his own advancement should urge him to bring them forward. We, who hate oppression and injustice in any shape, use the privilege of tale tellers, to give them a place in that open arena of favor and honour which the abilities of the one and faithful services of the other should never fail to command.

It was a fine afternoon in the late spring. The young man, as we have said, was mending a pen and humming a polka: old Jacob Brown was looking at him attentively, and eating a sandwich that remained from his mid-day meal. Before the former was a huge brief which he was engaged in copying—that is, he was supposed to be so engaged, for as regards the actual fact, he had only written three lines since ten o'clock in the morning, a space of seven hours. Not that he had been taken much off his work by other duties of the office; for the two unlucky youths who were employed chiefly in out of door service, had only just been suffered to retire to their respective homes, quite fatigued and exhausted: but his mind had been wandering far away, and he had been pursuing his favorite study of the muses, under cover of half a dozen large sheets of blotting paper, admirably adapted to the purpose of such clandestine intercourse. In that place of quiet ambush, lay scraps of verse and fragments of tales designed to pounce upon and astonish the literary and reading natives of England; here and there was the torn piece of a brief, the reverse side of which was filled up with the head of a maiden in curls, misty and undefined as the theories of a socialist, or the drawing of a favorite performer; that is, if something like a watermill and a broken bridge, with a female in a night-gown, and a candle falling down into the stream, could not be mistaken for a "somnambula" illustration; and a fierce warrior in a Scotch dress and frantic attitude was intended for Macbeth or Rob Roy. The initials "J. W." and "J. B." and again "A. B." and "J. B." intertwined, were visible all over the interior leaves, and indicated the freaks of that romantic disposi-

tion, which in default of more direct agency, makes pen and ink trace for our consolation things charming and unattainable. say that our new acquaintance had a soul above a lawver's office. is not paying half sufficient tribute to his intellect: Brand had a quick and ready conception of things in general, a highly poetical imagination, a warmth of heart and character that would have done credit to the highest and best in the land. He may have had genius also; but fortune did not give the requisite cultivation to insure its successful growth: his manuscripts were crude, as compositions, but might, possibly, have ripened into good writing, if properly attended to and encouraged. At all events, he was devotedly attached to literature and the fine arts by constitution, and meant and felt more in the cause with his quiet, stolen attendance at public meetings on education and the drama, than many of the conspicuous orators and benefactors on these occasions. He was an idealist, but his spirits were too boisterous to belong to the strict school of romance: his laugh was too loud and earnest, his jesting too frequent, to permit us to class him among the sombre dreamers of the age. As an example of an incomplete education acting on a mind rich by nature, he might be compared to Stephen Wrayle; only that he was more the embodiment of the lively points of the abstract, while the other had to do with the darker side.

We have sufficiently described the personal appearance of the young clerk ere this, to preclude the necessity of a new picture; and substance may be supplied to the shadow without such additional pains. All that remains for him now to be said is that he was in love—desperately in love; and with one who knew him not, though she might, perchance, guess at a secret passion supplying the fire to those two shining eyes constantly glancing rays across her path, and guessing this, she might, from circumstances, hazard a supposition of the cause of passion. She might! but did she, did she, was it possible? that it could only be thus! wondered, reasoned, hoped this Romeo of Lincoln's Inn, this Leander of a lawyer's office, this Majnoon of writs and parchments!

Old Jacob Brown was a man of about eight and fifty: he had a bald head, and one of those placid physiognomies which denote little thought, but a considerable deal of benevolence and good, kindly feeling. He had been a clerk from his boyhood, and cherished no aspirations beyond the regular routine of a clerk's duty. If he gave satisfaction, that was all he required for himself, in a berth which suited his moderate finances. As head of the subordinates, he was popular enough! for while he could not abide to see duty shirked or carelessly performed, he rarely complained of any one to his superiors, and reproved more in a tone of sorrow than of anger. He had never married, but was always fortunate enough to find some respectable female to look after his

wants and superintend his household affairs. He was now comfortably provided for in Pentonville, and passed the Sunday in the society of his landlady and her family, who held him in high esteem. Whatever may have been his public acts, his private life was a pattern of honesty and upright dealing. He had sense enough to see in Brand, a character, which, while he could not well comprehend, he acknowledged to be a remove above his own sphere; and, as the sequel will show, he had a secret affection for his young companion, which had taken deep root indeed.

We have been inside the sanctum of Mr. Grabbe. Let us now, in the spirit wherewith we commenced this chapter, detail what kind of conversation ensued between the two clerks in the outer office, some weeks after the scene described in the first-named

apartment.

"How late the old gentleman stops this afternoon!" said Brand, putting his pen down on the desk; "I wish he would go: I have

got an engagement in the evening."

"Ah," slowly returned Brown, putting down his spectacles, and rubbing his hands together: "he won't be long now, I should think."

"Is he alone?"

- "I believe so: but what do you want to know for?"
- "Because I should like to go in and ask him to let me make a start of it."

"Go in: he will give you permission directly."
"What, then, do you really think he likes me?"
"Like you! I'm sure of it: he dotes on you."

Brand laughed loudly, then, putting his two elbows on the table to establish a rest for his chin, he looked Mr. Brown fixedly in the face, and asked,

"Just tell me why you think so."
"Oh—why—no matter why."

"Then I will explain. You think me a useless article, I know; and, no doubt, you are right. You wonder how it is possible that Mr. Grabbe can retain me for my services alone. He sees me sitting here all day, it is true, but he must know that my work is limited to three sides of a brief daily, which you do not think enough, I clearly perceive."

"I beg your pardon: it is the handwriting."

"Oh, slow and sure, that will not do for me, Brown: fast and little, that is my office motto. Now you cannot suppose that a man of my imagination,—I mean young, wild fancy, and all that kind of thing,—could sit moping all day long over these old deeds, and feel contented? It is not natural: it is impossible and incredible. It's all very well for you who are sobered down, and have a family of mouths to fill, if not of children, of poor relations, which is far worse. I am in a different position. Sometimes I

lend a shilling—or a half-crown—never any more, for I seldom have so much."

"Work, sir, work; steadiness and sobriety, in any employment that providence," and Brown was beginning a solemn abridgement

of his opinions, when Brand stopped him:—

"Now, Brown, none of that, if you please. I am not thankless, though too much inclined to discontent. I was not educated for this sort of thing, Brown, I am sure I was not. Where old Grabbe got me from was a very different sort of place from this. I was in a French boarding school,—I had been there since eight years old. As for my parents, I remember nothing distinctly about them, except that the last I saw of them was in India, my birthplace, where they lived in a kind of palace: I am told that they died there, and that, on that account, I was sent home as a child, at a very early age, to some good sort of elderly folks who put me to school. But you know all this; at least, I am sure I have told you the tale before, and you do not care a bit about it; why should you?"

"Why should I not? rather; and pray, sir, how do you know I

care nothing about all this?"

"Did not you go on writing, the whole time, the other day, when I was telling you the plot of the new play I had seen at the Haymarket, and just as I had got to the fifth act, and asked you if you remembered who had come on at first in a cottage bonnet, and with a milking-pail, you said 'Yes, Macready,' when it was no other than Mrs. Humby!"

"I know nothing about theatres, and perhaps, did not listen to your account of the piece. But why should I not care about

you."

"Why, because you only turn towards me, at all, to see what I am doing in the way of work. If you find me writing agreeably to my pleasure, you turn up your eyes and fingers, and picture me going to the dogs; if you find me hard at work on the brief, you look warily and askance at my letters, to wish they were nicely rounded, instead of the result of a hurried dip and dash: so that, at the labour of love or that of necessity, equally do I obtain your disapproval."

"Ah, you may say all that if you please."

"Is it not so, Brown?"

"Mr. Brand, I have too great a regard for you, to enter on an argument."

"No, it is not as you state."

"Well, but tell me then: for what reason do you suppose that I am kept here on two guineas a week, unarticled? Not for my services, is it? Now be frank for once; do Brown, there's a good old gentleman."

Although we have spoken so much in support of the head clerk's

moral rectitude, we cannot hide the fact that he enjoyed his night glass of gin and water. Sometimes he indulged in a couple of glasses, and so sure as he did so, without being half a minute late at his work in consequence, his hand would shake more than usual during the succeeding day. On the eve of his introduction to the reader, he had hazarded the double supply; and this act, added to the play upon his feelings unconsciously affected by Brand's questioning, caused him to wear a particularly tremulous outward aspect. Whether he was about to reply or not, we are unable to set forth, but the sudden appearance of the head of the firm put a bar upon all further colloquy. Brown endeavoured to recover his composure hastily; and resumed his spectacles, pen, and work, as though he had actually been detected in a misdemeanor.

There was a singular softness in Mr. Grabbe's manner and address, as he entered the outer office. Calling his head clerk by

name, he said with a most bland accent:

"Brown, I wish you to oblige me by calling on our poor old client, Mrs. Pinkley: she has made a strange request to me on the subject of the mortgage, to which I really cannot accede. I want you just to refuse what she wants as quietly and conveniently as you can. She will explain the rest—you understand. She can't come to me at all events, for ha, ha, ha, poor creature, she's bed-ridden.

Brand shuddered as he overheard the conclusion of this piece of instruction to his colleague. He felt as though some great project of the lawyer's cunning must have met with success, and this conviction also told him, that serious evil had been committed

somewhere.

"Certainly, sir," replied Brown, without joining in his employer's laugh, or moving a muscle of his countenance; but proceeding at once to get his hat and umbrella: "shall you be here when I return?"

"Return? oh no: you need not return to-night, Brown, at all:

we two will take care of the office."

"Oh, very well, sir," said Brown, who was not sorry for this last conveyed information, as he had received a promise from his landlady, touching one or two friends and a rubber of whist for that evening; luxuries in which he seldom indulged, and consequently the more appreciated, "I wish you a very good evening."

"Good evening, Brown," nodded the lawyer. And away went

the messenger on his errand.

"And now, Arthur Brand," said Mr. Grabbe, turning towards the younger clerk, who had added two more lines to the brief, since his employer had entered the room "I have a word for you; not an unwelcome one, I should opine. You have served me well and steadily for a long time: here is a hundred pound note to make any little purchases you may think proper."

Had the personage addressed not known that the personage

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addressing would not make any offer of the kind without the certainty of an equivalent in return, this startling and unlooked for gift would have been most acceptable; as it was, Brand grew mistrustful, and endeavoured by all sorts of surmises, to hit at the precise cause of such apparent liberality. But he had too little time afforded him for success in his cogitations, and so, reaching out his hand, he received a purse and its contents, and put the present into his pocket with a brief but warm expression of thankfulness.

A hurried picture passed through his mind, like the painted glass drawn along the groves of a magic lantern: a church, a bride, a clergyman, and his own person in a blue coat with brass buttons. Then came a second of less gaudy hue: of a man on horseback, a man in an opera box, and a man in a dandified suit; and each and all of these men presented a likeness of himself. Then came a blank, colorless glass, then the lawyer's voice burst

upon the vision:

"My dear Arthur, this is but a prelude to a great change in your condition. You have been lodged and boarded uncomfortably, I fear, for some time: and have led but a weary life of late. The fact is, we have been so harassed with matters of urgent business, that you have been overlooked by those who should ever hold you in great regard. You may prepare yourself for better days, for objects which a good education must have led you to sigh after, though circumstances have debarred you from their fruition. You may prepare to quit your present domicile, and to live with me, in the bosom of my own family. In a few days, you will accompany me to Norwood. Your period of probation is over: you may if you please make choice of a profession. Take time to consider of it, however. If it suit you, do not come to the office for a day or two: the relaxation will enable you to see prospects more distinctly, and form a safer judgment on your own condition, than shut up with these boxes and papers. Now, follow my advice, pray forget the past, and, believe me, no one appreciates your services more sincerely than I, your protector and guardian."

After this touching burst of eloquence and feeling, the lawyer took his young clerk's hand between both his own, pressed it with fervor, turned his head away for an instant, as if to swallow something difficult and uneasy, then applied two or three knuckles to one of his eyes, in a way to leave a doubt whether he were killing a fly or a tear, looked fixedly at the youth for a second, and dashed

out of the room.

The door had scarcely closed upon Mr. Grabbe, when Arthur Brand sprang from his stool with the alacrity of a school-boy released, and asked himself, in a most deliberate manner, what was the meaning of this living enigma, or was it a dream?

"My protector and guardian—live at his house at Norwood—

prelude to a change in my condition—my period of probation over!

—I do not understand a bit about it; the good things promised I willingly take, but live with him at Norwood—never—never!" and then he fell into a train of perplexed reasoning and calculation.

He who had been a menial for seven years, a common menial clerk to copy briefs and answer the door—ay, even to leave a writ on some unhappy debtor of his master's or his master's clients, if occasion required; now to be transformed by a Harlequin's wand of wonder into a gentleman, allowed to choose his own profession. Were his unknown parents, about whom he had asked so many questions, rich and of high birth, or could Grabbe himself be his father? He turned sick at the latter notion; whatever fair consequences might ensue from the relationship, he would not admit it for a moment. He was completely mystified, what should he do?

He disliked the fraternity of lawyer's clerks, and would therefore acquaint none of them with his fortune, or he might have contemplated society and a supper to celebrate the event. Old Brown was an exception, but he was away on business: he could only Accordingly, he commenced operahold festival in solitude. tions by roaring with laughter, upsetting the high stools, and savagely assaulting the almanack against the wall with the ruler and wafer stamp, both of which were hurled at its devoted months and predictions. He next entered into an imaginary engagement with invisible enemies; for conquering whom he brought into play every available missile and office weapon; when just as he had thrown a huge brief with a receipted fee mark on its exterior leaf, at the outer door, to his great alarm and dismay, Mr. Grabbe's hat fell to the floor, and the bare head of that unprepossessing solicitor was seen perpendicular to and above the same. The blow had taken its effect upon him as he was mildly peeping into the room. Brand, smitten with shame and remorse, rushed rapidly forward to tender the beaver and an apology.

"Don't mention it. Ha! ha! never mind. Spirits, I see, spirits. All I wanted was to tell you not to forget shutting the office door when you leave. You'll excuse the interruption," said Grabbe, with a nervous courtesy of manner, which, while it perplexed his hearer more than words can express, quite restored him

to composure; and again he disappeared.

Brand now watched his man from the window, and convincing himself that he had gone in earnest, opened the door of the private inner room, which has been already described. Evening was drawing on, but there was just light enough to read moderately sized print. He had been much excited, and would seek to calm his mind by a paragraph or two of small talk: then he should be more prepared to form some plan of action. Of course, he was now at liberty to use the easy chair: in fact, he felt himself a sort

of partner in the house, and almost wished that some sitting-up late, under clerk would make his appearance, that he might send him home before his usual time. Yes, he would read the paper,

for, at present, he felt unfitted even to think.

"Fashionable Intelligence;" "Arrivals;" "Departures;"
"Changes;" what could have led him to look there? or why did
Mr. Mincington take in the Morning Herald, to be thrown on the
ground for the painful perusal of the first clerk coming inside the
sanctum, after that the proper reader had left the office? Oh,
uncertainties of life! How true is that showery old proverb!
Whence was it that his smiles suddenly fled, and that gravity
alighted in their place upon his countenance, in so short a space of
time? What was there in the under-written notice so to change
this bewildered young romancist? "Colonel Westwood and family,
for the Continent!"

Arthur Brand turned red, white, all colcurs wherewith (as the Persian poet would say) the painter of feeling paints the canvass of the face. Here was a piece of news which overthrew all his castles in the air, in quicker time than was needed for their erection. We presume that our readers have recognized Julia Westwood's admirer in the lawyer's clerk; indeed, a late hint which we threw out forbids us to make any formal declaration to this effect: but they can hardly be supposed to divine the truth, the depth, the intensity, of this singular attachment. It was one that he had cherished in the distance for years; it was an image that he sighed for by day, and dreamt of by night, and in his fondness for it, he feared detection like a culprit in the commission of some heinous offence; he would not have it known, for worlds, where his affections had been placed. It was one look from the church pew that had done it all; that one unconscious glance, three and a half years gone by, to the quarter where he sat, had nailed him to her ideal for ever, and the poor humble real would too readily follow, captive, if required. And now had she left London altogether; she was torn away from his gaze, never to be restored! What was the glad, in comparison with the sorrowful, intelligence communicated to him on this eventful afternoon! He had seen the house in Portland-place stripped of its furniture; bills in the window; workmen awaiting a signal to begin operations: every thing betokening a new comer. He had seen all this, and merely anticipated a change of residence. Two days had elapsed since he had passed the door, but he had contemplated wandering thither that very evening. But now-gone to the Continent-how was he to trace them there? Ha! the hundred pounds! the two days' leave! the charming insinuation that he was a gentleman!—the thought told with magical effect: he would write to Brown and explain his intentions.

He lit a candle, and indited an epistle; the contents were as

follows: Circumstances had called him abroad; he must, he would, go; nobody, nothing, could prevent him. Where, exactly, he was uncertain, but he thought to Boulogne-sur-Mêr; should he find himself elsewhere, he would write again immediately. Mr. Grabbe had not only given him money, but leave. Brown was, however, to be good enough to say nothing to the principal on the subject, until the third day succeeding his departure; then, should he not have returned, he was at liberty to name what he had done. He concluded by wishing Brown every happiness, as though he were going on a long journey, "for," said he, "it is impossible to foresee what may occur." A postscript specified that he had ample funds at his disposal, and requested that Brown would pay his rent and washerwoman, should he fail to return within the week, debiting the head of the firm with the same.

This done, he threw out the contents of the purse which the lawyer had placed in his hands. For convenience' sake, he had chosen the flat top of a deed case for this purpose. A large number of these tin boxes, duly lettered and arranged in order for use, rose high above his head. From the one on which he had baled out his wealth, some others had evidently been lately removed, as it was dusty, and formed the top of a column that rose but to half the height of that beside it on the left, and those in the rear. the right side was the mantelpiece, on which he had placed the candle. He counted; there was a fifty, four tens, and ten pounds in gold; there was also a small key in the purse, that now lay beside the notes and the sovereigns. And now he considered what he was to do for travelling necessaries; should he lay out some of the money at once in the purchase of a kit? No; he had not time enough to spare, and he would take the best of his little wardrobe: at all risks, there were two good shirts, with linen fronts, in the bottom drawer, at his side of the large office table. But where, again, to put the things, when procured? He would have to indent upon his capital for a trunk or portmanteau: not much, it was evident, but, without the means to fill it, of what avail was this? he must have nothing extra or superfluous; besides, he was too hurried to go shopping. He paused, for a moment's meditation. and in so doing his eyes turned from the monies to the tin cases. Suddenly, his attention was arrested at the sight of his own name in dingy yellow letters; it was on a case low down in a back column, just opened to his view by the position he had taken, and the light of the candle fell partially upon it.

"Ha! my own name!" thought he, "the very thing. I can surely possess myself of this old thing without robbery, and it will serve my purpose nobly. The exact size for my little outfit. This, and a carpet-bag, will last me to the Antipodes, if required."

He set to work dislodging the boxes, until the desired one was reached. Out it came: and the trophy was duly dusted and

examined; but it had a padlock, and the padlock was locked. He was about to use force, when the recollection of having seen a small key among the contents of the purse flashed across him, and caused him to revert to the gift again. He found it; applied it to the lock; and it fitted to a nicety. Had he been inclined to examine into the nature of the documents exposed to view, as he opened the travel-destined piece of law furniture, his curiosity would have met with a sad check from the vanity and quantity of bundles to be handled; but as, at that important moment, he had no such intention, whatever, his first impulse was to clear, as he imagined, the box, by the process of inversion, hitting it smartly with his hand to rid it of all sticking parchments, and his second, to put two carefully folded shirts in the corner. Having suited his actions thus rapidly to the train of his thoughts, he replenished the purse, put his valuables into his pocket, and, shouldering his box, sallied forth in quest of a cabriolet.

He was driven to his humble lodgings in London-street, Fitzroy-There he passed an unavoidable quarter of an hour in selecting from his scanty stock of clothes, putting the articles of reserve into the tin case, and those for more immediate service into his carpet-bag. He was next driven to Portland-place. There, with an assurance, a courage, perhaps, that would have astonished his former state of reasoning, he knocked loudly at the door, and rang the bell. Talk of steam, forsooth, money makes us go ahead more than any thing else we wot of; the pocket is the proper human engine: and whether our own exertions, or our rich relations, act the stoker's part, let constant care only be paid to the filling, and success is warranted. As he suspected, there was no livery to make its formidable appearance, and give out question or answer; but there was an old woman who said she was sure that was the right place, when he sought to open the sealed house of her memory by the sesame of "Boulogne-sur-Mer." At any rate, he was satisfied that this popular French sea-port was the right one to steer for. Lastly, he was driven to the Bridge House Hotel, where he partook of a hasty meal, and whence he proceeded to form part of the last night-train for Folkestone.

Ah, Jacob Brown, what possessed thee to return that evening to the office? Did the oysters which thy landlady gave thee on thy welcome home disturb thee, and cause thee to wander thither to drive away the effects of indigestion? or was it a wise dread that thy young fellow-labourer would not lock that essential outer door? Or was it mere chance, only chance? At all events, Brown was there, at ten o'clock at night; and Brown found his companion's desk-unlocked, and both the clerk's room and Mr. Grabbe's private room in terrible disorder; numberless things strewed and littered about the first, as he had never once seen it done before; tin cases scattered on the floor, and a candle, burnt down to the socket, on

the mantelpiece, in the second; and on his own desk he found a letter addressed to him, and in the letter was a scrap of intelligence, which Brown read attentively; and then Brown knocked his hat firmly on his head, put his umbrella under his arm, and made a resolution.

What this was will become apparent so soon, that we may premise, before shewing how it was carried into effect, that the old clerk had never once left England, that he detested foreigners, and could not speak or comprehend a word of any language but his own, and that all these points had to be weighed, in the project which he purposed to undertake. But he loved, though he did not understand, his companion, did the old clerk, and so Brown made the resolution.

END OF PART I.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

A PAGE FROM A YOUNG LADY'S DIARY.

BY MRS. ABDY.

YES, the postman is really again at the door;
My valentines almost amount to a score,
All blooming with flowers, all encircled by doves,
All telling of torments, and transports, and loves;
They say I am bright as the goddess of morn;
That my beauty is only surpassed by my scorn;
That hundreds of hearts own my conquering sway;
Oh! what marvels are told me on Valentine's Day!

Now who can these love-stricken votaries be? Are they tenants of nice coral grots in the sea? Do they dance in the meadows with Oberon's sprites? Do they join the Wild Huntsman, on long winter nights? Are they Storm-kings, who ride on the clouds and the gales? (I have read of such folks in Monk Lewis's tales)
And no mortal adorer, I venture to say,
Thus greets me with homage on Valentine's Day,

I just have conned over our visiting list,
Not a single presentable man have I missed,
Each seems to be cast in a uniform mould,
All polished, and selfish, and guarded, and cold.
Can they write of torments consuming and keen?—
They, who shrink from the very idea of "a scene?"—
Oh no; they would turn in derision away
From the love-fraught epistles of Valentine's Day.

No timid devotion on beauty they waste;
They deem such subservience "decided bad taste."
When I strive to be witty, or wise, they agree
To my choicest remarks with a frigid "I see;"
And sometimes, though rarely, afford me their meed
Of praise, as "a very nice person indeed!"
To the genius of tact their allegiance they pay:—
What can tact have in common with Valentine's Day?

The heiress, indeed, may their preference win, But they deem a love-match an undoubted "take in." How they draw graphic sketches of poverty's rubs; Of changing the ease, warmth, and splendour of clubs, The exquisite banquet, and mirth-moving joke, For a region of damp, dullness, children, and smoke! Yet love gilds the darkest abode by its ray—So sing the fond minstrels of Valentine's Day.

Then the writers, the "scorn" of their goddess regret; But I cannot the sundry occasions forget, When I've sat in the ball-room, my hair in crisp curl, My dress in smooth folds, looking on at the twirl Of the waltzers, and doomed all the evening to list To my chaperon's sighs for a rubber of whist, And to take the weak negus myself from the tray:—Was I then the proud beauty of Valentine's Day?

Well, to-morrow the spell will depart from my eyes, Like the "Sleeper Awakened," as soon as I rise I shall summon the slaves lately owning my thrall, But not one of the number will come at my call. Papa will still jest on the cold modern beaux, And Mamma "feel amazed that the men don't propose," My brother will spinsterhood's horrors pourtray, And the dream will pass over of Valentine's Day.

The youths who this brief adoration have shown Shall be turned for the rest of the twelvemonth to stone; I must look on their letters romantic and dear As bills that are only renewed once a year. Yet, when angered at careless indifference, sometimes I shall peep at the roses, and glance at the rhymes, And sigh that my triumphs have vanished away, And that life cannot be a long Valentine's Day.

WHARFDALE;*

OR,

THE ROSERY.

BOOK IV.

CHAPTER I.

In dispirited and melancholy mood Leicester Melville returned to his quiet and peaceable abode in Wharfdale. His visit to Manchester had more than confirmed his worst fears; it was now no longer matter of conjecture merely, that his unhappy parent was chargeable with crime as well as folly—but as to the nature or extent of that crime, Leicester was still in ignorance.

The melancholy tidings he had to communicate were scarcely less painful to his friends than to himself, and never, perhaps, were the gentle sympathies of the good old clergyman and his young daughter more deeply excited than on this occasion. It was a painful thing, indeed, to behold two young beings possessing within themselves all the requisites for happiness, thus, on the very outset of life, plunged into the abyss of trouble and despair from the conduct of others. Could they have schooled their hearts to cold indifference, could they have taught themselves to forget—then, indeed, might their domestic peace have been without a cloud. It was better for them in the end that it should not be so.

^{*} Continued from vol. li, p. 80.

Left to themselves, feeding on their own deep and soul-absorbing passion, they might well have been tempted to forget the Creator in their mutual idolatry of the creature. Painful as it may be. the school of affliction is, perhaps, after all the best school for reconciling us to the common and varying vicissitudes of human life. It is the furnace in which our thoughts and feelings are purified, and there are few, indeed, have passed through that furnace without becoming wiser and better by the trials they have sustained. The Rev. Miles Stapleton had been too long acquainted with the human heart, to venture rashly upon the work of comfort and consolation. As well may we seek to turn the whirlpool in its course, as to check the first fierce outburst of heart-felt grief. Like the outpouring of an over charged storm cloud, its fury will be soon spent and physical prostration must ensue. Then is it, while the heart's strings are unstrung, that the gentle offices of consolation should be administered: then is it, that every word of kindness and affection whispered in the ear will work with magic influence on the heart. There was not a day passed that the clergyman and his daughter did not devote a portion of their time to their young friends at the Rosery. And every succeeding day found them more closely and tenderly attached to each other than before. To an open and unlimited confidence there was united, on both sides, a singleness and sincerity of purpose that could produce but one result. Difficult, indeed, would it have been to have found a more disingenuous and disinterested friendship than that which existed between the Stapletons and the Melvilles.

Of all the calamities which had hitherto befallen the young couple at the Rosery, none half so fearful had occurred as the one which now hung threateningly over their heads. Well was it for them, that the mysterious page of the future is hermetically sealed from the human eye: well, indeed, was it for them, that they foresaw not how soon their one unruffled source of happiness was to be overcast with misery and woe! Lisette, whose health had long been gradually though almost imperceptibly declining, contracted a severe cold, which producing sudden inflammation on the lungs, immediately confined her to her apartment, and rendered her for some days totally incapable of giving even the slightest attention to the duties of her little household.

Her sickness, as may readily be supposed, had at once the effect of redoubling, if possible, the devotion and attention of all around her. The anxious husband in his deep solicitude for her welfare, forgot his former cares. He had but one thought, one feeling, one prayer, it was for his wife. And their good friends from the parsonage, though exhibiting in their conduct greater calmness and resignation, were, perhaps, little less anxious and alarmed. Morn, noon, and night might the affectionate Ermance be seen

watching by the bed side of her companion, anticipating her every wish, administering to her every want. And as regularly too, every morn and night might the good old parson be seen bending his steps towards the Rosery, to comfort and pray with the gentle sufferer, to console and enliven her disconsolate husband. Melville! where is the heart that would not have pitied him? he wandered in the little garden, he was wretched and disconsolate; if he seated himself at his easel, he was unable to manage his pencil as he would; if he entered into conversation with a passing neighbour or companion, his thoughts were absent and distracted; it was only by the couch of his young wife, while he clasped her feverish hand within his own, while he spoke to her of the green fields and the bright skies, of the many happy days that were in store for them, that Leicester Melville was himself. Miles Stapelton saw and approved the anxiety of his young friend; it was to him one more proof (if further proof had been wanting) of that natural goodness and sincerity of heart from which may eventually spring the noblest and most divine feelings of which a human creature is capable. He knew well how frequently the greatest and most permanent changes of character had been brought about and confirmed in the sick room, by the bedside of a dear relative, or a valued friend. Besides this, he knew well that that change could never take place until the heart and feelings have been completely subdued; for never until then, perhaps, do we truly feel a proper sense of our own weakness and Much as he had hitherto found reason to approve and admire the character of Leicester Melville, he foresaw that from this time, that character would enrich itself with new attri-The pardonable thoughtlessness of youth was already fast giving place to the sober seriousness of matured years. From this time forth it was clearly evident the noble hearted, the high minded boy would become the serious and reflective man.

Let it not be thought that this is an over-drawn picture. Who, that like Leicester Melville, has once garnered up his every hope of happiness and affection in one fair being, and has afterwards stood by the sick bed of that being, uncertain for a moment as to her fate; has not felt something at least, of that deep anguish and anxiety—that mysterious working of the mind—which we have

attempted to describe?

After a week's anxious watching and unwearying attendance, the sorrowing Melville had the satisfaction of hearing from the medical man, that there was no longer any cause for apprehension of immediate danger; but, at the same time, he failed not to warn him of the delicate and uncertain state of his patient. This last shock had evidently given a severe blow to her fragile constitution, and though every appearance of inflammation had subsided, there were other symptoms left behind, which, the village surgeon could not fail to contemplate without fear and trembling. He forebore,

however, at present making any observation that might be calculated to excite suspicion or create alarm. None save the old clergyman interpreted his meaning aright—but to his ears that warning sounded like a death-knell! It may be, perhaps, that he himself had already remarked these very symptoms which had so startled the medical practitioner, and now that he found his observations confirmed, he was ready to rush at once to the most gloomy conclusion.

It was a bright, sunny morning; the surgeon was just departing from the Rosery, and Melville for the first time since his wife had been confined to her apartment, had accompanied him as far as the little wicker gate which led from the garden to the turnpike So sudden had been the reaction of his feelings on hearing the welcome intelligence, that he felt as though he could have wept for joy. Shaking the good-natured disciple of Esculapius warmly by the hand, he darted quickly down a circuitous little footpath towards a distant part of the garden. In a few minutes he again made his appearance, carefully arranging a collection of the most exquisite exotics their little green-house could produce. Lisette was passionately fond of flowers, she had a dozen especial favorites, and he knew well that a bouquet of her own precious beauties would be far more acceptable to her, than the richest offering he could make. At this very moment, and just as he was binding up the last delicate little twig of Heliotrope, the village postman made his appearance at the gate.

"What! a newspaper, Bernard? and is this all?" exclaimed he, as the honest official turned over the important missives of his

letter bag.

"It is, your honor," replied Bernard, courteously, "I've had a

double number of 'em since the assize-time commenced.

Melville turned towards the house, examining minutely the address of his solitary newspaper. The writing was unknown—the seal also. The clergyman and his daughter were engaged with Lisette, so rushing at once into the little breakfast parlour, he threw himself into a chair, determined to bestow a few vacant minutes on the perusal of his journal. Alas! how little did he think what fresh misery was in store for him—how little did he think that in the columns of that journal he would find a story that would strike daggers to his heart—a story of his own misfortune, and his father's crime.

Scarcely had he read over half a dozen paragraphs when the following attracted his attention:

"LIVERPOOL:

" Assize Intelligence—Extensive Forgery.

"MARK LONSDALE alias ADOLPHUS MELVILLE, was indicted for forging three Bank Notes of the respective values of £500, £300, and £100."

"From the case, as detailed on the part of the prosecution, it appears that the prisoner, some few years ago, was a person of extensive property residing at ---- in Wharfdale. He was educated as a clergyman of the Established Church, and formerly held the incumbency of ———. Reckless extravagance, and riotous living, eventually entangled him in difficulties; when, owing to some cause or other, which did not transpire, he was induced to abandon the Church altogether, and to leave his residence at ———. that period, it would seem he had no settled home, but has been living chiefly in the neighbourhood of Manchester. The prosecutors are the proprietors of the ——— Bank on whom the forgeries are committed. On the first discovery of the crime, large rewards were immediately offered for the apprehension of the prisoner, but The assumed sobriquet of Mark Lonsdale long served to defeat the most strenuous exertions of the police, and would in all probability have done so still, had it not been for a circumstance that occurred about ten days ago. At that time a young man, a stranger, of gentlemanly manners and appearance. but whose name is unknown, was seen in Manchester, and it would seem that he there visited the prisoner, who was passing under the name of Lonsdale. He was heard to couple the names of Lonsdale and Melville together, and to express a conviction that they were one and the same person. A boy named Smirk, the son of an abandoned and profligate woman in ----- Street, had conducted him to the cottage inhabited by the prisoner; and the revelations afterward made by the boy to the policeman (evidently induced by the sole desire of obtaining the reward) led to the apprehension of the prisoner, who was taken into custody only on Monday last, being at that time on his road to Liverpool, where it was doubtless his intention to have taken ship for America.

"The subjoined evidence will furnish a full history of the case."

Leicester Melville trembled from head to foot! He read not
the evidence, but turning rapidly to the conclusion of the report,
became paralyzed with horror.

"The jury, after a short consultation, found the prisoner guilty,

and he was then sentenced to transportation for life!"

The paper dropped from his hands, and the next moment he fell swooning on the floor.

CHAPTER II.

THE evening was fast closing in. The brilliant sunset in the joyous west was gradually fading away, and the dark clouds of

sombre night already spread their first faint shadows over the slumbering landscape. Long ago had the busy herdsman retired from the fold, and the light-hearted milk-maiden from the pasture. It was the hour of gossip and amusement in the peaceful little village of ——. Groups of rustic labourers were congregated here and there; talkative old housewives, and curiosity-hunting maidens, were enjoying their several little bits of innocent scandal; and scores of noisy, romping urchins, were running up and down the village, like

so many little mad-caps.

The Rev. Miles Stapleton and his faithful companion, Ermance, were taking their last stroll round the pretty garden at the parsonage, and listening with delight to the sounds of merriment which every now and then rang loudly on their ears. They had not been long returned from the Rosery. Their dear neighbour, Mrs. Melville, was gradually, though slowly, recovering from her illness, and poor Melville had received the melancholy intelligence of his father's trial and sentence with greater calmness and fortitude than might have been expected. The first blow had been a heavy shock; and it evidently cost him a severe schooling of his feelings to maintain his present equanimity and resignation.

"Oh, dear, good Miss Ermance," shouted a pretty little girl, running up the garden walk, "do come with me to the village."

"Why so, Mabel? what has happened?"

"There is a poor old woman, just like the old gipsy woman you used to be so fond of in the spring, and she is very ill. I'm quite sure she is, Miss Ermance, although she says she is only very much tired, as she has come a long distance, and that on foot."

"And why did you not bring her here with you, Mabel?" in-

quired Ermance, in a tone of slight reproach.

"Ah, that was just what I wanted to do, but I could not prevail upon her to accompany me. Do you know, Miss Ermance, I believe she was afraid you would be angry with me if she came."

"Indeed! Why so, Mable?" asked the clergyman, who had

been an attentive listener to the pretty little supplicant.

"Why, sir, I really scarcely know: but she said something about her appearance being against her, and she was afraid she might be taken for an idle and disreputable tramp, and—and—indeed, I felt quite sure that was the reason she would not accompany me, sir."

"Ermance, my dear girl," said the old man, turning to his daughter, "the night air is becoming chill; you had better return to the house, while I accompany Mable on this mission of charity."

"Oh no, my dear father; I will put on my shawl in a moment, and we will then, if you please, walk down to the village together. I shall very much prefer it to remaining here alone."

"Yes; and I am quite certain Miss Ermance will be so glad she has gone, when she sees the old woman. She is so kind, sir, and although she is very ill, she never makes a complaint," exclaimed

the little Mabel, with an earnestness that would at once have determined the warm-hearted Ermance, had not her mind been

made up already.

The fairy-like creature tripped merrily into the house, and in a few minutes returned, closely muffled up in a thick cashmere shawl, bearing in her hand a scarf of the same material for her honoured parent. Under the guidance of the talkative Mabel they then set out for the village.

About half way down the street, and at a short distance from the high-road, seated on a low stile that stood across a footway leading through the fields in the direction of the Rosery, they found

the object of their search.

She was a woman of at least sixty years of age, very feeble, and overpowered by fatigue, which the gentle Mabel, in the warmth of her young heart, had mistaken for illness. Her dress, though carefully arranged, was tattered and shabby; and there was certainly little in her outward appearance calculated to raise an impression in her favour. Observing the approach of the strangers, she managed, by the assistance of an old fashioned walking-stick, which she held in her hand, to raise herself from her seat, and received them with a low curtsey.

"Well, did I not tell you," shouted Mable, running towards her, "that I was sure Miss Ermance would come to you? and yet

you would scarcely believe me."

"You are a dear, good little girl," replied the old woman, grasping the tiny hand of the child within her own; "and may God bless you for your kindness to an old creature who has few friends to care for her." Then, turning to the clergyman and his daughter, she continued, "I fear, indeed, I have put you to great trouble and inconvenience, but the earnest entreaties of this sweet little one must plead my excuse. I had intended going at once to the village hostelry for the night, and was even on my way there, when being overcome by fatigue, I was obliged to take rest for a moment on this stile, and here it was this little girl found me."

"Offer no excuse, my good woman," replied the old man, startled by her manners and address, which so little accorded with her appearance. "Offer no excuse; we have ever a pleasure in receiving at the parsonage those who are in affliction or distress. Our little Mabel has done wisely in summoning us to your assistance. But come, it is but a few short paces to the house, and, as the night is rapidly approaching, we had better defer our inquiries

until we arrive there."

The light-hearted Mabel ran off towards her own home, well rewarded for her trouble by the kind assurance that she had done wisely, and unusually happy at the thought of having found those who would provide a comfortable bed for the poor old creature who had so strongly excited the sympathies of her young heart.

The old woman, supported by the arm of Ermance, accompanied her benefactors to the parsonage. There was an air of courtesy in her manners, a frankness and ingenuousness in her address, that at once pleased and surprised the clergyman. It was quite evident that she was a stranger in Wharfdale, and that she was also a person of a better class than the circumstances under which they had met with her might fairly have induced them to believe. A hearty, though frugal, supper, and a half-hour's rest, served to recruit the prostrate energies of the stranger. She soon became at ease in the presence of her hospitable companions, and entering freely into conversation, she readily made known to them so much of her own history and misfortunes as was sufficient to convince them that she was no idle vagrant, no wandering impostor.

"I have travelled," said she, after they had talked for some time, "many miles, during my time; I have seen many countries and scenes; and often have I found cause for the exercise of deep and heartfelt gratitude. Indeed, it is impossible, on our pilgrimage through the world, not to feel, at some time or other, how deeply we are indebted to our fellow creatures for much of the happiness and comfort we enjoy. And believe me, never will the remembrance

of your kindness be effaced from my memory."

"How? surely, my good woman, it would have been inhuman to have acted otherwise than we have done?" exclaimed the clergy-man.

"And yet, sir, how many, even kind-hearted people in the main, would not have acted as you have done to-night. You found me, as it were, in a state of destitution, clothed in the habiliments of poverty, and possessing every appearance of a vagrant.

"True; but what of that?"

"Oh, sir! I have found, too often found, that poverty and rags operate as a sad check on the gentler impulses of the human heart. People are too apt to look upon them as the undeniable indications of vagrancy and idleness, forgetting in the indignation their momentary suspicions may have aroused, that they are not less frequently the certain signs of bitter trials and misfortunes. have learnt this sad lesson, sir, by the bitter experience of the last few days. The slender resources of my purse are nearly worn out: my garments are tattered and threadbare; and my whole appearance is against me. More than once have I found even my inquiries slighted, or not answered, and from no other cause. The first impression was against me, and without waiting to inquire further, I was made the victim of that impression. Thank God, however, my wanderings will soon be at an end; to-morrow, if I am correctly informed, will bring me to the village of -

"Why," exclaimed the clergyman, starting, "this is the village

of ——."

"This!" shouted the old woman, with a look of perfect amaze-

ment, "this! oh that I had known it sooner! To-night, even to-night, might I have again beheld her. Pray tell me, sir, is there not a house in the village called the Rosery?"

"There is," answered the clergyman and his daughter, in a

breath.

"And—and is it inhabited by a gentleman of the name of Melville?"

"It is."

"And you know him, and his dear wife?"

"Well, very well, my good woman; they are our most intimate

friends. We will conduct you to them, to-morrow."

"Oh, thank you! thank you!" replied the old woman, and the tears gushing to her eyes, she continued to herself, "God be praised! I shall see the dear girl once again. My own Lisette! my more than daughter! Would, would that I was the bearer of a mother's forgiveness! but no; she is a hard-hearted, bad woman."

The Rev. Miles Stapleton and his daughter looked at each other for some moments, mute with astonishment. Ermance was the first to break silence: advancing towards the old woman, she took her hand within her own, and pressing it fondly to her heart, she said, "Dear Gertrude Simpson."

"Yes, miss, I am Gertrude Simpson; but pray tell me, how do

you know my name?" eagerly inquired the old woman.

"How?" repeated Ermance; "think you, Gertrude, I have so long been the companion of Lisette Melville—think you I have so long been the partner of her confidence—and am yet to be told of Gertrude Simpson? No, no; often, indeed, has 'good nurse Gertrude' been the subject of our conversation; often has her kindness called forth the warmest expressions of affection from her pet child; often, too often, indeed, ever to be forgotten, have her virtues been the theme of our conversation and applause. Dear Gertrude, for the sake of Lisette Melville, I shall ever love you."

"You say she thought of me, spoke of me, even—even conde-

scended to praise——"

The old woman burst into tears. This was happiness that well

repaid all the trials and privations she had endured.

All further restraint was now at an end. Wearied and fatigued as was the good old nurse, it was not until long past midnight that the little party deserted the quiet parlour of the old parsonage.

CHAPTER III.

Ar an early hour on the following morning, the clergyman and his daughter, accompanied by nurse Gertrude, were on their way to the Rosery. All were in high spirits, and, in the bright anticipation of again beholding her darling Lisette, the poor old woman forgot her infirmities, and walked along with an agility little suited to her years. It was a glorious morning, clear and beautiful, such an one as is only occasionally seen in this cold and variable The sun was rising in unclouded majesty in the heavens, and the gay, green earth was clothed in more than usual brightness. Never, thought the old nurse, as she gazed on the landscape around her, had she beheld a scene so redolent with beauty and enchantment; never, even in the bright lands of the sunny south, had she looked upon so exquisite and captivating a picture. and beautiful, indeed, was the scenery on which old nurse Gertrude now feasted her eyes; but to the state of her own feelings, perhaps, might be attributed the powerful impression it made upon her mind. How often do we find the external world borrows one half its witchery from the passions! There are moments, indeed, when the ardent admirer of nature will look upon the most startling and imposing scenery with stoical indifference. There are moments when even the terrific grandeur of Mont Blanc, or the calm witchery of the Lake of Como, will have but little charm for the eye of the spectator. Before we can thoroughly appreciate either the one or the other, we must have brought our feelings into a certain degree of unison with the impressions they are likely to create. Thus was it with good nurse Gertrude. Her heart was full of sweet and pleasant imaginings; the consummation of her brightest hopes was nigh at hand; and to all that was bright, all that was beautiful, the elasticity of her spirits lent an additional brightness and beauty.

"Well, my dear Lisette," said the good natured Ermance, rushing gaily into the little breakfast parlour at the Rosery, "how are you, this morning? Better, I am sure, by that merry smile of

your good husband's. Is it not so?"

"Yes, Ermance, I am better, very much better than I have been for some time past. But pray tell me, how is it you are alone, this morning? where is your father?"

"Oh, he will be here, presently. He is merely taking a stroll round the garden, while I prepare you for a pleasant surprise."

"Surprise, Ermance?" repeated Lisette, with one of her own peculiar smiles.

"Yes. Who do you think has come with us to the Rosery?"

"Indeed, Ermance, I know not. It is so rarely we see a strange

face here, that it would be difficult to guess."

"Aye, that it would; for as soon almost should I have expected seeing a messenger from fairy-land as the good creature who has thus suddenly come down upon us. But here am I, chattering and talking like a little magpie, while the poor old soul is dying with impatience to behold you."

"Come, come, Ermance; though no witch, I think, after what you have said, I can scarcely fail to anticipate your surprise.

is our dear old friend, Mrs. Annandale, from H---."

"No, no; you must guess again, Lisette," replied the mischiev-

ous Ermance, with an air of childish, raillery.

"Well, let me see; perhaps it is Mrs. Overton, from the vicarage,---or,---"

"The august Empress of Russia, eh, my lady fair?"

At this moment, the voice of the clergyman was heard at the door, and Melville, hastily leaving the room to welcome him, the two friends were left alone.

"Now, my dear Lisette, I will be serious for a moment. This old friend to whom I allude is none other than that good old creature of whom you have so often spoken to me, when dwelling on the remembrance of your early childhood; she, to whose charge you were then intrusted, to whose care you were perhaps indebted for many of the comforts you then enjoyed."

"Pray tell me, to whom do you allude? I know but one such person as you describe, and she—no, no, Ermance, it cannot be."

"Ah, I see, Lisette, you are again thinking of 'good nurse Gertrude."

"Indeed I am, Ermance, for to her alone will your description apply. I know none other who took so deep an interest in my welfare."

"Well, and what think you, if this good old friend should prove to be even the same venerable nurse Gertrude."

"Nurse Gertrude? no, no, Ermance, I dare not hope for such

happiness."

The gentle Ermance ventured not a reply; but her look was safficient to convince her companion that such happiness, however improbable it might have appeared not a moment before, was now really at hand. Ermance had fulfilled the duty entrusted to her charge; she had prepared the invalid for a meeting, which might, had it taken place at a sudden and unexpected moment, have produced an injurious result. Such was the delicate and precarious state of Lisette Melville, that even the slightest excitement was too much for her nervous system to sustain. Well was it for that gentle girl that she had those around her who were keenly alive to her condition, who were ever ready to guard her from the alightest shock. Digitized by Google

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We shall not attempt, for it would be impossible faithfully, to describe the meeting of honest Gertrude and her favourite child. Bound and endeared to each other by the sweetest memories of past affection, meeting again, too, at a moment, and under circumstances, when those memories came with more than ordinary force upon the mind, they mingled their tears of joy together, with feelings that none, perhaps, save themselves, could fully enter into or understand.

The human heart is a strange paradox. Difficult, indeed, would it be to account for its conflicting emotions, its variable passions! We see, on the one hand, the young mother coolly consigning her new-born offspring to the hands of the stranger and the hireling, shutting up from it those well-springs of existence to which even nature has given it paramount claim. We see her, even, while its first faint cry is sounding in her ears, while it is seeking in its first faint struggle to nestle in her arms, banish it, as it were, from the resting-place of its birthright, with a coolness that freezes every better feeling of the heart. And why is this? Too often, alas! were we to unveil the secret motives of that mother's heart. too often should we find, that for this inhuman sacrifice, this unnatural desertion, there would exist no better plea than the gratification of some fulsome vanity, some worthless pride. Surely, it is a fearful and a wicked thing. Little better, we apprehend, is that unnatural mother, who "for such trivial cause will do such serious wrong," than that man, who, being a father, "if his son should ask bread, would give him a stone, or if he should ask a fish would give him a serpent." Again we see, on the other hand, that stranger and hireling, who at first, either from sheer necessity, or disreputable cupidity, was led to take the young cast-away to her bosom, bestow on it ere long all the devoted fondness and affection of a mother, aye, even though it may have supplanted her own offspring in its birthright. Day after day do we find the tendrils of her heart winding themselves more firmly and closely around her little charge, till it almost becomes a part of herself. The hireling is no longer a hireling, but a willing and devoted parent. Actuated in the discharge of her duties, not by any mercenary or sordid motives, but by the deepest feelings of fondness and affection. But here, alas, is the result, perhaps equally fearful.

There is on both sides a diminution of the mother's love and solicitude for her own offspring; there is, moreover, on the part of the hireling, a creation of new and strong ties, which must in almost every instance be cruelly snapped asunder at some period or other.

If we search narrowly, if we examine minutely, we shall find that Lisette Melville and Gertrude Simpson were not singular in their devoted fondness and affection. There springs up in the hearts of many a nurse and child the same tender feeling which sprung up in theirs, and which requires but similar circumstances to favour and promote its growth, and it will soon become as strong and fervent a passion.

CHAPTER IV.

NURSE Gertrude soon became perfectly at home at the Rosery. She was the very life and soul of the little household; there was not an arrangement to be made, or a change to take place, on which her opinion must not first be asked. Dear as she had ever been to her young mistress, she had now become dearer still; the part she had taken in her elopement had become fully known; the hardships she had endured, and the trials she had undergone for her sake, had called forth a feeling of gratitude that could not easily be subdued. To Melville, also, she had become an object of the deepest fondness and regard. To her, in all probability, he was indebted for the happiness he now enjoyed; to her he was indebted for the possession of his heart's treasured idol. Opposed, as was the good old nurse, to every thing partaking of the character of deception, she scrupulously avoided all mention of her last interview with the hard-hearted and unforgiving Mrs. Cavendish. That interview had struck horror into her warm and sensitive heart; and what would have been the effect even of its mere recital on the delicate Lisette? The result was too hazardous for a woman of nurse Gertrude's experience calmly to anticipate, much more to venture on its realization. It might, thought she, be wrong to conceal; but certain she was, it would have been injurious to reveal. Oh, that we could induce others to follow her example, that we could make them believe that silence in such cases is invariably more commendable than rash and thoughtless exposure! Too frequently, however, do we find that even the best-tempered people are apt to err on this point. If there exists a circumstance that will wound, if there be whispered a scandal that will pierce our hearts, friends are sure to be the first to communicate it to our Friends, did we say? such only by name. True friendship will ever religiously conceal, rather than expose, any thing that may be calculated to wound or lacerate our feelings. Should there be tears to be shed, friendship will shed them; should there be falsehood to refute, friendship, with bold front, will refute it: should there be honour to vindicate, friendship will hazard every thing in

its vindication. A true friend will never lend a hand to cast the slings and arrows of a cruel world into the heart of his companion; but rather will he, baring his own bosom, himself receive the blow. Thus was it with old nurse Gertrude. Often, very often, did the remembrance of her brief interview with Mrs. Cavendish rush back upon her mind. Often, even, did she find the word of condemnation on her lips, but never, never, did she allow that word to escape. Rather would she have borne a world of misery herself, than have said one word that might have caused her favourite a single pang.

A month passed away, and Lisette Melville had so far recovered as to be able to take a short ramble in the village; but there were still symptoms about her that could not fail to excite suspicion. Happily, perhaps, for himself and all around him, her husband saw them not. He was yet young in his experience of the varied weaknesses and diseases of poor humanity; he knew not, alas! how often the canker-worm of death sits gnawing at the heart, while the rose-blush of summer is seen playing on the cheek. He knew not, alas! under what flattering and seductive appearances the

last great enemy will often come.

One of the clearest, and decidedly one of the mildest, days of the season, was slowly drawing to a close, as the Rev. Miles Stapleton and his daughter accompanied the Melvilles across the fields. towards the Rosery. They had been spending the day at the parsonage, and were returning thus early to avoid the night air, from which the gentle invalid had been strongly urged to guard herself. They parted, on arriving at the footpath leading through the fir shrubbery surrounding the Rosery, the Melvilles cheerfully hastening towards their own "old house at home," the clergyman and his Ermance mournfully retracing their steps towards the village. For some time both maintained perfect silence. Ermance, at length. thinking to withdraw her father from his reverie, turned her gentle eyes upon his face, and was already in the act of addressing him, when the words died suddenly upon her lips. The poor old man Ermance at once guessed the current of was weeping like a child. his thoughts, and pressing his thin, cold hand fondly within her own, mingled her tears with his.

"It is a painful thing, my dear Ermance, to see one so young and beautiful," said the clergyman to his daughter, "hastening thus rapidly to the grave. Day after day have I marked the silent footsteps of the disease; slowly, but surely, is it making progress, and believe me, my child, there can be but one result."

"Oh, say not so, dear father," replied Ermance, sobbing bitterly; "I cannot bear to think, that our dear, gentle Lisette is so soon to be taken from us!"

"Ermance, we must say, God's will be done. I have ever ventured, despite my fears and apprehensions, to encourage a latent

hope, until to-day; but now, now, alas! the last straw to which I have hitherto clung has slipped away from my grasp. I have seen within the last few hours, symptoms too positive to entertain, even for a moment, the shadow of a doubt. Our dear friend must ere long fall a victim to the common scourge of our country. The germ has already taken deep root, and shortly we shall find it, like the deadly upas-tree, killing all within its shade. Consumption! dire, dreadful consumption! Oh, Ermance, could we but summon before us, for a moment, the wreck and havoc that this dread disease is daily creating throughout the length and breadth of the land, we should have a picture too melancholy for human eye to contemplate."

"And yet so young, so gentle," murmured Ermance, following

the train of her own melancholy thoughts.

"Of little avail, Ermance, will be our friend's youth or gentleness. They may, and doubtless will, embitter our regret; but they will not check for a moment the onward course of the destroyer. Oh, my dear child, young, gentle, and even far more beautiful than Lisette Melville, was your own mother, when she fell a victim to this cruel disease."

"My mother!" mechanically repeated Ermance.

"Yes, child, your mother! I have hitherto most religiously avoided mentioning even the slightest circumstance connected with her disease, well knowing that on a constitution sensitive and susceptible as yours the knowledge of the awful truth might be liable to awaken the most painful and harassing apprehensions. Tonight, alas! the barrier of my resolution has been overthrown, tonight, Ermance, I must tell you all. Well, well, do I remember the day (it was but a few short months after your birth) when the symptoms of my own gentle wife, who, like our young friend, Lisette Melville, had been labouring for some weeks under severe weakness and ill-health, first excited our suspicion and alarm. From that day did the disease make slow, and for some time almost imperceptible progress; and often during its varied changes and alternations were our hopes and expectations raised to the highest pitch. Oh, how suddenly were they dashed again to the ground! She was my first, my only, love. I had scarcely a thought, a pleasure, that did not concentrate in her. She was my very 'life of life,' the one fair being in whom I had garnered up all my hopes and expectations. Hour after hour, as the brief period of her pilgrimage drew towards its close, did I sit by her bed side, watching with fearful anxiety every little change. There was not a symptom with which I did not soon become familiar,—familiar, even, as our medical adviser himself. In such cases, Ermance, experience is a good, but a severe, schoolmaster. Slowly, but surely, did the enemy carry on his work; and it was only when I saw the cold, inanimate corpse of my heart's treasured idol laying prostrate

at my feet, that I relinquished my last hope. Then, indeed, did I awaken to the full extent of my misery; then did I feel the dreary desolation by which I was everywhere surrounded. I had but one tie. Well do I remember, Ermance, rushing frantically from the gloomy chamber of death to your own quiet nursery; there, cradled in the arms of an old and faithful domestic of our family, you slept, unconscious of your loss. I gazed upon you for a moment; then pouring forth my heart to heaven, I prayed—and oh! how fervently!—the mother's virtues might adorn the child. Thank God, that prayer was not in vain."

For a few moments the poor old clergyman wept bitterly. The remembrance of this melancholy scene had suddenly burst open the floodgates of his heart, and filled him for the instant with deep

and unutterable anguish.

"Let us hope, my dear father," said the sorrowing Ermance, as they approached the parsonage, "let us hope your anxiety may have magnified the cause of your alarm. Delicate as my companion is, much as I am compelled to fear the result, I cannot abandon all

hope."

"Do not be too sanguine, Ermance. Let not the temporary recoveries of Lisette Melville lead you to encourage in your own heart, far less in hers, anticipations which can never be realized. It is painful to behold the good and pure-hearted carried, in the very spring time of their years, to the gloomy caverns of the dead; it is harrowing to hear the cold earth fall heavily on their heads; but, while sorrowing as friends, we ought never to forget, as Christians, that, 'The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away.'



Week after week had passed away, and the bright green hues of summer were fast giving place to the sombre and subdued tints of the mellow autumn. The inhabitants of the Rosery had suffered another affliction. A short but kind letter from the Countess d'Almaviva had communicated to the unhappy Lisette the melancholy tidings of the death of Mrs. Cavendish, and the sad story of her own sufferings and misfortunes. This letter gave a bitter shock to the delicate Lisette, a shock she was little able at that moment to sustain. Gradually and almost imperceptibly had she been growing weaker and weaker, and daily had the Rev. Miles Stapleton become more and more impressed with the melancholy conviction that there could be but one result. Yet such had been

the progress of the disease, that none, perhaps, save himself and the medical adviser, were really sensible of her situation. the moment, however, that she had received the Countess d'Almaviva's letter, a marked and visible change had taken place, a change so visible that none could readily have failed to notice. Melville! who shall picture the bitterness of his feelings? who shall describe the dreary sense of suffering and desolation that fell upon his heart, when he first became aware of the melancholy truth? Every symptom was too decided to be for a moment mistaken; every look, every action, was a bitter tell-tale of consumption. Consumption! the word sounded like a death-knell on his ear, and sank like a poisoned shaft into his heart. All that medical skill and ingenuity could effect, all that kind attention and unwearying solicitude could administer towards alleviating the sufferings of the uncomplaining Lisette, was long and sedulously tried. Still, still, did the disease go on, still did its symptoms become more alarming. To deceive, to hold out further hope, would now have been crimi-The medical adviser felt this, and acted accordingly.

"There is," said he, as he concluded his bitter task, "there is but one chance, Mr. Melville; and even that, while it affords ground for slight hopes, must not be too firmly relied upon. That it may prolong life is very probable, but that it may altogether put a check to the ravages of the disease is exceedingly doubtful. Cases there are, indeed, where such have been the results; but they are so few in number that they form the exception, not the rule. Hopeless, however, as we are almost bound to believe in a permanent cure, we must do all we can to alleviate the sufferings,

physical and mental, of our unfortunate patient."

"Oh, sir," replied Melville, as he grasped the hand of his companion nervously within his own, his dark eyes flashing with intense brightness for the moment, "even the slightest hope is something still to cling to,—something to cheer the dreary desolation of the stricken heart. So long as it continues, it will be the one star on the black horizon of my destiny. True, true, it may sink into obscurity at last, and then, indeed, will the world be but a dreary and a cheerless void. Tell me at once, sir, I beseech you, on what am I now to build this last, this only hope?"

"It is advisable, Mr. Melville, that you should leave England as early as possible. Mrs. Melville has long been accustomed to a milder climate, and it is clearly evident that to winter here, in her present condition, can produce but one result. Indeed, sir, as I have

already candidly told you, there is now but one chance."

"And you think, sir, the influence of a milder climate will check

the disease?" eagerly asked Melville.

"It may, perhaps, do so, Mr. Melville, therefore you certainly have some hope. Let me, however, warn you not to be too sanguine."

Ominous, and pregnant with melancholy forebodings, as were these words, they struck upon a chord in Melville's heart that lulled him for a while into comparative calmness and resignation. There was still a chance that his heart's treasured idol might be restored: and slight and uncertain as was that chance, it was sufficient to nerve him with new hope, new life. "Drowning men." says the old proverb, "catch at straws," and it would be difficult, perhaps, to find a triter or a truer saying. If then, to save ourselves, we thus eagerly grasp at every chance of escape, how much more eagerly would one in the desperate position of Leicester Melville cling even to the shadow of a chance! Circumscribed and selfish as may be the general affections of the human heart, there are times and seasons in the lives of most men (most men, at all events, who have known what it is to love) when they feel an almost total abnegation of self. Such a season was it now with Melville. How he loved—with what deep and impassioned feelings -the reader well knows. His young wife was the bright cynosure of his existence, the one being on whom he had concentrated his every affection, the one fragile casket in which he had garnered up his every hope and expectation of happiness. Bereft of her, he would, indeed, have been bereft of all that could lend a charm to earth: to have lost her, would indeed have been to have lost the very light and soul of his existence. Wonder not, then, that he should thus eagerly grasp at the last, the only, hope; wonder, rather, that in the fierce fever of his excitement, passion did not make shipwreck of his reason.

Naples, at the recommendation of the medical man, was decided upon as the winter residence of the Melvilles. Naples, dear, bewitching Naples! how often had Lisette Melville gazed with enchantment on its bright, unrivalled bay! how often had she apostrophised its witchery! How often, only a few years ago, had she mingled in the festivities of the light hearted Neapolitans, the gayest of the gay! She thought of this, of "what she was, and what she once had been," and a cloud of sadness fell upon her brow. It was but for a moment; Lisette Melville, weak, worn out, and dying, as she believed, even in the very spring time of her years, was happier, far happier, now than she had been then. She had lived, she had loved, and to her even death was disarmed of half its terrors by the firm belief that "those who are bound on earth are also bound in heaven." Her hope, her prayer, was, that that love which had had its birth in time might be perfected in

eternity.

All was bustle and confusion at "the old house at home;" not a day more than was requisite for making preparations for the journey, was to be delayed; not a day beyond what was absolutely necessary, was the departure of the Melvilles to be postponed. Ere a fortnight had elapsed, every arrangement had been made,—

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every trunk had been packed. Old Gertrude Simpson was to be left as housekeeper at the Rosery, and to the care of Ermance Stapleton was to be intrusted the management of the little greenhouse, which had long been the chief object of amusement to her delicate companion. How many favourite flowers were to be especially protected; how many tender plants were to be scrupulously shielded from the cold blast! To the gentle Lisette every flower was a sentiment, every sentiment a memory of by-gone happiness.

It was a clear, calm morning, early in the month of September. The sun rose brightly from the horizon, and an almost cloudless and transparent sky gave promise of one of those bright autumnal days which we so rarely witness in our variable climate. Scarcely had the blithesome lark soared from the gay, green earth, to carol his matin song at heaven's gate, scarcely had the lowing kine awoke from their drowsy slumbers, ere the little village of - presented an unusual scene of bustle and animation. An old fashioned travelling carriage, laden with trunks and packages. was standing at the door of the Rosery, and groups of rosy-cheeked little children were seen wending their way along the garden walk. All had some little token of remembrance, some trifling memento of affection, which they were eager to bestow on the dear Mrs. Melville (who had ever been so good and kind a friend to them) before she took her departure for foreign parts. Many of these little ones, as they spoke of their kind benefactress, brushed the tears from their cheeks, and sighed bitterly at the thought of her departure. The Rev. Miles Stapleton and his daughter were the first to arrive at the Rosery, on the morning in question; a sad, a melancholy morning was it for them. Lisette, weak and feeble as she was, was ready to receive them. The whole of the members of Melville's little household were at once assembled in the small breakfast parlour, and there, by the good old clergyman, was offered up the morning prayer. How truly, how deeply, did the Melvilles love that old man, and oh, how truly worthy was he of their love! To them he had been even from the first, more than a parent; to him they had been dear as his own noble and faithful daughter. To describe the anguish of every heart at the moment of separation would be a fruitless and unprofitable task. are few, we apprehend, who have ever been placed under such circumstances, whose experience will not have taught them that such anguish must ever remain "unsyllabled," "unsung." It is grief too deep, too heart-rending, for expression.

"Ermance," said the old man, grasping his daughter's hand within his own, just as the carriage was passing from their sight, "Ermance, another link is broken; we shall never see her more in

this world."

THE EVICTION.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

'Trs past! oh! hard inexorable doom,
That sends me exiled to a foreign shore!

I have no country now—no friends—no home,
These, loved of years, shall bless my sight no more:
My tortured brain! it maddens me to know,
If those who had the power had help'd in time,
This heart had never felt the with'ring blow,
That bows my manhood's strength in early prime.

Oh! gracious God! and was I ever young?

Did this cold heart e'er thrill with hope, or joy?

Have Erin's echoes to my measure rung,

My gay wild measure, when a happy boy?

Have I been wedded? have sweet cherubs clung

Close to my knees, and look'd into my eyes,

Lisping sweet music, with that half-formed tongue,

That rouses all a father's sympathies?"

These eyes have look'd their last upon them all,
Mother, and wife, and children; holy God!

I watch'd them, day by day, around me fall,
And dug their graves upon the barren sod:
These walls have language, and this roof a tongue,
That whisp'ring echoes to my grief-struck heart,
Where once their sweet, their pleasant voices rung,
'Ere yet I saw them, one by one, depart.

To-morrow's sun must see the ruin'd wall,

The hearth extinguish'd, and the hut o'erthrown;
To-morrow's sun must see the roof-tree fall,

And me a wand'rer to a land unknown:
O hard, inexorable, stern decree,
Of ruthless fate, and man still more unkind!
Though I no more dear Erin's shores shall see,
My love, my heart, with her I leave behind.

MARMADUKE HUTTON;

OR,

THE POOR RELATION.

BY WILLIAM DODSWORTH, ESQ.

CHAPTER XXII.*

As Doctor Yellowchops returned home after his midnight adventure, with the heavy purse of gold he had received as a douceur, he debated within himself whether he should acquaint Marmaduke Hutton and his guest with the fact of a being, the mystery of whose manner of life made the whole affair appear a perfect romance, and of such singular habits, living within a very short distance of their own house. His vanity impelled him to make as much display as possible of such a connection, slight though it was; his prudence forewarned him to hold his tongue, and as many a hard rub of the skittish jade, mistress Fortune, had taught him a few grains of the latter, he wisely took counsel by her dictates, and held his peace accordingly.

In reality, however, the doctor had but little temptation to transgress his determination, as the arduous preparations he felt it necessary to make to ensure the splendour of the banquet he was about to give, certainly left him very little time for anything out of the routine of his profession; the doctor felt that on this entertainment depended his success with Penelope Pestlepolge and her sire, and consequently he was fired with the lofty resolve of making it at once elegant and agreeable, to a degree never before attempted in the patriarchal district in which he dwelt.

Poor Kezia Nettlebee, the doctor's awkward, cross-grained yet good-hearted maid of all work, how she puffed, and panted, and ejaculatized over the sinful waste that was about to ensue in the doctor's establishment, and how wofully she mourned over the pinching and scraping that would have to atone for it afterwards, in her kitchen! how she stood broiling over the hot stove, cooking

[•] Continued from p. 437, vol. l.

the jolly sirloin of beef, and the venerable turkey, that were to stand cold upon the board! how she wept, and sneezed, and sighed, and bewailed the folly of the doctor, as she chopped up the onions for stuffing, and mourned all this waste and extravagance for an old, doting, superannuated thing, like Marmaduke Hutton, who was almost too mean and stingy to buy a decent dinner for himself.

The resources of Doctor Yellowchops' menage were by no means inexhaustible. The only other biped besides Kezia was a shockheaded, pugnosed man, of the name of Jack Randle, who discharged the somewhat onerous duties of groom, with the more ambulatory office of delivering the doctor's medicines to his numerous, but by no means wealthy patients, whose numbers were indeed legion. On Kezia, the doctor fondly imagined he could depend, although, as it will be seen, in the sequel, he was reckoning most miserably without his host; but Jack's blundering mistakes gave him the greatest uneasiness, lest they should be the unlucky means of opening his friend's eyes to his poverty-stricken resources; but there was nothing for it but to carry everything through with a high hand, and so Jack was duly drilled into making a bow to the doctor, when the latter knocked at the door, and begged to know if Doctor Yellowchops was at home, and taught to walk across the passage with an easy swagger, and, throwing open the dining-room, announce Mr. Hutton and Mr. Pestlepolge: whilst Kezia, brandishing a basting spoon in one hand, whilst the other displayed a gigantic turnip, was summoned from her duties in the kitchen, to learn how to usher Miss Pestlepolge up stairs into a bedroom, the latter being duly represented by Doctor Yellowchops himself.

After an immense deal of drilling, the doctor at length fancied his attendants perfect in their parts, and with a serene breast awaited the arrival of the eventful day, which was destined to crown all his ambitious hopes, or to see them withered in the dust. Everything was at last declared to be complete. It was four o'clock, the fire was lighted in the dining room, which very fortunately did not smoke, the wind being in a favourable part: the wine was decantered and was standing in a tub under the sideboard, six of golden sherry and as many of fine old crusted port, duly bought (but not paid for) of a wine-merchant at Hereford, the preceding week: the dessert stood in goodly show on the Kezia, dressed with a profusion of pink ribbons streaming out all over her person, was fanning herself cool in the kitchen, whilst Jack Randle, attired in a suit of livery perfectly indescribable, so heterogeneous was its composition, was already standing sentry in the passage, wiling away his spare time by sweeping the line of road through the fanlight with his solitary eye, the fellow of which had been unfortunately annihilated in a

game at doublesticks, many years before.

Doctor Yellowchops was in the dining room (where else could he be), dressed out in full fig in a mulberry coat, with huge gilt buttons, a black satin waistcoat, and black inexpressibles, which was his invariable gala costume. Doctor Yellowchops affected an easy gaiety, which was ten times far more atrociously sinful than the most nervous trepidity of manner could have been, for in reality his soul was drifting on a sea of terrors, in which it would ere long inevitably founder, if some good angel did not bring it safely to port. The Doctor sate viewing the bright poker before him, with his hands thrust into his breeches' pocket, humming a gay gig to keep down his real trepidation, when presently there came a quick, authoritative rat-tat-tat at the door, and before the doctor could start up, Jack Randle had thrown open the door and announced, in a voice of thunder, "Miss Bab Burton, sir!"

"Hush, John, a little less noise if you please," said Doctor Yellowchops, urbanely, as he pressed Barbara's hand. "My dear Miss Barbara, I am most happy to see you; I will ring for Kezia, to show you the way up to the bed room to take off your dress—ah,

I'm afraid Richard is not coming."

"Indeed, and you've just guessed it, doctor," rejoined Barbara, who wore her holiday face with her best silk gown; "the idle loon's just away, down to Stephen Harding's, as if he could not hive away from the place a single hour."

"And when are the young people to be married, Barbara?" inquired the doctor, rubbing his hands, with an affectation of

great interest.

"Married, indeed!" echoed Barbara, wrathfully, as she took off her bonnet and adjusted her cap, with a wrathful titter, "never, if I'm to be believed, doctor! Dick's a complete fool to dangle after such a mum-mouthed thing as that Lucy Harding, who, for all her pretended quietness and gentleness, is as cunning a cat as ever lapped cream; oh, its almost enough to drive one mad." And

Barbara tittered more spitefully than ever.

"I'll just run up with Kezia, to put off my things, doctor, if you please," she added, after another short pause, in which she had been mentally calculating how far the dessert and the wine would go amongst the doctor's guests, the number of whom this short sighted lady had already discovered, from the arrangement of the table; "goodness, gracious, there's somebody else coming," as another rat-tat came to the door, and away she scudded, preceded by Kezia, who bore a blazing bed-room candle in her hand to the room, which was ere long destined to become the nuptial bower of Mrs. Pangrado Yellowchops the second.

The doctor in the meanwhile had again thrown himself into his elbow-chair, listening with his uneasy smile of welcome to the rubbing of shoes and the hanging up of hats in the passage without, which agreeable occupations alternated with the indistinct

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murmurs of a wheezy voice; presently the door was thrown open, and Jack Randle announced, with a laughable grimace, "Mr. Solomon Cash."

In his dahlia coloured coat, satin waistcoat, and tights that betrayed by the aid of silk stockings his withered appendages of legs, Solomon bobbed into the room, like a vitalised teetotum, apparently just resuscitated from the party at Marmaduke Hutton's, his pigtail being just as stiff and elaborately powdered, the frills of his wrist falling in exactly the same folds, every wrinkle in his sharp, shrivelled visage wearing the same self-satisfied smirk of importance, with the same dry, asthmatic cough and crackling laugh which then distinguished the worthy little pedagogue.

"Ah! Solomon, how d'ye do?" inquired the doctor, with vast solicitude, as Solomon skipped nimbly up to him. "Apollo has

just followed Minerva."

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"Is Barbara here? has Barbara beat me?" demanded Solomon, with a cachinnatory sound which he intended for a laugh. "Ah, what a sly woman Barbara is," he added, with an admiring smirk.

"Barbara Burton is here, Barbara preceded you, Solomon,"

"Barbara Burton is here, Barbara preceded you, Solomon," answered Doctor Yellowchops, who felt that he could play the magnifier to Solomon at any rate; "pray be seated, Solomon;" and the doctor threw himself back into his elbow chair, with lordly indifference, and eyed his own portrait on the opposite wall with an abstracted air.

This imposing scorn of all the wealth of good cheer around him, had its full effect upon Solomon Cash. Cautiously seating himself opposite his host, he drew a yellow bandana out of his pocket, and carefully adjusting it over his legs, amused himself by stealing a furtive glance round the room, instinctively imprinting upon his brain, as Barbara had done, the quantity and quality of the dessert upon the sideboard, the wine underneath, and the plates upon the table at his elbow; then he stole a glance at the awful figure of the doctor opposite, and was beginning to wonder who the other guests were, and when they would come, when Barbara appeared.

"Well, Solomon, when did you come?" inquired she, extending

two fingers, which Solomon squeezed with great trepidation.

"How d'ye do, Miss Bab; my duty to you, mem," squeaked Solomon, following up his words with a bow, that made his pigtail quiver again.

"Goodness, Solomon, how wretchedly old fashioned you are in your salutations," retorted Barbara, with a sneer, "nobody but

servants and ploughmen say, 'My duty to you.'"

Solomon coloured up to the eyelids at this rebuke, and at that

moment a carriage drove up to the door.

"That's Marmaduke Hutton and the Pestlepolges," cried Barbara, adjusting her tucker; "doctor, you ought to go to the door to receive your guests."

"Think so, Miss Bab?" inquired the doctor, nervously.

"Certainly," rejoined Barbara, dictatorially, "look sharp, man, or you'll be too late to do so." And she half pushed the doctor

from the room, slamming the door after him.

"Sit down, Solomon," said Barbara, to her remaining companion, in an authoritative voice; "it won't do for such as you to look flurried before that Pestlepolge and his daughter; did you ever see such a fool as that Yellowchops is, after the girl, and her a poor, wizered-like mummy of a thing into the bargain; what a pack of fools people do make themselves when they fall in love!"

"Yellowchops is in love with the money, I fancy, Miss Bab," whispered Solomon, respectfully; "its easy enough to see which

way the land lies in that quarter."

"Hush," muttered Barbara, "what a little fool you are, Solomon, to talk about such things, within a couple of yards of

Yellowchops himself."

"Our dear friend is quite in spirits to night," murmured the oily voice of Mr. Pestlepolge, as the door opened, displaying to the eyes of the pair, Marmaduke Hutton approaching them, supported on either side by the doctor and Mr. Pestlepolge himself. "I said to him myself this afternoon, 'Really, my dear sir, you are quite another being, you are won—der—ful! I did indeed! Ah, my dear Miss Barbara, how are you? Cash, how de do?" and he shook hands quite fervently with both; "we are going to be quite jovial to-night, if I may judge by our worthy host's preparations; quite dissipated, I'm afraid, eh?"

The doctor had in the meanwhile deposited with great care the bolstered up wreck of Marmaduke Hutton, in an easy chair right in front of the blazing fire, much in the same way that he would have handled some costly and fragile toy with which he might have been entrusted. The old man looked so very wan and deathlike, his clothes hung so loosely about his shrunk and attenuated limbs, his eyes were so lustreless and glassy, his visage so sharp and gaunt and shrivelled, the smile that hovered so faintly, few could believe how very faint it was!) around his mouth was so very vacuous and painful to behold, and death in all its hideous and revolting power was so visibly stamped upon every line and feature and movement, that Barbara and little Solomon Cash shuddered involuntarily, as they looked at him, and drew away their chairs with a chill terror about their hearts, as if they were sitting with a corpse.

And thus, like the banquets at which of old, the Scythians were want to place a skeleton-guest, to warn them of their own mortality, did the doctor and his guests feast with death at their elbow; with a guest tenfold more terrible and revolting than the shadow of which we speak; the death that comes upon some amongst us, when the spirit and the intellect have departed; and nothing is

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left but an imbecile and idiotic wreck, which still haunts the scenes

it once enjoyed.

"Where is Penelope? I dont see Penelope," murmured Marmaduke Hutton, in a weak, querulous voice, that made Solomon wonder what his usual manner could be, if this was a specimen of something beyond the ordinary. "Pestlepolge, where is your daughter?"

"She has just ran up stairs, to arrange her dress, my dear sir," said Pestlepolge, in pretty much the tone he would have used to a fretful child; "young ladies, you know, are rather particular on that score, especially when they have any opportunity for display;

don't you think so, eh! Miss Barbara?"

"Oh, she's gone up to change her dress, has she," faltered Marmaduke, with an absent air; "ah, yes, she's very right; she's going to marry the doctor, is'nt she, Humphrey?" he added, with a vacant smile.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Doctor Yellowchops, who often had a shrewd suspicion that Marmaduke made these little exposures intentionally, "that was not bad, Mr. Hutton."

"What was'nt bad, sir," inquired Marmaduke, looking at him with great astonishment, "I—I beg your pardon—what did I say,

Humphrey."

"Oh, nothing, really nothing, my dear sir," stammered Humphrey, who had changed from red to white a dozen times, at the least, in the course of the last half minute, and who now detected Solomon and Barbara exchanging glances; "you were just quizzing the doctor a little, ah, ah! you have such extraordinary spirits, you are won—der—ful, my dear sir!" And at that moment, as if to complete the confusion of both the doctor and himself, Penelope herself entered the room.

She was most hoydenishly vivacious, as she skipped up to the chair in which her venerated sire, by no means at his ease, was placed; perfectly conscious of the fascinations she carried about with her to the doctor's eyes, was Penelope Pestlepolge! perfectly at home, even already, in this strange house, into every nook and corner and cranny of which her sharp, inquisitive glance had already penetrated, and which she had already mentally determined upon calling her own, in the shortest possible time; already had she twice snubbed Kezia Nettlebee, in the tartest of tones, for her clumsiness in arranging her toilet; poor Kezia's honest head running so completely on her kitchen, in the success of which she felt her reputation on the present occasion to be involved, that she perhaps was guilty, in some slight measure, of clumsiness and want of skill.

Nothing, however, could be more charmingly impulsive, and more thoughtless, than her demeanour in the doctor's dining-room; with Barbarn' Burton she was most lovingly confidential, insisted upon kissing her on both cheeks immediately they shook hands, and admired Barbara's dress and cap, and shook hands quite frankly with little Solomon Cash, and could scarcely refrain from giggling quite loud, when John Hawbuck called her a titty, and insisted upon sitting next her at table, John being a great, huge, mammoth of a man, with shoulders as broad as a hay-stack, and a full-moon of a face, continually extended by a broad, unmeaning grin; and John sate beside her, too, with Barbara Burton on his other hand, prim and starch, and rather venomous as well, for John and Barbara hated each other by sympathy.

There was Mrs. John Hawbuck there too; a pale, green-eyed, insipid, lath and plaster thing, with a brocaded silk gown, a gold watch by her side, a plentiful crop of corkscrew ringlets, and a cap which almost threw Barbara Burton into fits for splendour; then there was Miss Jemima Splenchan, a spinster of a certain age, who was Mrs. John Hawbuck's sister, in whom the insipidity, the brocaded silk, the ringlets and the cap were repeated, with the addition of a lisp; which latter failing was no drawback upon the maiden's loquacity, as poor Solomon Cash found to his cost, he being seated next her at table, and forced to endure her neverending tongue.

Then there was Mr. Silas Crisp, a little, stout, quiet gentleman, whom one wondered to meet in such strange company, so gentlemanly, and yet so modest was he withal. Silas was rather deaf, and like most deaf people, when he did speak, spoke very loud, and then, as if terrified at the sound of his own voice, he would shrink back into his former silence, and say nothing further

for an hour or more.

No one could for a moment overlook the doctor's boon companion and familiar, Mr. Cherry, with his red face, his double chin, his scratch-wig, his pompous, consequential air, and his vulgarity, who sate in the chair of state at the lower end of the table. Cherry was agent for two or three gentlemen in the neighbourhood, who rarely troubled their estates with a visit, and their factotum, therefore, was a very great man in his own estimation, and a little bit of a brute, in every body else's. Doctor Yellowchops, however, was scarcely ever out of his company, and there were people invidious enough to hint, that when Cherry was in his cups, the doctor was in the habit of borrowing whatever loose cash his companion had about him, invariably forgetting to return it, when the lender became sober.

It was an awful moment for Dr. Yellowchops, when Jack Randle flustered into the room, with a face as red as the kitchen fire, poising the roast turkey in his great, splay hands, as if he intended hurling it at the doctor's head. Jack was so proverbially clumsy and mischievous, the hapless bird glided about in the dish, amongst the sea of sauce, as if at every moment it intended flying over the

side, and the doctor had so keen a presentiment of evil on his mind, that it required all his accustomed courage, to turn away his head at the identical moment that Jack reached the table, and with a heart palpitating with terror, whisper an admiring compli-

ment, gaily, into Mrs. John Hawbuck's greedy ear.

"What does Yellowchops keep only one man for, Humphrey?" inquired Marmaduke Hutton, who had been attentively watching Jack's movements, as the doctor fluttered from the pale, affected matron to the cheerful Penelope; "dear, dear!—the loon's fitter to handle a pitchfork, or guide a plough, than put them birds on a table, or wait behind other folks' chairs."

"Capital likeness, that, of Yellowchops, arn't it?" demanded Cherry of Silas Crisp, in a loud, jovial tone, wishing to drown Marmaduke's shrill pipe, which he certainly did; "rather too young,

eh ?"

"Yes, certainly too young looking; very much flattered," answered Silas, in an awfully loud voice, quite unaware that the subject of his encomiums was standing at his elbow. "The doctor never was so good-looking, even when he married old Betty Winter for her money."

"Hush!" whispered Cherry, nudging his elbow; "don't you see?" and he jerked his shoulder in the direction of the doctor,

who had heard every word Silas had said.

"He married old Betty Winter for her money!" the doctor heard Silas say, as he stood whispering to Penelope, whilst Jack was awkwardly arranging the dinner-table; and in spite of himself, the doctor's rubicund visage grew perfectly purple, as he heard the obnoxious truth; whether Penelope heard it or not, however, he could not satisfy himself, as, if she did, she suffered no symptoms of surprise to disturb the equanimity of her countenance. Penelope had, however, heard it, and treasured it up in her mind for a future occasion.

"Dinner's all put o't table, sur," cried Jack Randle, triumphantly, as he flourished a napkin over his left arm, and the doctor, with a groan of relief, glided up to the head of the table, and stood in front of his seat, until his guests should have assumed their places. Marmaduke Hutton, of course, had to have a seat as close to the fire as possible; and Humphrey Pestlepolge, who could not bear the heat of the room, was forced to sit beside him, as the old man was almost entirely incapable of attending to his own wants. Mr. Pestlepolge, of course, was nearly roasted, but then Marmaduke did not shiver very often.

There is surely something in the composition of a dinner, the fumes of the meat, the bustling of the waiters, and the freezing propriety of the guests, which seems to preclude all sense of enjoyment, and transforms the most important of meals into a solemn sacrifice! How widely different are the delightful suppers which

everyone can call to their mind, when the very lamp-light added a zest to the viands, and the wit bubbled up sparkling as champagne, and mirth and humour ran riot with the senses! As we grow old, how we dwell with a fond, yet mournful recollection on those jovial festivals, when friends, that have for many a weary year slept in the grave, were wont to keep the table in a roar, and manhood laughed at a debauch which left no rack upon the sturdy frame! And then, as years roll on, we grow dull and respectable, and give dinners, which, in their agreemens, are a type of our own dulness and altered temperament.

Jack Randle's fate was sealed at the very outset; for, when handing Miss Splenchan a plate of soup, the clumsy rascal's splay foot tripped in the carpet; a loud scream, and half-a-dozen smothered oaths followed, as the hapless wretch, with a horrified groan, pitched the plate right into the lap of the hapless spinster, thereby extinguishing for ever the beauties of the brocaded silk dress, and requiring an instant adjournment to the dressing-room, where Barbara Burton and herself succeeded in effacing, in a great measure, the marks of the disaster; whilst Jack Randle, not daring to leave the room, and yet ready to die with fear for the consequences of his misfortune, continued to hand round the plates, as if he was assisting at his own funeral, the countenances of the greater part of the guests seeming to warrant the inference, that they were all chief mourners at the same.

Of course, when Jemima and Barbara came back, there was a very profuse apology from the doctor, and a vast deal of sympathy from everybody else; in the hubbub attendant upon which, Mr. Cherry contrived to drink a couple of glasses, unseen by mortal eye, Jack Randle giving vent to his overworked feelings by stirring the fire to such an extent, that Mr. Pestlepolge felt nearly suffocated; then it was discovered that no one had anything but wine-glasses to drink out of, and the doctor ordered Jack, in an authoritative manner, to step into his pantry, and fetch a tray of tumblers.

"We must have tumblers, you know, Randle," said his master, with the odd mixture of suavity and anger with which the master of a household very often addresses his servants; and away went Jack to fetch the glasses, Mr. Hawbuck undertaking to amuse the company during his absence, by relating a story of a hunting exploit, in which he was the principal actor.

Of course everybody became sympathetically thirsty, when it was discovered that there was nothing to drink out of, and an almost entire cessation of eating ensued; the doctor endeavoured to look as unconcerned as possible, though he felt quite certain, from Jack's long absence, that something ominous had happened; he felt a little relief, however, when, several minutes having elapsed, Barbara Burton volunteered to go in search of Jack and

the missing glasses; and as this met with the unanimous approva

of the company, Barbara left the room for this purpose.

Kezia and Jack were both in the pantry, searching high and low for the missing glasses, but no glasses were to be found; every cupboard and shelf was searched, and searched in vain; no traces of the delinquents were to be found; an adjournment was proposed to the kitchen, by Jack, with the faint hope that they might be discovered in Kezia's territories, and thither they all proceeded accordingly.

The doctor and his guests, in the meantime, were making a very ineffectual attempt to be very merry, in which they very miserably failed. Old Marmaduke had to have very fully explained to him the reason of there being no glasses on the table, whilst the doctor every half-minute cast furtive glances towards the door, and drank with every one about him in the interval, to relieve the appalling

tedium that ensued.

"It's very unpleasant, this, about the glasses," said Cherry, breaking a dead pause of several minutes. "Doctor Yellow-chops!"—

"Well, Cherry," replied the doctor, attempting to look at his

ease.

"I think I have, when sitting as a guest at your hospitable board," continued Cherry, "frequently seen articles of that description, so that we may be all convinced that you are possessed of the articles in question; ha! ha! ha! doctor! it's really very odd; and anybody but myself might suspect you were short of the article."

"Thank you, Cherry," retorted the doctor, gruffly.

"I think it didn't need Mr. Cherry's assertion, to convince the company that our worthy host's establishment possessed its proper complement of glasses," said Mr. John Hawbuck, with great

dignity.

"And yet, really, servants are so odiously destructive," urged Miss Jemima Splenchan, addressing Miss Pestlepolge, with an insipid smile, "that even if Doctor Yellowchops was discovered to be going a-begging on that score, nobody need be very much surprised; but bachelors, you know, are such sad, careless creatures!"

"Can't you take pity on a poor, hapless wretch, then, Miss Jemima?" inquired the doctor, grinning like a sentimental ogre.

"Get away with you, you shameless wretch!" retorted Miss

Jemima, with a gracious smile.

"Ha!—here we are at last!" cried Mr. Pestlepolge, with sudden animation, as the whole posse of the doctor's establishment rushed tumultuously in the room, headed by the triumphant Barbara;—and, by the way, the doctor had been making the most

of his time, during this little stoppage, by attacking the decanter next him with silent but hearty good will.—" Miss Barbara, you deserve the acknowledgments of the entire company, for your successful exertions on the present occasion; you do indeed, ma'am."

"Ah!—and if you only knew what trouble we've had to get 'em," cried Barbara, with breathless energy, "you would give somebody credit.—John, put the glasses on the table," she added, with a sweep of the hand that would have made Marshall Saxe die with envy to behold. "They're not quite matches; but beggars, you know, shouldn't be choosers," and Barbara triumphantly displayed her collection of crystal to the admiring gaze of the company.

"We've had to cajole half the old women in the village to part with their treasures," cried the doctor's caterer, with a glow of enthusiasm, as she took her seat again; "I told 'em all the doctor had to perform a difficult operation, and wanted a glass of a particular size; and so I carried all away, big and little, and here

they are !-doctor, I'll take a glass of wine with you."

Solomon Cash almost fainted, as he heard Barbara say all this. To go hunting helter-skelter from house to house, on such a strange errand, was bad enough, of itself; but when to this was added, that the offender should not only make a speech to such a company as was then and there assembled, but wind up her achievements by challenging the doctor, the meek little man felt quite staggered at her audacity, and would have swooned clear away under the table, had he not been deterred by the attention it would naturally draw upon himself.

Doctor Yellowchops during the whole evening had never felt so easy and comfortable as he did at this moment. The dinner had been removed, and the dessert placed by Kezia and Jack Randle without accident upon the table. The doctor had certainly winced a little when the former made her appearance, with her blazing face and disordered dress; but matters were much too precarious to venture upon forbidding her appearance, and so the doctor sat with a serene countenance, circulating the decanters, and pressing his guests to help themselves to the dessert.

"Take an orange, Solomon," said the doctor, pushing a dish to the poor little pedagogue; "they are really very fine ones,

Solomon."

Solomon smiled faintly, and turned very pale the moment he began to cut one up; Solomon somehow began to feel quite qualmish.

"Cherry, my boy, you don't drink any thing," continued the doctor, who felt a dead silence around him; "try that port, my dear fellow. You'll find it excellent, I expect."

"It must be better, then, than some confounded kickshaw

you've given us," retorted Mr. Cherry, gruffly; "ladies and gentlemen," he added, stoically, "it's my opinion we are all poisoned."

A suppressed shudder ran through all the female guests. Solomon Cash pressed his hands upon his stomach and groaned: it was

the nearest approach to notoriety he had ever ventured upon.

"Gentlemen, it is my opinion we are all poisoned," continued the dauntless Cherry, rising, as he spoke, with a glance round the company, that an ancient Roman, on his way to death might have copied; "Yellowchops, you are a villain! a villain, sir!" added the doomed man, shaking his fist across the table towards his host. "I feel something within me (and three small shrieks attested the sympathy of Jemima Splenchan, Mrs. Hawbuck, and Penelope Pestlepolge,) I feel, I say, something within me," and the speaker grew pale as death whilst he was speaking, that wonderfully told upon his audience, "that tells me we'll be all dead men in a couple of hours."

Three separate oaths, from three separate men, followed Cherry's speech; Mr. Pestlepolge looked like a man who had just received his own death-warrant; Solomon Cash's little withered face was twisting itself into a thousand astonishing transformations. Marmaduke Hutton, alone, seemed to be unmoved by what was going on around him, save that once or twice a keen glance darted from beneath his grizzled eyebrows, as he turned his gaze from the indignant Cherry to the bewildered and thunder-stricken Doctor Yellowchops.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Cherry, rising abruptly from his chair, "I, for one, am not going to sit idly here when I feel that I am poisoned. I shall ride home as hard as I can, gentlemen, and if I have the good fortune to survive so long, I will send, the instant I arrive there, for the nearest magistrate, and make attestation of the horrible plot of which we have been the innocent victims. Doctor Yellowchops, sir, you are a murderer! But the gallows shall have its due. Ladies and gentlemen, I wish you all good night." and

Mr. Cherry made for the door.

His example was instantly followed by the whole company, who rushed pell-mell after him, Marmaduke Hutton, Mr. Pestlepolge,

and Penelope, alone remaining behind.

"Listen but for one moment to me," cried the terrified host, "there is some foul plot beneath all this; we are all—you and I alike—the victims of a black conspiracy. A black conspiracy, I say," he added, folding his hands on his breast, with an air of the most virtuous innocence.

"There is a foul plot beneath all this, sir," retorted Mr. Cherry, foaming with passion, and turning round with his hand upon the door, "a conspiracy so black was never, perhaps, so signally discovered. A demon could scarcely have concocted a scheme so dia-

bolical. Yellowchops, you are a scoundrel! a poisoner! But you

shall meet your deserts, nevertheless."

"There must be something wrong here, my friends," chimed in Mr. Pestlepolge, in such a suave tone, that even the irate Cherry felt constrained to listen; "our friend, Doctor Yellowchops---"

"He isn't our friend, sir," growled Cherry, gnashing his teeth; "hasn't he poisoned us all?"

Nothing could be more beautiful than the persuasive smile that mantled over Mr. Pestlepolge's countenance, as he said, "May not some deleterious compound—?"

A groan from Solomon Cash seemed to enforce the argument.

"Some deleterious compound, I say," continued Mr. Pestlepolge, more boldly, "may by chance have mingled itself with some item of the feast. Do not be alarmed, ladies; it may be very

Pray sit down again." harmless.

This request had an immediately opposite effect. Cherry's red face and double fist rose above the troubled sea of heads around the door, as he shook both with fearful energy at the guilty host; and then, with a smothered malediction, he opened the door, and was about to rush into the passage, when the figure of Jack Randle, urged on by the sturdy arms of Kezia Nettlebee, drove them once more back again into the room.

"O lork! O lor a massey!" groaned Jack, with a livid face, as he held a large phial over the heads of the company; "pisoned,

by Jove!"

"Oh geminy!" wheezed Kezia, with a succession of short consumptive coughs; "that thief has poured a whole bolus of black draught, in mistake for ketchup, into the stew. Oh geminy!"

"Oh you villain!" growled the doctor, shaking his fist at Jack, who shook like an aspen leaf; "you have done a pretty trick!"

"Oh lor a massey!" blubbered Jack, falling down on his knees, and folding his hands, as if perfectly resigned to his fate; "it's all

my fate, sur! I am a doomed man!"

"Get out of my sight, you villain," roared his master, giving him a, by no means gentle, kick, "and it is at your peril to dare to come into my house again. Ladies and gentlemen, I now venture to hope you will clear me of a design upon your lives."

"It is a foul conspiracy, after all," growled the obdurate Cherry, hurling the remorseful delinquent through the door; "the

doctor is an aider and abettor before the fact, sir ----"

He muttered this to himself, and looked unutterable things at his host, who had now ventured to confront him.

"Sit down, John, and let Kezia give you some tea," said the latter; "you, of all men, ought not to have misjudged me in this manner."

There was something so reproachful in the tones of his old companion, and Mr. Cherry began to feel so thoroughly ashamed

of his conduct, that he hung his head, and sat down without further

parley.

Kezia presently made her appearance with the tea-things, and Barbara Burton having voted herself into the chair, every one began to grow easy, and even little Solomon Cash fancied it possible to survive. A cup of Barbara's tea sufficed to make all very happy, with the exception of the obstinate Cherry, who felt it incumbent upon him to preserve his suspicions; in the general hilarity that ensued, however, he seemed to be but little noticed, the doctor looking over his head with lofty indignation, whenever he had occasion to direct his glances in that direction.

He thawed perceptibly, however, when the card tables were arranged; particularly when, having secured Barbara Burton for his partner, they managed, by the latter's natural keemess and his own finesse, to secure every game, thereby defrauding John Hawbuck and Miss Jemima of four crooked sixpences, two of which the hapless spinster had been hoarding up during the entire

season.

Amongst all the shuffling, and dealing, and making points, and counting of honours, there were two who shuffled and finessed as keenly as any, although they never touched a card nor dealt a hand. These two, with old Marmaduke Hutton, who sat with his eyes closed, apparently exhausted, upon the doctor's hard, knotty sofa, near the fireplace, were playing at a game in great vogue amongst the ladies, but which—being the difficult and slippery one of matrimony—leaves too many of its votaries in the lurch. The doctor and Penelope were the players; love held the stakes; hymen waited to claim the pool; and old Marmaduke sat by, to all appearance, entirely oblivious to all that was passing around him.

There are beings fastidious enough to make love only in the most perfect solitude, where every rippling brook, and every rocking tree, seems to hallow the ardent vow; others, more careless or more philosophical, prefer the isolation of the crowd: and the doctor and Penelope were of these. There was little fear of observation where all were so eager and so vehement in their scheming around them: even Barbara Burton never looked up, when she was counting her tricks and reckoning up her honours, whilst Mr. Pestlepolge never looked from the vingt-et-un table at which he sat.

"Your impatience, however flattering it may be to such a poor timid thing as myself," murmured the meek Penelope, "places us both in a very awkward dilemma. Papa says we are really such

very great strangers, yet that—that—"

"Ah, Penelope, I know what you would say," interposed the impetuous lover; "your father is cautious, old men always are: I believe it is a part of their nature to grow suspicious, as they get rheumatic. But we must not, we won't wait, my charmer."

Marmaduke coughed, but did not change his position, as the

doctor said this; the latter glanced at him, suspiciously.

"Oh, you need not be afraid of him overhearing us," continued Penelope, disdainfully; "he's as deaf as a post, poor thing, now. He can't hear a word we say, for Papa and I have been making experiments upon him. It's quite odd how deaf he has grown, all at once."

"Are you quite sure?" asked her auditor, in a lower key, with a suspicious wink; "people don't often grow deaf all at once."

"Don't they?" inquired Penelope, with an admiring look at the doctor's professional knowledge; "well, how odd! I always thought they did."

Doctor Yellowchops shook his head; "not old people," he said.
"But only look at him, then," persisted l'enelope; "he is actually

asleep."

The old man really seemed to be so. The firelight threw his face into deep shadow, but it was evident from his recumbent posture that he was perfectly unconscious of what was passing around him. Besides, Penelope said he always took a nap in the evening, before Mr. Pestlepolge gave him his invariable game at backgammon; and the doctor felt that after this Marmaduke really must be asleep.

"Has old Hutton made his will yet?" inquired he, some time after the conversation had been resumed; "you know he destroyed

the other when Walter Mordaunt left him."

Penelope's sallow face grew livid as her admirer mentioned the young man's name, and a gleam of passion for a moment lighted up her dull eyes, as the doctor repeated Walter's name again and again. As he did so the last time, he fancied that Marmaduke opened his eyes; but he lay so far back in the shade that he could not be certain of the fact. He had, however, done so, and closed them again the moment after.

"Papa had the will made when he was in Hereford, but it is not signed yet," said Penelope, after a pause; "I believe he is ridicu-

lously afraid to do it."

"Like all old men," said the doctor, in a musing tone.

"Hem!" coughed Penelope.

"Why didn't you play through the heart, Mr. Cherry?" inquired the sharp voice of Barbara Burton, at the table, in a tone of keen reproof; "you lost us the game, sir, by that bad play."

The doctor glanced at his companion. "It would be a thousand pities if he were to slip through our hands before he does so," he

said, significantly.

"Oh, papa will take care of that," rejoined Penelope, confidently; "the first time he is in a good humour, he will coax him to do it."

"It is a very fine property," said the doctor, in an enthusiastic

tone, "a very fine property, indeed, but very sadly neglected. When your father comes into the estate —

"Hush!" whispered Penelope, with a startled glance all round

the room; "if any one should chance to hear us."

"Forfeit!" cried the rough voice of Mr. John Hawbuck, from the far end of the room; "three tricks, by Jove! Ha! ha! that gives us the game. Miss Bab, you owe me a three and sixpenny, ma'am."

"Who can hear us?" demanded the doctor, appealing to Penelope; "as I was saying, it is a mighty pretty property, and the old man must have saved a very pretty fortune out of it, forebye the place itself. Penelope, my dove, your father is a mighty deep old file, as cunning as any serpent, but it's dangerous backing a losing horse, and he must have Marmaduke's name to that bit of parchment before he is a week older."

Penelope did not seem in the least shocked by this speech; in fact it quite coincided with her own views of the subject, and she very briefly assented to it, promising the doctor that she would duly urge upon her ruleless sire the necessity of securing himself, in anti-

cipation of Marmaduke's decease.

The old man himself at that moment rose bolt upright, so sud-

denly as to make them both start.

"Ring the bell, Humphrey," he said in a drowsy tone; "I think the carriage must have come, but I am so hard of hearing, I have heard nothing all this time. Doctor, good-night, Good-night, gentlemen. Ugh! I am very sleepy. Penelope, child, have you been playing at cards at all?"

"Oh no. You know, dear Mr. Hutton, I can't tell one card

from another," stammered Penelope.

"Umph! you are a little fool, girl. Come, the carriage!"

"Is at the door, my dear sir," cried the doctor and Mr. Pestlepolge, in a breath.

CHAPTER XXIII.

JOSEPH LINTON was sitting after a late dinner in his luxurious dining-room, with his wine and dessert before him: not alone, although so thoughtful and abstracted that few could have imagined from the silence of the room, that it was tenanted at all. He pursued the gloomy and intricate mazes of his thoughts with the stern determination of a man who is resolved to shape out therefrom a clue to his own advancement.

The glare of the chandelier overhead, falling with such a dazzling brightness on the costly furniture and decorations of the room, over pictures, glorious with colour and gilding, and exquisite statues, and marble vases, until it reached, at last, the rich, yet sober, hues of the Turkey carpet underneath, seemed of itself to increase tenfold the silence that reigned therein.

The ticking of the gilded timepiece on the sideboard, so exact and measured and shrill, as it babbled the lapse of time, seemed to add tenfold more to the silence of the place; the cinders, as they fell upon the hearth, made it felt more and more; the very statues on their pedestals seemed, with silent fingers on their lips, to breathe the word in silent syllables, as they looked down upon Joseph Linton, enthroned in all his pomp beneath.

Joseph had been peeling a pippin very methodically, as he pursued his reflections, and now, having finished his task, he sliced it slowly, and, looking carelessly over his shoulder, said, "Weel,

Chiggy, and what do you think of little Di, eh?"

"Think of her, Joey?" inquired Mr. Chiggy; "why, that she's a fine little gurl, with a spirit of her own. That's all, Joey."

"Ha! that's all, is it, Chig?" continued Joseph Linton, sipping his wine, with a low laugh; "her accomplishments end there, do

they?"

"How should I know?" retorted his companion, wheeling his chair round, so as completely to confront his host, thereby disclosing to view the profile of a very cunning, low-bred countenance, encircled by a belt of sandy-grey whiskers. Mr. Chiggy's costume seemed to denote his calling to lie somewhere between a respectable jockey and a broken-down publican; his visage was purple, his eyes bloodshot, his grey hat guiltless of nap, his clothes threadbare, and carrying about with them a faintly fusty odour. He might be fifty, or he might be twenty years older still. His age, in fact, seemed to be as uncertain as his means of subsistence, and both were on a par with his appearance, and his style of conversation.

"And why shouldn't you know, Chig, my boy?" demanded Joseph Linton, reaching him a glass of wine, which he drank off in a breath, with a loud noise; "you know as well as I do, that I would not have burrowed her out of that old, mopy farmhouse, had

not I intended to make her useful."

"Well," interposed Chiggy, doggedly, "I know all that, you know."

"Oh, you do, eh?"

"Yes. Chig knows Joe Linton too well to give him credit for any superflus good natur, leastways to a young gurl," retorted his companion. "Have a care, Chiggy," said Joseph, gruffly, "you know she is

my daughter."

"Oh, I know that, fast enough. She's your own flesh and blood from head to hoof: a clean made little tit, Joe, as I'm a living man, with action and carriage about her that shows her to be thorough-bred. She is a regular beauty, Joe, and would go clean in, and win any plate she was entered for. She's a regular trump."

Joseph Linton smiled, and fell into another reverie. His companion, in the meanwhile, cast a careless glance round the room, like a man who cannot appreciate the luxury he sees around him,

and then drew himself up into his chair again.

"If she should turn restive on my hands,-" said Linton, half aloud, "and the girl is wicked enough to do it—what should I do? There's something in the dark fire of her eye that seems to fore-

warn one of the mischief that lurks beneath."

"Do? why give her whip and spur, and cure her of her vices. Break her in, Joe, with a high hand, and keep a tight snaffle-rein continually on," cried Mr. Chiggy, with professional enthusiasm; "if you once give her head, she's done for, sir. Some of them gurls have precious hard mouths, and want plenty of bitting, I can tell you."

"Very sensible advice," said Joseph Linton, with a laugh;

"but little Di will never bear it."

"Then you had better at once send her back to the country," said Mr. Chiggy, laconically; "I've said it, Joe: send her back."

"Thank you, Chig, but I prefer keeping her with me," retorted his host, with another laugh. "I already have a victim in my eye for her; and, although I don't intend to let her take the first nibble, yet, if the gudgeon bites very hard, why, you know-" and Mr. Linton drank off his wine, with a knowing wink, tenfold

more expressive than any language could have been.

"You'll spile it, Joe; I'd bet a cool fifty you'll spile the whole match by your impetiosity. That ere flat will take fright the moment he feels the hook, and then fifty older hands that you've plucked will be ready to peach about your plots aforehand. my words for it: the moment you introduce the girl amongst your set, she'll be shunned like a hoss with the glanders; she'll be marked, Joe, or my name aint Zeky Chigwell."

"I'll try it on, Chig, be the consequences what they may," rejoined Joseph Linton, with an angry shrug of his shoulders. "Are you going yet?" he asked, carelessly, as the other arose, lifted his hat from the ground, and pushed it down upon his head.

"Yes. I'm wanted a mile or two down below Hounslow, to-

night," rejoined Mr. Chigwell, rising from his seat.

"Take care, Chig: the place is enough to swing you," rejoined Joseph Linton, ringing the bell. "Well, I suppose you will come again, when that affair with Sir Harry is arranged, eh?"

The man nodded, and, a footman appearing, Mr. Linton gave him a distant bow, and said, in his usual authoritative tone, "Show this man out," and then, after traversing the room until he had heard the street door close upon him, rang the bell again, and desired the footman to tell Miss Linton's maid that he wished to see her mistress before he went out.

In another minute, the door opened again, and Dinah came into the room. She had been very lovely, even when we last saw her, in the simple and unpretending costume she had been accustomed to wear; but now, with her charming figure set off by a rich and fashionable evening dress, she looked positively bewitching. Dinah was a girl of extraordinary quickness of perception; and the lessons she had already received, slight as they were, had not been thrown away: so that, when she stood before the critical eye of her father, she did not betray, in the slightest degree, any of that awkward bashfulness which many girls of her age exhibit.

"You look well to-night, my dear," was Joseph Linton's salutation; "your complexion is really very fresh, and not at all

vulgar."

Dinah looked down; but whether to laugh or to blush, we cannot tell.

"That's a very becoming dress too, Di. Madame is an exorbitant charger, but she certainly does contrive to give an air to everything she makes, so that, perhaps, she's as cheap in the end; by the bye, I shall have a little dinner party to-morrow night, and it will be necessary for you to preside."

"I am so very awkward, oh! I am sure I would only disgrace you, sir," stammered Dinah, who felt her heart sink within her at the prospect of such a task; "pray do not insist upon my at-

tendance."

"My dear little girl," said Joseph Linton, throwing himself into his chair, and speaking very slowly, so that Dinah might fully understand him; "I wish to introduce you in a proper manner, to the best society of the metropolis; and as all the parties who will be here to-morrow night are perfectly unexceptionable, it follows, as a matter of course, that I intend you to make your debût, as my daughter, on that occasion; now pray do not alarm yourself, for the whole affair is very simple and easy; you will sit at the head of the table at dinner, but everything will be done for you, by the butler, and all you will have to do, will be to drink wine with any one that invites you, and say a polite word now and then, to any one that speaks to you."

"I shall never be able to do it," said Dinah, energetically;

"pray excuse me, and you will save both a disappointment."

"I am sorry I cannot, Dinah; you must be present," said Joseph Linton, with perfect good humour.

Dinah knew her father perfectly, short as had been their con-

nection, and through all his affected complaisance, could detect the iron will that dictated every word he spoke; she felt, therefore, that it was useless attempting to argue the point farther, and she merely asked in a faint voice, whether there would be any ladies present beside herself.

Joseph Linton replied by a hoarse laugh; "Ladies! what does

the little fool expect! certainly not."

"You certainly do not mean, sir, that I,—a young, inexperienced, simple girl, can venture to appear amongst so many gentlemen," said Dinah, with indignation.

"But I do, though, Miss Malapert, and that you shall quickly

learn," retorted Joseph Linton, fiercely.

Dinah's indignant gesture the next moment, warned him he had gone too far, and he hastened to retract, by saying the next instant

in a gentle tone,—

"Excuse me, Dinah, I have said too much, but at times, the impetuosity of my temper carries me beyond bounds; allow me to entreat, where I so lately presumed to insist; I have set my heart upon presenting you to my guests to-morrow night."

"I will endeavour to obey you, sir," said poor Dinah, with

trembling lips.

"Said like a good little girl," cried Joseph Linton, patting her cheek, good humouredly; "and harkee, Di, if you play your part well, I will give you a diamond bracelet as a keepsake; my little girl shall be as fine as her neighbours, or it shall not be my fault."

His daughter felt a sensation of disgust cross her mind, as she listened to his vulgar bribes, which were even more annoying than his coarse threats had been; he was, however, far too elated to notice her constrained silence, but went rattling on from one topic to another, without affecting to discover her want of spirits for half an hour or more, when he rose up from his seat, and looking at his watch, vowed he had an engagement which he must not break.

"I will look in at Hunt's as I pass in the morning, and send you a few trinkets," said he, in his generous tone, as he put on his

g'oves; "you are sadly off for a little jewellery."

After he had gone, Dinah sate down in the chair the respectable Mr. Chigwell had occupied, and with her hands folded tightly upon her breast, fell into a painful reverie, which this short interview with her father had created. A few tears rose to her eyes as she thought of good old Mrs. Harding, and the gentle Lucy, but with a proud feeling of contempt, which she did not stop to analyze, she dashed them away; and sate gazing abstractedly into the fire.

"Oh, mem! you are here are you," cried the shrill voice of Mrs. Harrison, as that worthy abigail whisked into the room, with a

pretty deal of impudence depicted on her pert, handsome face;

lor, how glum you look, Miss Dinah!"

"What do you want, girl? how dare you come here, without send for you?" said Dinah, who felt the girl's low-bred insol

most keenly at such a moment.

"I'm sure we're nicely changed," muttered the girl, with a saucy ss of the head, which she did not even core to toss of the head, which she did not even care to conceal; "and if you must know what errand brought me here, I came to see that you had a decent dress for to-morrow night,—that's what I came for, mem."

"You can go; I will ring when I want you, girl," said Dinah,

looking calmly at her.

The girl gave a broad stare of astonishment, as Dinah repeated

the words in a still more decisive tone.

"And what dress, pray, will you wear then, miss?" she asked in the same loud, saucy tone; "you are aware, mem, that I must know at once, or I can't have it ready in time," and another toss of the head followed her words.

"You can wait until I give you orders," said Dinah, quietly; and in future I can dispense with your coming to me, unless I send

particularly for you."

"Then you may find yourself with another maid, mem," cried Mrs. Harrison, rubbing her hands sharply, and mustering up courage enough, to sidle up close to her young mistress's chair. was always happy to make myself useful, and as little of an incumbrance in any family, as I ever lived in, but ---," and Mrs. Harrison, waxing wroth upon her wrongs, grew furious in her ire; "but when I finds myself a snubbed and contemniated by them as thinks themselves ladies, and as are no such, I say, 'your most obed ent,—you will please to purvide yourself with another maid, mem,' and acts accordingly."

"You can go, girl," said Dinah, with a half smile at the girl's

impudent pretension.

"Oh, indeed! I can go, can I?" cried the abigail, with a bounce that made all the plate on the sideboard rattle with the concussion; "and thank you for nothing, mem! I can go, can I? after going by such excellent sittywations, and all along of your poor, dear papa, begging of me to keep myself open for you! I can go, can I? oh yes! I can go, and I will go, too,—and your poor, dear papa shall know what a to-do you've made with me a'most the very first moment you've set foot in the house; my duty to you, mem," and with another bounce that made the very windows rattle in their frames, Harrison whisked out of the room and banged the door after her.

In a few minutes the footman came up with the supper-tray; having just heard from Mrs. Harrison, a highly varnished and

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strictly correct account of her encounter with Miss Linton, he had availed himself of this pretext to discover what effect the scene had had upon his young lady, whom Harrison avowed to be in a dead, "swound."

"John! did your master say when he would be home?" said Dinah, who guessed his errand, immediately he appeared, and was

therefore, very unconcerned.

"No ma'am, he left no word at all," rejoined the man, who felt vastly disappointed that Dinah was not in what Harrison called her 'high sterricks;' "he seldom does so, unless he intends to bring any gentleman home with him: shall I wait, ma'am?"

"No, you can go," said Dinah, who was shielding her beautiful face from the glare of the fire with a costly Indian fan; "I will

ring, should I want anything."

Dinah wondered, after the man had closed the door, how she could have had composure sufficient to speak in such a manner, at a time when she was so dreadfully perplexed in what way she could the most easily escape the difficulties by which she was surrounded; in reality, however, the natural dignity of command which nature seems to confer intuitively upon woman, came to her aid, at this juncture, and enabled her not only to punish Mrs. Harrison, but to overwhelm her ally, the footman, as well.

In the meantime, the preparations for the dinner went on as quietly as if nothing had happened. Mrs. Harrison had taken the earliest opportunity of informing Mr. Linton of her quarrel with her mistress; and Joseph had, much to her surprise, desired her to suit herself with another situation, as soon as she could.

"I can depend implicitly upon Miss Linton's good sense, and forbearance, Harrison," said Joseph, gulphing down his coffee with a very magisterial air; "I will give you a good character, there girl, you can go."

"Miss Linton behaved by no means as a lady, sir," whimpered

Harrison, in a perfect quandary.

"There girl, that will do; I hate scenes, go down and tell John I want him, there, there, get away;" and Joseph Linton took up

his paper once more.

Joseph was, of course, far too busy during the day, to see his daughter for more than a minute at a time; he found leisure, however, to send her the trinkets he had given her, with a verbal message, begging her to wear them that evening; they consisted simply of a pearl necklace, of great lustre, plainly set, with bracelets to match, and a gold watch and chain.

Harrison held up her hands when the package was undone, and insisted upon trying them on, to see the effect they would have when Miss Dinah was dressed; the forward girl wondered that

her mistress yielded a tacit consent, and marvelled greatly at the little vanity she displayed, in carelessly laying them down upon her dressing-table, accompanying the action with a deep sigh.

"Oh my! you're deadly pale,—eh! what will master say to see you coming into the room, that fright?" cried she in real terror, and no little triumph as well; "and the beautiful colour you had, too, miss!"

"Pray dress me, and then go down stairs, until I am wanted," said Dinah, with great weariness; "dress me very simply, a plain

muslin dress will do, and no ornaments."

"No ornaments, mem?" echoed Harrison in astonishment.

"No! except those on the dressing-table, which I suppose I must wear," said Dinah, in the same bitter tone; "and now dress me quickly, for I feel unwell to-night."

"Run up and call me, when papa wants me," said she, when

her toilet was completed, and the girl rose to go.

A quarter of an hour after, the girl ran up to tell her to come down.

"I am ready," said Dinah, and she descended the stairs, dressed as if for a sacrifice.

EVENING.

The day is o'er, night's shadows are descending, The sun is falling in the golden west, And like a good man when his days are ending, Sheds brightest lustre as he sinks to rest.

The forest leaves to zephyr's soft caressing,
Responsive murmur, and tumultuous sigh;
The love-sick dove her passion is confessing,
To the pale moon, slow wandering o'er the sky.

From out her bed the modest violet peeps,
And more than sweetness breathes across the vale;
The pensive cowslip droops its head and weeps,
Moved by the thrilling notes of plaintive nightingale.

The cypress throws aloft its arms bewailing, And mourns aloud in hopeless misery; While in its shade, the marigold despairing, Bends low its head in silent agony.

O Evening! thus thine hour of chastened gladness
Bids man rejoice, but teaches him to weep;
For as our brightest joys are tinged with sadness,
So nature's loveliest scenes and nature's mourning sleep.

The Princess. A Medley. By Alfred Tenyson. London: Moxon.

When a popular author—we mean, of course, a deservedly popular author, and one whose genius is unquestioned—advertises to the world a new work, expectations are raised, and which continue to increase, till the work appears; and then, how often does the first hasty perusal excite a feeling of disappointment, and the first impulse is, to condemn the new-comer as immeasurably inferior to the earlier writings of the same author! We imagine something of this feeling has been experienced by the many, on the appearance of Mr. Tenyson's new poem. With how much of justice, time, the sure test of intrinsic worth, will determine.

The modesty of its title would not have provoked great expectations: it was our belief in, and high appreciation of, the author's creative powers; our belief in his being a true poet; and our consequent scepticism of the notion, that he could write anything unworthy of careful and attentive perusal: that made us look forward

with eager anticipation to the publication of "The Princess." And we are not disappointed. In this matter-of-fact age, when the energies of man are almost all being directed in one channel,—the production of the tangible and visible realities, for the grosser necessities of human life—the advent of a new poem we hail as a memorable epoch.

The prologue to "The Princess" opens with a description of a village fête—not a fête of the olden time, where physical prowess bore away the palm—but a philosophy-in-sport kind of fête, in which the amusements and decorations have all a mental and moral signification. Beneath the ruins of an old abbey, in the grounds,—

"A feast Shone, silver set; about it lay the guests; And there we joined them."

The "we" are Walter, son of the old knight who is the founder of the feast, and his college friend. Here they find—

"Aunt Elizabeth,
And Lilia with the rest, and Ralph himself,
A broken statue propt against the wall,
As gay as any. Lilia, wild with sport,
Half child, half woman, as she was, had wound
A scarf of orange round the stony helm,
And robed the shoulders in a rosy silk,
That made the old warrior, from his ivied nook,
Glow like a sunbeam."

The maiden aunt Elizabeth, of course, discourses most sagely of the need of universal culture. The young men talk over their college exploits. The conversation turns upon woman's prowess, and of her—

"That drove her foes with slaughter from her walls, And much I praised her nobleness; and 'Where,' Asked Walter, 'lives there such a woman now?' Quick answered Lilia, 'There are thousands now, Such women, but convention beats them down. It is but bringing up: no more than that. You men have done it: how I hate you all! O were I some great princess, I would build, Far off from men, a college of my own, And I would teach them all things; you should see.'"

Lilia's reply suggests the idea of the poem, which is told by the college friend, Walter first premising to him, that,—

"'Since Lilia would be princess, that you stoop No lower than a prince.' To which he replies, 'Take care, then, that my tale be followed out

By all the lieges, in my royal vein.
But one that really suited time and place
Were such a medley, we should have him back
Who told the Winter's Tale, to do it for us:
A Gothic ruin, and a Grecian house,
A talk of college, and of ladies' rights,
A feudal knight in silken masquerade,
And there, with shrieks and strange experiments,
For which the good Sir Ralph had burnt them all,
The nineteenth century gambols on the grass."

But to the tale. A prince and princess are betrothed in early childhood, by their parents. He, as true knight,—

"Wore her picture by my heart,
And one dark tress; and all around them both
Sweet thoughts would swarm, as bees about their queen."
When the time came that they should wed, the
Prince's father—a somewhat testy and choleric
Old man—sends ambassadors, with gifts, to Gama
(Father of the princess). These return with rich
Gifts of the loom, but with vague answer,
That they had seen the king: 'he took the gifts;
He said there was a compact—that was true;
But then she had a will—was he to blame?—
And maiden fancies; loved to live alone
Among her women. Certain, would not wed.""

This reply irritates the king, who, in a burst of passion, tears Gama's letter, and rich present of the loom, in shreds. The Prince pleads for permission to visit Gama's court; is refused. Nevertheless, nothing daunted by the refusal, the Prince resolves to steal from court, accompanied by his two friends, Cyril and They visit the palace of Gama; are courteously received, and hospitably entertained, by the kind, weak, old king, who informs them that his daughter has won his consent, through her constant entreaties, to inhabit a summer palace which is situated on his father's frontier. Here she has founded a university for maidens, and refuses to see any man, "not even her brother Arac." Gama gives them letters to her, however, though believing their chance of admission into the college, as "a naked nothing." They, resolved on the attempt, pursue their journey. They bribe the host of a small hostel to procure them female gear, and thus disguised, hope to gain an entrance to the palace. We give their approach to the college, which is a beautiful piece of description, and most musical: it reminds us of Mozart's beautiful symphonies.

> "We rode till midnight, when the college lights Began to glitter, fire-fly-like, in copse And linden alley; and then we passed an arch

Inscribed too dark for legible, and gained A little street, half garden and half house, But could not hear each other speak, for noise Of clocks, and chimes, like silver hammers falling On silver anvils, and the splash and stir Of fountains spouted up, and showering down In meshes of the jasmine and the rose: And all about us pealed the nightingale, Rapt in her song, and careless of the snare.

Their disguise answers; they obtain admission, and are enrolled as pupils of the "Lady Psyche," one of the tutors, but first are ushered into the presence of the Princess Ida.

"There, at a board, by tome and paper, sat,
With two tame leopards couched beside her throne,
All beauty compassed in a female form,
The Princess; liker to the inhabitant
Of some clear planet, close upon the sun,
Than our moon's earth, such eyes were in her head,
And so much grace and power, breathing down
From over her arched brows, with every turn.
Lived through her to the tips of her long hands,
And to her feet."

She gives them welcome, surprised, somewhat, to see ladies of their land so tall. An officer (female, of course,) reads the statutes:

> Not for three years to correspond with home; Not for three years to cross the liberties; Not for three years to speak with any man; And many more, which hastily subscribed, We entered on the boards."

The Princess, with the admonition, "Ye are green wood: see ye warp not," and with reference to those women whose deeds have won them lasting fame, dismisses them to the Lady Psyche, who that day—

"Will harangue The fresh arrivals of the week before."

They cross the court to Lady Psyche's room.

"As we entered in,
There sat along the forms, like morning doves,
That sun their milky bosoms on the thatch,
A patient range of pupils; she herself
Erect behind a desk of satin-wood,
A quick brunette, well-moulded, falcon-eyed,
And on the hither side, or so she looked,
Of twenty summers. At her left, a child,

In shining draperies, headed like a star, Her maiden babe, a double April old, Aglaia slept."

This Lady Psyche is the sister of Florian, one of the Prince's companions. She discourses, eloquently and philosophically, with many learned allusions and illustrations, and proves her claim good to the professorship. The conclusion of her address is beautiful and true, and, in fact, embodies the philosophy of the poem. We quote it, as prophetic of the future:—

"At last
She rose upon a wind of prophecy,
Dilating on the future:—' Everywhere
Two heads in council; two beside the hearth;
Two in the tangled business of the world;
Two in the liberal offices of life;
Two plummets dropt for one, to sound the abyss
Of science, and the secrets of the mind;
Musician, painter, sculptor, critic, muse;
And everywhere the broad and bounteous earth
Should bear a double growth of those rare souls,
Poets, whose thoughts enrich the blood of the world."

The fair students depart. The Lady Psyche beckons us to her; her "falcon eye" has detected the brother through the disguise. At first, her indignation at the deception practised upon the Princess conquers the sister-head, and seduces her into the belief that she can enact the Junius Brutus towards them. She menaces them with instant exposure; but quickly, the loved reminiscences of childhood, with all its endeared and hallowed ties, come crowding over her, making her all woman again, and she consents to silence, on their promise of departure on the next day. Her defence of her assumed obduracy is pathetic and simple:—

"I give thee to death, My brother! it was duty spoke, not I. . My needful seeming harshness, pardon it. Our mother, is she well?

With that she kissed His forehead, and a moment after clung About him, and betwixt them blossomed up From out a common vein of memory Sweet household talk, and phrases of the hearth, And far allusions, till the gracious dews Began to glisten and to fall. And while They stood, so rapt, we gazing, came a voice, 'I brought a message here from Lady Blanche.' Back started she, and turning round, we saw The Lady Blanche's daughter, where she stood,

Melissa, with her hand upon the lock,— A rosy blonde, and in a college gown That clad her like an April daffodilly (Her mother's colour), with her lips apart, And all her thoughts as fair within her eyes, As bottom agates seem to wave and float In crystal currents of clear morning seas."

This Melissa, so exquisitely pourtrayed, who is as unlike her icy parent as a genial May morning is unlike a January frost, promises secrecy, out of friendship for the Lady Psyche. This Lady Blanche, who is envious of Psyche's favour with the Princess, is admirably painted as—

"A double-ringed and treble-wrinkled dame, With all her faded Autumns falsely brown, Shot sidelong daggers at us,—a tiger-cat In act to spring."

She suspects (and suspicion soon becomes certainty with her) the sex of the three new pupils. Melissa urges their immediate flight. Cyril visits the Lady Blanche, to propitiate; if possible, win her over. Meanwhile, the Princess, all unconscious of the conspiracy, invites them to ride that afternoon, to take—

"The dip of certain strata to the north."

With much of philosophic intercourse, they reach the appointed place. The Princess calls for a song. A maiden sings one of tears, and smiles, and kisses, and of love, which song finds no favour with the Princess, who turns to the Prince, asking one from him. His ditty of love only, meets with no kindlier reception. Cyril breaks forth into some loose tavern catch, which irritates Ida into crying out, "Forbear." The Prince, forgetting all things in his anger, strikes Cyril, exclaiming, "Forbear, sir." At once, and, as it were, by an electric shock, the truth is revealed to all; the maidens fly; the Princess, blind with rage, misses the plank, and rolls into the river, whence she is rescued by the Prince. On the return to the college, he is taken, and brought before the Princess,—

"Where she sat
High in the hall. Above her drooped a lamp,
And made the single jewel on her brow
Burn like the mystic fire on a mast-head,
Prophet of storm. A handmaid on each side
Bowed toward her, combing out her long black hair,
Damp from the river; and close behind her stood
Eight daughters of the plough, stronger than men,
Huge women, blowsed with health, and wind, and rain,
And labour: each was like a Druid rock,
Or like a spire of land that stands apart,
Cleft from the main, and clanged about with mews."

These same "eight daughters of the plough" are employed to belabour and turn out the Prince and Florian (Cyril had fled), which idea, we think, has something of the ludicrous in it, and excites us rather to laughter, which, we apprehend, was not the poet's intention. In one or two other passages, the sense of the ridiculous comes over us, and jars upon our feelings like an instrument out of tune: the ludicrous can never blend harmoniously with the pathetic. When the Prince and his companions arrive at the college, they are assisted to dismount by a "plump-armed ostleress;" now, we think this epithet, "plump-armed," better omitted: it only aids us to call up in our mind's eye a ludicrous image. It is never thought necessary to designate an ostler, "plump-armed;" why strengthen the contrast by so characterizing the ostleress? The Lady Blanche gives a long oration, descanting upon her own merits, and enlarging upon the demerits of her rival, the Lady Psyche: the result of which is her own dismissal from the college. Letters are brought in, which the Princess is unable to read, through anger. She throws them to the Prince, to read aloud. One is from Gama to his daughter, telling her he is kept by the Prince's father, as hostage for his son; the other is from his father, threatening Ida that if she deliver not up his son unscathed, and keep her contract to wed him, he will raze her palace to the ground. The Prince breaks off to intercede for himself, but without success. A hubbub rises in the court, which soon grows into a Babel of confusion. The picture of the Princess, calm amidst the bustle, is masterly given, and most beautiful:—

"Not peace she looked, the head; but, rising up, Robed in the long night of her deep hair, so To the open window moved, remaining there, Fixt like a beacon-tower above the waves Of tempest, when the crimson-rolling eye Glares ruin, and the wild sea-birds on the light Dash themselves dead. She stretched her arms and called Across the tumult,—and the tumult fell."

Here is she again a piece of living sculpture:-

"She ending, waved her hands; thereat the crowd, Muttering, dissolved. Then, with a smile that looked A stroke of cruel sunshine on the cliff, When all the glens are drowned in azure gloom Of thunder showers, she floated to us, and said."

When they are thrust forth by the "eight mighty daughters of the plough," the Prince exclaims, saddened by his unsuccessful stratagem,—

> "Upon my spirits Settled a gentle cloud of melancholy,

Which I shook off, for I was young, and one To whom the shadow of all mischance but came As night to him that, sitting on a hill, Sees the Midsummer, midnight, Norway sun Set into sunrise."

The Princess is indomitable; war is declared; Arac, combating for his sister Ida, is victorious; the Prince falls, wounded by Arac. And now the Princess, yielding to the woman-nature, which no theories, no tutoring, can de-naturalise, decides upon going forth to nurse and tend the wounded. On sight of the Prince, wounded and insensible, her heart softens, and she persuades his father to let her take him back to her palace, there to tend him. result may be imagined: love follows upon the steps of pity, and is triumphant, which closes the poem,—a poem full of beauty, of exquisite pathos, of poets' strength and sweetness. Loving it for all this, we yet object to the ground-work of the poem, to some of its machinery, also, and to occasional very prosaic lines; but we feel that if not as perfect, as a whole, as some of Tenyson's early poems, there is a great increase of power. In it we have evidence of the author's progression; the descriptive portions of the poem are exquisite; and for pathos,—there are passages that have never The following is beautiful, simple, and most been surpassed. touching. Lady Psyche is deploring the loss of her maiden babe, "a double April old:"-

> "'Ah me! my babe, my blossom, ah, my child! My one sweet child, whom I shall see no more !--For now will cruel Ida keep her back, And either she will die for want of care, Or sicken with ill usage, when they say, The child is hers, for every little fault, The child is hers. And they will beat my girl, Remembering her mother! O my flower! Or they will take her: they will make her hard, And she will pass me by in after life With some cold reverence, worse than she were dead. Ill mother that I was, to leave her there, . To lag behind, scared by the cry they made, The horror of the shame among them all! But I will go and sit beside the doors, And make a wild petition, night and day, Until they hate to hear me, like a wind, Wailing for ever, till they open to me, And lay my little blossom at my feet, My babe, my sweet Aglaia, my one child; And I will take her up, and go my way, And satisfy my soul with kissing her. Ah! what might that man not deserve of me, Who gave me back my child?"

The pathos of the following lines, also, is exquisite:-

"The tender orphan hands Fell at our heart, and seemed to charm from thence The wrath we nursed against the world."

Of a different character, but not the less beautiful, is the following passage. There is a grandeur in it very striking. The Prince is speaking to his father, and deprecating the impending war.—

"Yet I hold her, king, True woman. But you clash them all in one, That have as many differences as we. The violet varies from the lily as far As oak from elm: one loves the soldier, one The silken priest of peace, one this, one that, And some unworthily: their sinless faith, A maiden moon that sparkles on a sty, Glorifying clowns and satyr; whence they need More breadth of culture. Is not Ida right? They worth it? Truer to the law within? Learned in the logic of a life? Twice as magnetic to sweet influences Of earth and heaven? And she of whom you spoke, My mother, looks as whole as some serene Creation, minted in the golden moods Of sovereign artists; not a thought, a touch, But pure as lines of green that streak the white Of the first snow-drop's inner leaves; I say, Not like strong bursts of sample among men, But all one piece; and take them all in all, Were we ourselves but half as good, as kind, As truthful, much that Ida claims, as right, Had ne'er been mooted, but as easily theirs As dues of nature."

And again in the following passage, which is full of the poetry of truth, in which we feel the author is giving utterance to his own belief and feeling:—

"For woman is not undevelop'd man,
But diverse. Could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain, whose dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference:
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man:
He gain in sweetness, and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care:
More as the double-natured poet, each:
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words;

And so these twain, upon the skirts of time,
Sit side by side, full summed in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the to-be,
Self-reverent each, and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other ev'n as those who love.
Then comes the statelier Eden back to men;
Then reigns the world's great bridals, chaste and calm;
Then springs the crowning race of humankind.
May these things be!"

We feel there must be a limit to our extracts. We might go on culling a profusion of gems from this "Medley," but we will leave them in their sweet circling garment of poetic words, for other eyes to discern. We have read the poem through three times attentively, each time with increased pleasure and admiration, and will only add our wish that each succeeding year be ushered in with as sweet a poet gift.

M.

THE OUTCAST.

The wind moaned with a fearful howl,
In haste the torrents past,
The houseless wretch his covering drew
To shield him from the blast.
O God! it was a mournful sight,
To see that stricken man,
On whom the cold and heartless world
Had set its direful ban.

The ban of helpless poverty,—
That deep and deadly stain
Haunting the weary sufferer
Worse than the curse of Cain;
Turn where he would, no helping hand
Nor sympathy was near,
No kind sweet tones of friendship's voice
His sinking heart to cheer.

Through many a well-built street he passed,
Where fashion holds her throne;
What boundless comforts they enjoyed,—
How drear and dark his own!
There sated luxury slept secure
Beneath each palaced dome,
Save where some midnight watcher wept,
Waiting the reveller home.

The thought of what was once his home,
His children on his knee;
He hears their merry voices ring,
Their mother's joy and glee,
And fancy on his faded cheek
Imprints the burning kiss;
Thank heaven, they are spared, he cried,
Such agony as this.

Strange boding fears broke on his mind,
With fierce impulse of sin,
And in his heart rife passion lurked,
Like some foul fiend within.
Unholy passion that his breast
Had never known till now;
He raised his withered hand, and felt
The cold sweat on his brow.

He paused to cast one hurried look
On London's mighty stream,
Upon whose banks a thousand lights
Aye cast their fitful gleam.
One moment more a human form
The rushing waters clave,
And, with a wail of agony,
Sank in the gloomy grave.

Was no one guilty of his death?

Might none have stayed his hand?—
Ask your own hearts, ye titled great,
Who sway this wealthy land,
Whose laws ordain that poverty
And bitter want of bread
Shall suffer hunger, thirst, and scorn,
While felony is fed.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

The Emigrants of Ahaddarra. A Tale of Irish Life. By William Carleton, Esq., author of "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry," "Fardorougha, the Miser," "The Black Prophet," &c. London: Sims and M'Intyre, Paternoster Row.

THE wrongs and woes of Ireland seem apparently as far from being redressed as ever. The land is as rife now as ever with political agitators. With bad landlords, with priests, a disgrace to their calling, and a curse to their flock, Ireland expects everything to be done for her by the country she has abused, and ignorantly hopes that, by the exertions of the Saxon, the consequences of her own improvidence can be mitigated and removed. Mr. Carleton has come forward to lay open the evils which press upon the most industrious classes of her people. These evils he has skilfully woven into a tale, which those who wish well to Ireland should read. It is as a novel illustrative of Irish life—one worthy of the fame the author has already acquired; but, as the work of a sincere lover of his country, as an effort on his part to extirpate the evils by which that country is ruined and undone, it has still higher claims on our regard.

In this tale we have three families, in whose histories we are principally concerned. A villainous gang of gipsies—an easy landlord, the dupe of a knavish agent—a drunken schoolmaster—and a guager, totally destitute of the least approximation to principle whatever. These worthy people plot against one another till their villany is discovered, and finds its appropriate reward. We could have made many extracts, could we have found room; one, however, describing a scene but too common in Ireland, we must reprint. We must just add, there had been a contested election, and Bryan M'Mahon, who had been grossly wronged by his own landlord, or rather his landlord's agent, voted for Major Vauston, by whom he had been saved from utter ruin. In consequence of this, Major Vauston, the Protestant candidate, was returned at the head of the poll. Let us hope the scene we are now about to give from Mr Carleton, will become less common than it is unfortunately now:---

"On the Sunday after the election, his parish priest, one of those political firebrands, who, whether under a mitre or a white band, are

equally disgraceful and detrimental to religion, and the peaceful interests of mankind—this man, we say, openly denounced him from the altar, in language which must have argued but little reverence for the sacred place from which it was uttered, and which came with a very bad grace from one who affected to be an advocate for liberty of conscience, and a minister of peace. Ay, he proceeded standing on the altar, it is well known, to our disgrace and shame, how the election was lost. Ah, well, may I say, to our disgrace and shame. Little did I think that any one bearing the respectable name of M'Mahon upon him, should turn from the interests of his holy church, spurn all truth, violate all principle, and enter into a league of hell with the devil and the enemies of his church. 'Yes, you apostate,' he proceeded, 'you have entered into a league with him, and, ever since, there is a devil within you. You sold yourself to his agent and representative, Vauston. You got him to interfere for you with the Board of Excise, and the fine that was justly imposed on you for your smuggling and distilling whiskey—not that I am runnin' down our whiskey, because it is the best drinkin' of that kind we have, and drinks beautiful as malt beer, wid a bit of butther and sugar in it—but it is notorious that you went to Vauston and offered if he'd get the fine off you that you'd give him your vote; an' if that's not sellin' yourself to the devil, I don't know what it is. Judas did the same thing when he betrayed our Saviour; the only difference is that he got a thirty shilling note; and God knows it was a beggarly bargain; when his hand was in, he ought to have done the thing dacent; and you got the fine taken off you; that's the difference—that's the difference. But there's more to come, more corruption than that was. Along with the removal of the fine, you got a betther note than Mr. Judas got. Do you happen to know anything about a fifty pound note, cut into two halves? eh? Am I tickling Do you happen to know anything about that, you traicherous apos-If you don't, I do; and plaise God, before many hours, the pulpit shall know of it too. How dare you, then, pollute the house of God, or come in presence of his holy altar, wid such a crush of crimes upon your soul? Can you deny that you entered into a league of hell wid the devil, and Major Vauston, and that you promised him your vote if he'd get the fine removed?'

"I can," replied Bryan. "There's not one word of truth in it."

"Do you hear that, my friends?" exclaimed the priest. "He calls your priest a liar upon the althar of the livin' God."

Here M'Mahon was assailed by such a storm of groans and hisses, as, to say the least of it, was considerably at variance with the principles of religion and the worship of God.

"Do you deny," the priest proceeded, "that you received a bribe of fifty

pounds on the very day you voted? Answer me that—"

"I did receive a fifty pound note in a ----"

"Further he could not proceed. It was in vain that he attempted to give a true account of the letter and its enclosure. The enmity now was not confined to either groans or hisses. He was seized upon in the very chapel, dragged about in all directions, kicked, punched, and beaten, until the apprehension of having a murder committed in presence of God's altar, caused the priest to interfere. M'Mahon was, however, ejected from the chapel, but in such a state, that for some minutes it could scarcely be ascertained whether he was alive or dead. After he had somewhat re-

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covered, his friends assisted him home, where he lay confined to a sick bed for better than a week."

Such scenes are not unfrequent. We are glad Mr. Carleton has exposed them as they deserve. We trust "The Emigrants of Ahaddarra" will have an extensive circulation, as it contains much that is calculated to do good. We have only to add that, as forming one of the volumes of the Parlour Library, it is published at a price at which no original novel was ever published before.

Lays of the Thoughtful and the Solitary. By Mrs. Charles Tinsley, author of "The Priest of the Nile." London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans.

Mrs. Tinsley thus explains her purpose:—"There are few that possess not their own share of living anxieties and solemn memories, and the aim of books generally is to draw the attention away from these. But in the sanctuary of home, many relics are enshrined that we rarely feel a wish to put aside: over it many shadows darken, beneath which we love to linger, dreaming over again all that in the past appears so like a dream, and growing daily more clear in our perceptions of the things that are, and were, and are to be-the perishing, the perished, and the imperishable." To such our authoress writes, in language which they will understand, and to which they can respond. By many, these poems will be welcomed. They are written with grace and feeling: they are the genuine utterances of the heart; they bear the stamp of beauty and truth. Some of these poems have graced our own pages; others have appeared in those of our cotemporaries. We print one, however, not the best, but because it should speak home to every Saxon heart:-

SAXON WORDS. *

Old Saxon words, old Saxon words, your spells are round us thrown, Ye haunt our daily paths and dreams with a music all your own; Each one, in its own power, a host, to fond remembrance brings The earliest, brightest aspect back of life's familiar things!

Yours are the hills, the fields, the woods, the orchards and the streams,
The meadows and the bowers that bask in the sun's rejoicing beams;
With them our childhood's years were kept, our childhood's thoughts
were reared.

And by your household lines its joys were evermore endeared.

February, 1848.—vol. xli.—no. ccii.

^{*} Most of our domestic words—words expressive of objects which daily attract our attention, are from the Saxon. Of the sixty-nine words which comprise the Lord's Prayer, only five are not Saxon.

We have wandered where the myrtle blooms in its own unclouded realms, But our hearts returned with changeless love to the broad old Saxon elms; Where the laurel o'er its native streams of a deathless glory spoke, But we passed with pride to the later fame of the sturdy Saxon oak.

We have marvelled at those mighty piles on the old Egyptian plains, And our souls have thrilled in the loveliness of the lovely Grecian fanes; We have lingered on the wreck of Rome with its classic memories crown'd, But these touch us not as the mouldering walls with the Saxon ivy bound.

Old Saxon words, old Saxon words, they bear us back with pride To the days when Alfred ruled the land by the laws of Him that died; When on our spirit truly good and truly great was shown What earth has owed, and still must owe, to such as him alone.

There are tongues of other lands that flow with a softer, smoother grace, But the old rough Saxon words will keep in our hearts their own true place; Our household hearths, our household graves, our household smiles and tears,

Are guarded, hallowed, shrined by them, the kind fast friends of years.

Old Saxon words, old Saxon words, your spells around us thrown, Ye haunt our daily paths and dreams with a music all your own; Each one, in its own power, a host, to fond remembrance brings The earliest, brightest aspect back of life's familiar things.

We earnestly recommend Mrs. Tinsley's elegant little volume to the notice of our readers. There are few who will not find themselves the better for its perusal.

The Dramatic Works of the Right Honourable Richard Brinsley Sheridan. With a Memoir of his Life. London: Henry G. Bohn, York Street, Covent Garden.

This will be, we predict, one of the most popular volumes of Mr. Bohn's Standard Library. The editor has placed before the public, in a single volume, both the memoirs and the plays, in as authentic a form as existing materials permit—a thing that has never yet been done before. The introduction contains one remarkable blunder: Professor Smyth is styled Professor of Natural History at Cambridge; but the blunder is of no very great consequence.

Herodotus. A New and Literal Version from the Text of Bache. With Geographical and General Index. By Henry Carey, M.A., Worcester College, Oxford. London: Henry G. Bohn, York Street, Covent Garden.

This new translation of Herodotus forms the first volume of Bohn's

Classical Library. Five have at different intervals made their appearance. This is the last, and, for the student more especially, the best. The translator's aim has been to keep as near to the sense of the author as the idioms of the two languages would allow. In this he has succeeded. From this first specimen of the Classical Library, we deem it our duty to proclaim its merits. The mere English reader, or the scholar, will find it a useful series.

Biographical and Critical Notices of the British Poets of the Present Century. With Specimens of their Poetry. By Alfred Dixon Toovey. London: Kent and Richards. 1848.

A NEAT pocket volume, full of interest. The object of the work is "to direct attention to our modern poets; to point out their various merits and peculiarities, and to justify the remarks by specimens of their poetry."

The following extract will show the spirit of the criticisms:—

"EDWIN ATHERSTONE."

"It needs no argument to prove that these are not the times for the production of an epic poem—the material absorbs the ideal; steam and commerce do not tend to create a love for poetry; and the very title of 'a poem in twenty-four books,' particularly when written in blank verse, is viewed as a signal for slumber, A man therefore, who in these days ventures to publish an 'epic,' is to be regarded with pity, if he cannot be viewed with admiration. Mr. Atherstone is a poet who commands the latter, and to no ordinary extent. The knowledge which we possess of the 'Fall of Nineveh,' is sufficient to make the subject interesting, while, from its being rather shadowed forth than narrated, either in Scripture or profane history, it is sufficiently indistinct for the purposes of poetry. The subject is thus well chosen, and the execution is not unworthy of it. We must not look for a Milton in every man who writes poetry: this is the mere cant of criticism; we must be content, in the absence of the sun, to be cheered with a less resplendent luminary.

"The 'Fall of Nineveh' possesses imagination and fancy, ease and strength, simplicity and pathos, interest, probability, and completeness, splendour of diction and harmony of versification—what then is wanting in the author? The talent to unfold the hidden motives of the mind, the well-springs of his incidents: there is some discrimination in his characters, but no Shaksperian insight into man; his fingers wander over the lyre, but he

is ignorant of the key-note.

"The Last Days of Herculaneum' is a work of great power and beauty, and the "Midsummer Day's Dream' is an exquisite poem. Mr. Atherstone is certainly a poet of a high order of genius, and possesses taste and judgment; his thoughts are original and striking, his sentiments pure and noble as those of Milton himself, his imagery is copious and varied, and his style magnificent, while his versification is stately, flowing, and harmonious."

The Family Jo Miller and Drawing Room Jest Book. London: Orr and Co.

This is what its title imports—a book that may be introduced into the family, and that will not disgrace a drawing-room. A biography of the great Jo Miller is given, but, like Mr. Knight's Life of Shakspeare, it contains far more of imagination than fact. The jokes are of three classes—bad, good, and indifferent. We give a few, that our readers may judge for themselves:—

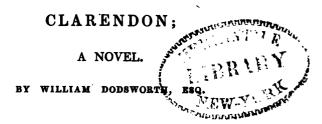
CALEDONIAN GRANDILOQUENCE. — At the opening of the river Clide there are two small islands, called the Greater and the Lesser Cumbraes. An English gentleman visiting one of these islands, attended church on the Sunday, and was not a little astonished to hear the dergyman, with the utmost gravity and assumption of humility of voice and gesture, pray "that Heaven would shower its especial blessings on the Greater and the Lesser Cumbraes, and that in its mercy it would not be unmindful of the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland."

How A REVIEWER MAY AVOID PREJUDICE.—In the palmy days of the "Edinburgh Review," Sidney Smith happened to call on a colleague whom he found, to his surprise, actually reading a book for the purpose of reviewing it. Having expressed his astonishment in the strongest terms, his friend inquired how he managed when performing the critical office? "O!" said Sidney, "I never read a book before reviewing it; it prejudices a man so."

What's Going On?—One sunny morning, a quidnunc and a bore was seen sauntering down Regent-street, seeking whom he might devour with his interminable twaddle. At length he espies, approaching in hot haste, the witty and no less busy D——J——. He stops and fastens on him, and the horror of the victim's situation is vividly expressed in his countenance. The quidnunc puts his usual question: Well, my dear J——, what's going on?" Releasing himself, the wit strides hastily away, exclaiming, "I am!"

"SIMPLE NATURE'S HAPPY CHILD."—"May I be married, mamma?" said a pretty brunette of sixteen to her mother. "Married!" repeated the astonished mother. "For what reason?" "Why, ma, the children have never seen a wedding—I think a marriage might please them."

A PLEASANT VALEDICTION. — Before the bishop of New Zealand departed, Sidney Smith, in taking leave, affected to impress upon his friend the dangers of his mission. "You will find," he said, "in preaching to cannibals, that their attention, instead of being occupied by the spirit, will be concentrated on the flesh; for I am told that they never breakfast without a cold missionary on the sideboard." In shaking hands with the new prelate as he was leaving the house, the reverend wit added, "Good bye. We shall never meet again; but let us hope you may thoroughly disagree with the savage who eats you."



CHAPTER VI. *

How the acquaintance between Jass Barns and the stranger progressed.

THE sun had been up an hour or more, and little Jass Barns, as merry as a cricket, was bustling in a high state of excitement about his little hut, preparing a breakfast, which he very modestly

expected would astonish his singular guest not a little.

The stranger loved eating—so did Barns: he enjoyed it with all the true zest of a real bon vivant; the stranger would be hungry. "A hearty supper always does make people hungry," thought Barns, flourishing his gridiron, "and so we'll be prepared for him; its not at all comfortable to wait for meals when you're hungry;" and as Barns himself was hungry, and the stranger himself was out walking about the old alleys and quarries that surrounded Barns's residence, and might drop in at any moment, as hungry as a roaring lion, (which is indubitably the hungriest animal in existence,) Jass bestirred himself vigorously to have everything ready in a twinkling on his return.

And thereupon arose in the smoky old fungus, the glorious odours of grilled bones, and the sweetest of home fed spareribs, with the glorious aroma of a spatch cock, which Jass had warily hoarded up over night for this especial occasion; there was frizzling of meats and bubbling of gravies, the very sounds of which made little Jass quite obstreperous and perfectly beside himself, for bare delight; then there was a great show of covering up everything individually in mysterious white dishes and brown jars and gouty pipkins, and the cloth being properly laid, and the breakfast things set out, Jass sat down by the side of the fire within view of everything, to allow his own thoughts to simmer gratefully—Jass was quite happy now—quite big with the dreadfully important task he



^{*} Continued from p. 139, vol. li.

had to discharge, but singularly quiet after all,—Jass was quite himself.

Presently Jass heard the stranger's firm, decisive step outside, and jumping up, affected to be very busy with his work, and won-

derfully he did it too, till his guest did come in.

"All ready to dish up, sir," cried little Jass, in a brave tone, "just awaiting you, sir," and in a jiffy every corner of the table was crowded—it certainly was not a very big one, but there was plenty for all that.

"You were born with a genius for cooking, Barns," said the stranger, with his peculiar smile, "I've fallen upon my feet here at

any rate."

- "Our family have it by nature, master," said Barns, chuckling: "we've quite a gift for using the basting ladle, if I may venture to name such a thing to you, sir—but eat the spatch cock whilst its smoking, and then try the bones, honey; the lads were away by daybreak or I'd have had some new laid eggs for you, and as for the bread——"
- "No apologies, Master Barns,—you treat me like a prince—Ah, the lads were away early, were they?"

"Yes, they're gone to their work, sir."

"Humph, all three, Barns?"

"N—no, master," stammered Barns, with momentary confusion, "there were only two stayed here all night."

"But there is no house near at hand, is there?"

"No, not for miles."

- "Then the third must have slept in the shed with my horse, eh, Barns?"
- "May be so, sir," stammered Barns, who began to fancy himself in a mess.

"Ah! and where is he, my good Barns?"

"Barns stammered out that he did not know. Rudd was such an unaccountable fellow, when the mood took him, that no one could pretend to describe his movements; he said ——"

"He's an unaccountable, is he?" said the stranger, smiling; "that is to those who don't understand him; but you understand

him, Barns,—you're his crony, eh?"

Barns wouldn't presume to say as much as that; Rudd and he were friendly, perhaps, but nothing more.

"Humph, have you known him long?"

"Eight or ten years, maybe; ever since he came into these

parts," said Jass, trembling, he scarce knew why.

"Eight or ten years," muttered his interrogator, musing, "that is pretty much about the time;" and he then asked aloud, "And how did you first come to meet?"

"I was coming home from market one Saturday night, neither quite sober nor yet quite drunk, master,—rather merry, and when

about I'd made half my journey, I was overtak great, huge fellow, who asked if I'd any objections to compere e rest of the way? Liquor always makes me talkative, and I was mortal glad to fall in with any one to talk to, for its only stupid work talking to one's self, sir; and so I said I had'nt, and we trudged on together, and after a bit we got on famously and were friends in no time. Lor! how we laughed, and sang songs, and cut jokes, to be sure, the rascal was the most jovial blade I'd seen for an age, I quite cottoned to him as if he was my own brother, and I was right sorry when we got to the end of the lane where we had to part."

"Wer'nt you afraid of being waylaid and robbed by this facetious footpad, my good Barns?" demanded his auditor, with a stern

smile.

"Robbed! oh what an idea!" chuckled little Barns, "I'd just three halfpence in coppers, and a crooked sixpence for luck like in my pockets, and so there was very little temptation as one may say; but however, we came to the top of the lane, and I said we must part there, and then the vagabond said he'd taken a fancy to the country like, and would'nt care to spend a month or so here-away, if there was a nice, tidy, cosy inn near at hand. It was quiet and out of the way, he said, and he rather preferred it for that."

"The false rascal!—but go on, Barns."

"Well, and then I said there was a nice little inn, a road-sider, if he kept on for half a mile or more, where he might live for ages, and no one ever come near but the woodcutters, and the quarrymen, and a Salisbury or Reading carrier once a week or so; good entertainment for man and beast, and moderate charges into the bargain, and then he wrung my hand, and said he'd pitch his tent there for the present, and so we parted, and I went home."

"And how long did he stay there, Barns?"

"Half a year, as near as may be. He was a jovial blade, sir, and had lots of money, and made it fly like paving stones; he was very shy for a week or two after he first came, but this was easily accounted for, as he told every body he'd had a bad accident and was just getting about again; he was coming home late one night, not over steady, maybe, and had tumbled into a gravel pit, and sure enough when I first saw him in day light, there was a terrible gash right across his forehead."

"Like this, Master Barns," said the stranger, taking a little red miniature case from his pocket and displaying it to Barns's gaze.

"Like that! oh yes!" echoed Barns, starting back, as his eyes fell on a face, the very counterpart of that which he remembered Rudd's to have been at the outset of their acquaintance; "there's the very gash over the brow, only a little fresher-like—Rudd's was blue then, and the queer frown, and the hare-lip—Rudd has a hare-lip, and it sadly spoils his looks, which beat all I ever saw afore."

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"Well, and Rudd lived jovially for some time, eh?" said his guest, eyeing him with the keenest interest, "plenty of money, eh?"

"Pocketsfull," muttered Barns, who had fallen into a kind of stupor ever since the other had closed the miniature and returned it to his pocket. "What an unnatural likeness, oh my!"

"A natural one, you mean, Barns; but to proceed with your

story, and has Rudd's money lasted ever since?"

"That's a hard question to answer, sir," rejoined Barns with a short cough; "he kept the game up bravely for a time and then he got crusty, and cranky tempered, and would neither treat nor be treated, and shunned his former comrades, all but Spike and me—Spike and me were always prime cronies with him, and so after some months had flown over, one day he disappeared, no one knew where, and we heard nothing of him for months again."

"He did!" muttered his auditor.

"He did indeed, sir—and then when we'd quite given him up for good, all lo and behold, one night, when we went into the top again as usual, there was Rudd, in his old nook, singing, and drinking and carousing as jovially as ever. If he was a king before among us, he was an emperor now, with his swashing purse and his dashing air—fatter, and bigger, and handsomer than ever,—and here he's been from that day to this, barring occasional absences, which we've all got used to now in a manner."

"You make quite a hero of Master Rudd, Barns," said his guest, at the conclusion. "And what ,pray, may be the gentle-

man's occupation?"

"Anything or nothing, master,—making love to a pretty lass, going with the squire a-shooting, worming a favourite pup, or"—

"That will do—I must go now—get my horse saddled, and then come in and let me know, Barns," rejoined the stranger, with the air of one whose slightest word was law to those he addressed. "I fed him myself before I came in to breakfast, and am sure that he'll carry me bravely through all,"—and then as his strange host withdrew to obey his bidding, he flung himself with an odd feeling of sated curiosity upon the settle, and was soon immersed in the strange, half wild, half mournful reveries with which he had from youth been accustomed.

In a few moments Barns came in to say that all was ready, and his guest accompanying him to the door was immediately welcomed by a loud eager neigh, which proceeded from a strong horse of the Flanders' breed, black as jet from nose to hock, with the exception of a small patch of pure white on the forehead, from which his

owner called him "Fairstar."

Fairstar was in truth a noble animal. He had come into the possession of his present owner, who had purchased him when in Flanders several years before, when a mere colt; he was of the purest blood, as wild and unmanageable as a fiend to every one but

his groom and his possessor, in whose hands he was as docile as a lamb; a capacious width of chest, strong, finely shaped limbs, a fiery eye, swelling nostrils, ears flung back upon his head, shaggy fetlocks and mane, a short pastern, and a strength that was never exhausted, were his chief excellencies. He had accompanied his master in all his wanderings through the world, now carrying him safely over the wild pampas of South America, now beneath the pyramids of the Nile and across the ice-bound wastes of old Norway—the companion of his adventures, the sharer in his dangers, the participator in his toils; and to the noble animal was the man, before whom prime ministers had trembled and haughty Kaisèrs turned pale, indebted on two memorable occasions for his life.

The horse was worthy of his rider, and when after placing a piece of gold in Barns's hand that repaid him ten times over for his night's entertainment, the stranger himself leaped into the saddle, the noble beast sprang madly forward with a bound that cleared the broad brook by which they stood, and then seemed to fly over rather than to touch the velvety turf of the by-way they had to traverse, with a magical swiftness that made Barns rub his eyes, and mutter and wonder at his singular guest for days and weeks afterwards.

What a magical charm there is in being mounted on a high-mettled horse, who understands almost by intuition every wish of his rider, on a deliciously cold, bracing, frosty, December day! The clear, frosty air so exhilirating in its effect upon the spirits, the agreeable influences derivable from the thousand associations of the scenes that fly swiftly past you, the hazy blueness of the atmosphere, the bare yet not ungraceful nakedness of some great oak or elm dotting the wintry landscape, the sounds of the woodcutter's hatchet made musical by distance, the very silence itself according so well with the feelings at such a time, all go to swell the amount of enjoyments—and when youth, and a hope that has never been cheated, are added to the list, what are all the triumphs and gaieties of the life of cities in comparison!

Such were the feelings of the stranger, as with a feeling of exultation for which few could have divined a cause, he turned his back upon the secluded vale in which he had spent the night, and giving his generous steed the rein, rode on for many a mile, absorbed in his own reflections.

By noon he was at Coventry—he determined to dine here and proceed again in the afternoon, and with this intention he ordered dinner at the Crown, and a private room as well. He had scarcely sat down to the former before a carriage drove up to the door, and presently a great hubbub was heard on the stairs,—

"This way, madam—this way, if you please—room quite ready, fire lighted," said the host, bending his supple body in painful

genuflexion,—"will tuncheon ready in a few minutes; or perhaps you would prefer dinner at once—John, bring the bill of fare for the inspection of the ladies—did you say dinner, ma'am?"

"Yes sir," said the elder lady; "dinner, if you please—send the chambermaid to us, and get us dinner as soon as possible: don't trouble me with the bill of fare—we are quite indifferent, only do let us have a good fire."

"Certainly, ma'am—John, send the chambermaid to the ladies at once," said the landlord, bowing himself out; "dinner will be

on the table in half an hour."

The walls were very thin, and the occupant of the next room, in the pauses of his own repast, could hear a good deal of what was said; but when the waiter came bustling in with the second course, and the door of the next room opened at the same moment, the whole stream of the old lady's eloquence burst upon him at once—

"Miss Clarendon, love, I scarcely think I would recommend you to change your dress—none will know us here, and we will be quite in dishabille."

"Certainly, Lady Susan," said a very sweet voice; "it will save

time."

"Miss Clarendon!" muttered the stranger, laying down his knife and fork; and then turning to the waiter he inquired who were the occupants of the next room.

"The postillion says it is Lady Susan Clarendon and her niece,"

said the man—"a Shropshire family, I believe, sir."

"Oh-travelling up to London?"

"No, sir; going north, to her ladyship's place in Scotland, I believe."

"Very well, that will do; you can retire now—I'll ring when you can bring the walnuts," said the stranger, sighing; and then, when the man had retired and he was left alone, he arose and paced the room for an hour or more, with his arms folded over his chest, his head sunk down, and his face gloomy and disturbed by

painful thoughts.

Sometimes his mouth writhed with the convulsive motion of a man undergoing some acute internal pain; at times he groaned, and pressed his hand upon his forehead, as if to drive away some dreadful image: and then, with a great effort, that made his muscular frame shiver with the struggle, he would conquer his emotions and smile sternly, as the walk was resumed with a firm step, and a head flung proudly back, as if in scorn.

The old lady—the Lady Susan Clarendon, and her protege, all this while were very differently occupied. The day was extremely cold, and therefore the blazing fire that filled the old-fashioned grate was doubly welcome to the two cold, half-benumbed travellers; they were seated before it; Lady Susan, fussy, kind

bitter, sarcastic, and merry, by turns, evidently to amuse her companion, whose fair brow still wore a shade of sorrow.

"Eleanor, my love, you must not look quite so triste; I can assure you it scarcely becomes such charming features—you are positively like the sun behind a cloud," said she, laying a withered

arm on her companion's ivory neck.

"You try to cheat sorrow of its due, Lady Susan," said Miss Clarendon, with a gentle smile; "I almost fear, though, that I am a very sad travelling companion. It is wearisome enough to be jolted, and frozen, and made most intensely miserable, with nothing but a dreary prospect of icebound fields and leafless woods, if you look out of your cabined and confined prison; but when you add to this a companion who can never open her lips but to utter a groan or a complaint, as I have been doing for the last two or three hours,——"

"I will put an embargo on your tongue for the rest of the day, if you go on with such self-reproachful observations," cried her ladyship, following up her words by putting her skinny hand on Eleanor's ruby lips; "you are only too good, and gentle, and forbearing. But goodness, love! ring the bell this moment, or those creatures will never remember that we have not yet appeased our hunger. People at inns always are twice the time in getting what you want. I hate an inn: everything is so wretched and so bad. The innkeeper is so extortionate, and keeps up an enormous retinue of people just for the mere sake of draining everybody's pocket that comes into his house,—chambermaid, and waiter, and postboy! Why even the very innkeeperess, herself, would take a fee if it were not for mere shame of the thing. Ring the bell again, love."

The waiter came,—this time, fortunately, with dinner,—and her ladyship's tirade against inns and innkeepers was put an end to. It was lucky the dinner was pronounced incomparable, or the haughty old lady might have visited her displeasure on the poor waiter at her departure; and then, with her good humour completely restored, they drew their chairs towards the fire again, and

sat talking until the carriage was again announced.

"Four o'clock, I declare, love!" cried Lady Susan, striking her repeater; "how time flies! Stay here, love, till I return. I must get Sutton to alter my pelisse," and Eleanor, sinking back in the comfortable arm-chair she occupied, sat gazing abstractedly into the fire, tracing out, perhaps, in the fantastic shapes it exhibited, the course of her own future existence.

Presently the door opened very gently—so noiselessly that it did not even disturb her reverie—and a tall figure, enveloped in a dark travelling cloak, crept in. It was growing dark, but the bright blaze of the fire lighted up at one and the same moment the eager, half-joyous, half-sad, and very beautiful features of the young girl, and the pale, sternly solemn, careworn, and yet determined,

visage of the intruder. She leaned further back, quite unconscious of observation, and threw from her face the lovely shower of curls, with one hand, so far that he could even trace the blue veins wandering across her fair azure brow and Hebe-like neck. A smile of enchanting sweetness stole over her features, as she indulged herself in a retrospection of the past. Even the stranger felt comforted and strengthened, as he gazed on such a picture of girlish beauty, and then, with an air of stern resolve heightening the paleness of his lofty brow, he crept silently back, and descending the stairs, ordered his horse to be brought, and in five minutes was flying away from the fair town of Coventry as swiftly as one of the noblest animals in England could bear him.

CHAPTER VII.

Eleanor Clarendon on her Travels.

At the end of a week,—for Lady Susan, like an old-fashioned votary of the ancient régime, progressed by easy stages—the travellers crossed the borders and arrived in Scotland. The novelty of travelling, the delightful bustle of moving from place to place, seeing always something new to astonish and delight her mind, or awaken her still unsated curiosity, had heretofore prevented Eleanor from feeling the tedium of such an arrangement. The country might be flat, and the towns they passed through uninteresting, but the delightful elasticity of youthful spirits buoyed her up through all. Now, however, all was changed.

They had for miles been traversing a dreary stretch of moorland, whose boundless expanse of dullest grey was not even broken by one solitary hut of some moorland shepherd or cotter, when a scene of unexampled beauty burst upon the young girl's sight, which in a moment dispelled the weariness that was fast creeping upon her, and fixed her spell-bound in breathless astonishment to her seat, scarcely heeding the speech Lady Susan had prepared to welcome her to her new home. An abrupt turn the carriage made round the brow of a hill, and below them stood, backed to the north by well grown woods of larch and oak, a mansion built in the Elizabethan style, with wide-spreading terraces and gardens, a smooth-shaven lawn, which, even in winter, looked green and trim, sloping down to a little bay, beyond which was the open sea.

with a sloop standing out with her head against the wind. The sea looked so fair and beautiful under the wintry sunset; the bay, with its white strip of beach and its romantic rocks, heightened so charmingly the beauty of the scene; the very house itself looked so like the creation of a fairy's wand; that Eleanor, who had expected something very different, from her own impression of Lady Susan, could scarcely restrain a cry of delight, as she

turned to her ladyship to express her surprise.

"You are welcome, my sweet child,—welcome to Leven!" cried Lady Susan, squeezing her hand. "Ah! here comes Mr. Mac Graw, my steward, with all his tail. How d'ye do, Mac Graw? I'm back again, you see, to keep you all straight. This is Miss Clarendon, Mac Graw," and her ladyship, forgetting in a moment the sentimental strain she had been cultivating, insisted on getting out of the carriage and walking up to the castle, attended by the obsequious, vulgar, and cunning, Mr. Mac Graw, whose impudent ugliness and uncouth dialect had already procured for

him Eleanor's aversion and disgust.

"Sit still, love, and let them drive you to the door," cried Lady Susan, thrusting Eleanor down again upon the seat; "Mac Graw and I have a great deal to talk about as we go up that you can't understand, and I want you to tell me your first impression of my den, by the time I get there; so that you really must ride, and keep the walk through the grounds till the morning. They are very small,—quite a gem in a miniature setting—but every thing, I flatter myself, is perfectly matchless about the place. But you must ride now. Drive on!" and with a wave of her hand, that was intended to be decisive, Lady Susan walked on towards the castle, with the aid of a gold-headed cane and the fat arm of the squab, ugly, fiery-headed Saunders Mac Graw.

As the carriage whirled rapidly along the smooth, gravelly sweep in its bright green setting of laurel and holly parterre, Eleanor's mind was itself in as perfect a state of bewilderment as the mind of a young, ardent, unsophisticated girl, with a total

inexperience of the ways of the world, can possibly be.

Could Lady Susan really be acting a part, as Cecil's suspicions would seem to hint? and was all this kindness and amiability but part of a deeply laid plan between her and the immaculate Jasper Vernon? Or was Cecil himself doing her a grievous wrong in charging her with a sordid avarice, a crooked ambition, and the hope of bartering the honour and the happiness of one so young and so pure for her own unholy ends, when her ladyship's sole crime was, that she was old, and odd, and eccentric, and rather wilful, into the bargain?

The carriage drew up at the entrance, putting to flight in an instant all Eleanor's suppositions; and Eleanor being assisted out, found herself standing alone with a respectable middle

aged woman, who was evidently the housekeeper, whilst three or four tall footmen, in liveries of blue and silver, stood with a

respectful air at a little distance.

A low curtsey, and "If Miss Clarendon would be kind enough to follow her," said Lady Susan's deputy, and in an instant Eleanor was conducted across a well lighted hall, and up an ample staircase, hung with family portraits, and along a gallery, filled with pictures, at the end of which was a suite of rooms which in future, the woman said, were to be appropriated to her use.

"They were the late Mr. Clarendon's, ma'am," said the house-keeper, drawing back the curtains, to afford Eleanor a better view; "there's a beautiful view from the windows, but my lady never could abear them after he died, and so they've been all shut up

ever since, and never used till now."

Eleanor gazed around her with silent curiosity, as if she half expected to glean some notion of the deceased spouse of her eccentric hostess from the dwelling he had inhabited. But nothing could have disappointed her more in this respect. The furniture was rich, and dark, and massive; heavy couches and chairs, dark velvet curtains, solemn pictures, long narrow windows that seemed to admit the light by calculation, rather than by liberality, were their chief characteristics. There was, however, a boudoir with a wide old-fashioned bay window, fitted up with more cheerful elegance, where amber satin curtains supplied the place of crimson velvet, that looked down upon the beautiful bay that Eleanor had already determined to visit very often; and the young girl turned away from her survey with a very contented heart.

Lady Susan met her in the hall when she descended. She was still attended by the obsequious Mr. Mac Graw, who had evidently

been receiving a lecture on rural economy.

"Well, child, how d'ye like my den, eh? Shall we be able to exist so far north, or not?" cried her ladyship, chucking her under the chin.

"I'm quite bewildered, dear Lady Susan. The grounds are really beautiful, and the castle far surpasses my expectations.

Your collection of pictures-"

"Bah! all trash, love,—pictures of old, grim, grizzled freebooters and border harriers as ugly as old Nick. Don't blush, child. One half of them, I warrant me, were hanged, or deserved such a fate."

"Mr. Humphrey Macdonald,—your ladyship's great great grand uncle—that red-faced gentleman in the cauliflower wig, miss," said Mr. Mac Graw, directing Eleanor's attention with his stick to the portrait of a red-headed ruffian, the very counterpart of himself, "had the honour of being beheaded by order of George the First, for robbing his Majesty's mails on Bardon Moor."

"Silence, Mac Graw!" cried her ladyship, in a voice of thunder; "what does Miss Clarendon care about Humphrey Macdonald?

Get away to the kitchen, and see if those long-legged rascals are ready to bring dinner up. We are both dying of hunger, and quite hungry enough to eat Humphrey Macdonald himself, if nothing better were to be had." And then, as Mac Graw and her ladyship's woman moved away, Lady Susan, leaning on Eleanor's arm, walked towards the dining-room, and said,—

"And you really like Leven, Eleanor, seriously and earnestly?"
"Seriously and earnestly, I do, Lady Susan. The situation is beautiful and romantic, in the extreme. That bay below is really delightful, and the view I shall have of it from the boudoir

window ---"

"Hold! hold! I—I cannot breathe. There—there—it was only a spasm," muttered her ladyship, with a ghastly smile, tottering, as she spoke, to a chair. "I'm subject to them, love," she added, the next minute, striving to smile when she saw Eleanor's look of alarm. "Now sit down, and don't trouble yourself about me. There, that's a love," and her ladyship, as if quite worn out with the exertion, sank back in her chair and closed her eyes.

When she spoke again, her voice had resumed its former tone. It never was very musical, at the best of times, but there was

some feeling in the way in which she said,—

"I hope, Eleanor, we shall be very happy here."

"Can this woman be acting a part?" thought Eleanor, reverting to her former suspicions, as she gazed on the stern, commanding figure, dignified even in its decay, seated before her; but when her eye fell on the fantastic costume of Lady Susan,—her high-heeled shoes, with silver buckles, and stockings adorned with huge crimson clocks, her outrageous cloak, and hat tied down upon her gaunt face,—she could scarcely restrain a smile, and in a moment her distrust vanished into air.

"We'll live quite like two enchanted princesses," said the young girl, laughing gaily; "we won't admit a single swain to our castle,—that is, unless your ladyship is quite ready to give them a most unexceptionable character for all knightly and gallant qualities,—and as for ladies fair, they will be quite excluded."

"Wait till you see all our jackals, Eleanor," said Lady Susan, smiling, "before you commit yourself by forbidding them to growl in our den. I can assure you we have some very well-

behaved animals here in merry Scotland."

"Oh, of that I'm not in the least doubt," rejoined Eleanor; "only for the present, madam, we will be quite invincible." And a single glance down upon the dark dress she wore chased all the smiles from her animated countenance.

"Well, my love, your wish shall be my law in this," said Lady

Susan, gently; "and now let us have dinner."

CHAPTER VIII.

Cecil meets with an accident, and secures a friend as well.

CECIL CLARENDON'S career began very ominously for his future fortunes. When riding leisurely onwards towards London, (for it was to the metropolis, as the field where the great battle of life is most keenly fought, daily and hourly, that all his dreams pointed,) a carriage, filled with fashionably dressed women, came whirling past so rapidly, that his horse took fright, and poor Cecil, sadly chagrined at such a discomfiture, was thrown, and lay for several minutes insensible on the spot where he had fallen.

When he came to himself again, he found that he was not alone. The carriage, and its bevy of tulips, had disappeared, and in its place, a solitary horseman was bending over him, with no slight

concern visible on his pale, stern features.

"Are you hurt, my lad, or only stunned with the fall?" inquired

he, in a low, singularly musical voice.

"Only stunned, I hope," said Cecil, raising himself proudly on one arm, scarcely relishing the familiarity of the epithet; the next moment, however, he uttered a cry of pain, as a sharp thrill of agony ran through his frame, and he sank back powerless into

the stranger's arms.

"I saw you fall," said the other, continuing to talk, as if Cecil heard him, although he read in the ashy hue that overspread his features, in the drooping of the eyelids, and the convulsive twitching of the mouth, that Cecil had swooned,—"right on one side, and you stretched that arm out, as if to save yourself:—you arn't very heavy, my lad;" and he raised him in his arms. "I admire your pluck, though, in saying you arn't hurt, and if we can only get you put on Fairstar's back, and carried to any house—""

"Father! Father!" sobbed Cecil, drowsily, as he felt himself moved, though he was so weak and helpless with pain, that he did

not even open his eyes.

"My poor lad!" muttered the gentleman, pressing him to his breast, as he felt Cecil's cold cheek leaning against his own; and then moving gently on with his unconscious burden, he reached his own horse, which stood with wonderful docility until he approached. "And now, Fairstar, my boy, move on:" and slipping the bridle of the young lad's horse under his arm, the little cavalcade slowly put itself in motion, the stranger supporting Cecil in his sturdy arms, on the horse's back, as tenderly as a nurse fondles the weak, puling, unshaped mass of humanity, just launched into the troubled stream of the world's bitter struggles.

They were a long time before they came to any house, for they could not travel very quickly, and the wild, romantic road they were traversing, was but thinly populated; but at last, when even the stranger's active benevolence was beginning to feel exhausted, a road-side inn, with a smooth-shaven bowling-green stretching down from an ivied gable-end to the river's edge, came into view.

The stranger uttered a growl of delight, at which, Cecil opened

his eyes.

"Another minute, my dear boy," said the former, cheerfully; "patience! patience for one minute more, and then we shall be all right. Holloa, there!—are you all asleep at noon-day, or not,

in these parts?—holloa! ostler!"

A shaggy biped rushed out of a stable towards them, stretching himself, and yawning, as if just aroused out of a winter's sleep; a shaggy dog followed them, growling and barking his welcome; and then a rosy-faced landlady appeared at the little door, curtseying down to the ground, with a chubby, good-humoured face, looking the very personification of wonder and astonishment.

"We shall want a bed, ma'am," said the stranger, looking up to the little diamonded windows, with their snowy curtains behind, and over the head of the hostess, into the clean, sanded kitchen, looking so bright and cozy, and then right into the face of the

landlady herself, whereat she blushed redder than ever.

"Certainly, sir.—Margery, run into the little blue room, and turn down the coverlid, and put some fire into the grate," cried the good hearted creature, who became all tenderness and pity, the moment she divined what had happened. "Belike the poor gentleman's met with a bad accident, sir?"

"Nothing to speak of, I hope, my good woman," said the stranger, cheerfully; "thank you, I can carry him quite well," on perceiving that she would have assisted him to lift Cecil from horse-

back; "and if you will just go on and lead the way ----"

"Certainly, sir!—mind that beam, if you please!" pointing to a rafter that abutted on the narrow little staircase; "now turn, sir, to the left;—we've but little room, but everything's nice and clean, as I'm an honest woman, and if the poor young gentleman——"

"Send your man away, on horseback, for the nearest doctor," said the stranger, laying Cecil down on the bed; and as Mrs. Tipperly retired, wondering, and murmuring, and curtseying down to the ground, he turned to the bed, and whispered, rather than spoke,—"My dear lad, how do you feel, now?—is there much pain in your arm?—burns, perhaps?"

Oh! those sweet words of pitying kindness,—like the softest, balmiest summer rain, on some pining flower, they sank down into Cecil's heart, that had braced itself up against wrong and injustice, and there came bubbling up in their stead a fountain of grateful

hopes and gentle thanks, that flushed his clammy cheek, and made his dark eyes glisten, as he murmured, "Better, I feel much

better!—but who are you, sir?"

The stranger had been busily engaged in propping him up with the fresh, snowy pillows, so as to ease the pain as much as possible. He paused, however, when the low, mournful tones of Cecil's voice reached his ear, and a stern frown overspread his calm features for a moment. Presently, however, it cleared away, not, however, before Cecil, who had been eyeing him wistfully, exclaimed, "Pardon me, I thought I remembered seeing you, but where or when I cannot call to mind; it must, however, have been only fancy, after all."

"I never saw you before," said the stranger, after a pause, during which, his keen, eagle eye had scanned every feature of Cecil's face with the most eager scrutiny; "no! I never saw you before."

"I would rather," said the young man, as a flush overspread his fine, ingenuous countenance, "think that the kindness I have received at your hands to-day arose entirely from the dictates of your own heart, than from any more interested motive. Who, or what I am, can matter you but little; and, for the present, at

least, I have reasons cogent enough to keep that a secret."

"I understand you, my boy," said the other, smiling significantly; "and to confess the truth, I am pretty much in the same position as yourself,—an affair which I have much at heart, and which, in fact, nearly concerns the happiness of some human beings very dear to me, has led me to adopt the same incognito, my name is Linden."

"Your present name-your alias, I presume, sir," said Cecil,

smiling.

The stranger nodded and smiled too.

"Very well; mine is Middleton," said Cecil, remembering that that was his mother's name. "Should the accidental acquaintance, my accident has introduced us to, ripen into companiouship,—"

Linden pressed his hand, "I like you already, my boy."

"By Jove, I am glad to hear it, Mr. Linden," said Cecil, returning the pressure; "the inexperience of a lad so young to the world as myself, should deter me from forming a hasty connection, but yet our fancies cannot always be restrained, and I feel as if I had known you for years; perhaps after all, this accident of mine may turn out a lucky circumstance."

Hope is very contagious, there is a fascinating charm in a fine face lighted up with ardent anticipation, in the beaming eyes and the smiling lips, that the most stoical amongst us find it very difficult to be proof against. Linden, to judge by his own countenance, was quite won over by Cecil's manner, and their mutual confidences were only broken in upon by the entrance of the

doctor, who after carefully examining Cecil's arm, declared it to be There was a compound fracture of the limb, he said, which must be instantly reduced; and pulling out his instruments and ordering Mrs. Tipperley up into the chamber to prepare some lint, in one moment the whole house was in a commotion to get every thing that was wanted; the kitchen maid had to get a copper cf boiling water ready, whilst the buxom landlady bustled about hither and thither in the dreadfully quiet way, which of itself is quite enough to throw a nervous person into fits, and Linden himself kept his patient watch beside Cecil, ready to buoy him up with patience if his firmness was likely to give way."

"There will not be much pain, my dear boy," said he, parting tenderly the short, dark curls that clustered round Cecil's pale

brow. "it will soon be over."

"I am not afraid," said Cecil, smiling with Spartan courage, as Doctor Phobbs unrolled his tourniquet, "and I think my courage

is proof against the little pain I shall endure."

"I think the young gentleman had better be turned more to the light," said Doctor Phobbs, who had a very large nose, which by dint of long practice gave a nasal twang to everything he said.

"Mrs. Tipperley, ma'am, be kind enough to draw the window curtain as far back as it will come; now, Margery, where is the hot water, and the lint for the bandages? I think you're quite in luck, sir, to have fallen in with such a woman as our hostess, on such a painful occasion—quite a treasure of a woman, sir."

"Oh, Doctor Phobbs!" exclaimed the buxom hostess, colouring

up to the eye brows.

"Be kind enough to proceed with your office, sir," said Linden,

"Certainly, sir, certainly," exclaimed Doctor Phobbs, with professional deference.

"Now, sir, you must have a leettle patience, the pain will be but slight, and if Mr. —, I beg your pardon, sir, but you did not favour me with your name, -

"Linden, sir," rejoined that gentleman.

"If Mr. Linden will lend me his valuable assistance," quoth Doctor Phobbs, talking in a low, cold-blooded tone, "it will be all over in five minutes' time, only as my partner, Mr. Merryweather, 8AYS, ----"

"Oh, go to Bath with Mr. Merryweather," growled Linden, who began to get quite sick of Doctor Phobbs's prolixity: "if you will be kind enough to mind the business before you, sir,---"

"Not the slightest offence, sir-I really beg your pardon, and will now proceed with the operation,"—and Doctor Phobbs, folding back his coat-sleeves, and planting Linden in such a posture that he could not stir without disturbing Cecil, at last condescended to commence; not however before by dint of raising his eyebrows and

shoving back his wig, and elongating his lantern visage, and coughing dubiously every few seconds, and quoting a great deal of various dead languages, he had duly impressed Mrs. Tipperley with the most devout reverence of his erudition and learning, and thrown the servant girl, who had all her sex's horror of bleeding and doctoring in a very great degree, into incipient convulsions.

Cecil felt that his new friend was eagerly watching his countenance during the whole of the operation. The pain, contrary to Dr. Phobbs's prognostications, amounted to absolute agony; but with the exception of the total absence of colour in his face, and a convulsive twitching of the jaws, he made no sign. He felt very weak after it was all over, and was quite grateful for the dry toast and the weak tea the cheerful, rosy-faced landlady prepared for him. The pain he had endured and the low feverish state it had induced, had however almost deprived him of the power of eating, and he soon sank back upon his pillows in the hope of

sleeping.

To sleep however was impossible; the constant, burning, pricking pain of his arm prevented that, and he could only lie awake and think gratefully,—for his very weakness made him gentle and docile, poor fellow!—of all that had happened during the last few days, and the long interval of idleness that was probably to intervene before he could again be up and stirring. And then as he closed his eyes once more, he felt that his strange companion was hanging over him, and eyeing his pale, pale face with waitful eagerness—and then came dreams and conjectures of this new friend, and eager hopes for the future for both; but as the night stole on, and the fever grew upon him, the figures that flitted before him all disappeared, and Herbert and Eleanor assumed their place, forming part of some wild and troubled dream, from which he strove in vain to escape. And still, whenever in his moments of consciousness he opened his eyes and withdrew the white curtain, the dark, silent figure of his companion, rendered ghost-like and gigantic by the feeble rush-light, was visibleleaning back with unclosed eyes, watching him as he lay.

Those solitary vigils! were they to cement a friendship that was to endure for the lifetime of both?—the one on the bed of sickness and pain, with its youth of proud and lofty aspirations, its futurity of mighty deeds, its hereafter of wealth and fame, the very splendour and glory of which cast into shade the suffering and seclusion of the holy present—the other, in its sleepless watchings, with its knowledge of the great world without, its contempt for the hollow falsehoods, the bitter cheats, the pitiful chicanery, the sinfulness and crime and guilt that stamp immortal souls with the brand of devils, hoarding up in its own calm, stern heart the experience of many years, the dreams and realities of

a lifetime, the solemn teachings of a spirit that in the humility of

its greatness has learned how to live!

The past and the future lay before them—the one dreamed of the past with a solemn yet lofty awe, that with all its many and bitter lessons, yet lacked that which is the bitterest of all. Linden, with all his painful retrospects, had no ghost of departed crimes and misdeeds to upbraid him with their silent tongues for guilt committed or duties left undone; his errors had been those of a lofty and a noble spirit—of a spirit whose highest, and purest, and holiest aspirations had been chilled, and ruined, and trodden down by the cold, precise, pharisaical axioms of a world with whose sober tenets he had had no sympathy. The proud man had turned upon the foot that spurned him, and with a heart still writhing under the indignity and callousness of the punishment inflicted upon him, had enshrined himself in his own stern self-rectitude and honour, and become an isolated, lonely, lofty being, feeling the great tide of human life swelling round him, and yet like some mighty headland that for centuries has withstood the onslaughts of the howling flood beneath, lifting himself up in solitary grandeur far above the petty ambitions and heart-burnings of that very world he had taught himself to despise.

The future lay like a golden dream before the other. There was something prophetic in the very smile, the reflection of the hopeful heart within, that cheered the lofty Linden whenever he gazed with silent love on that pale yet bright and happy face that seemed to wear its very happiness in defiance of blisters and Doctor Phobbs: and Linden himself, as he gazed, learned to feel that there was something yet to love and to cherish in the world—it was a lesson that youth taught to age, the ignorant to the wise!

And thus knowledge and pain kept their silent vigils!

A FEW THOUGHTS ON WINE.

BY A REFORMED TEETOTALLER.

Wine. You'll leave your impudence, and learn to know your superiors, Beere, or I may chance to have you stopt up. What! never leave working? I am none of your fellowes.

Beere. I scorn thou shouldest.

Wine. I am a companion for princes; the least droppe of my blood is worth all thy body. I am sent for by the citizens, visited by the gallants, kissed by the gentlewomen: I am their life, their genius, the poetical furie, the Helicon

of the Muses; of better value than Beere—I should be sorry else.

Beere. Thou art sorre wine, indeed, sometimes. Value? You are come up of late; men pay deere for your company, and repent it: that gives you not the precedence. Though Beere set not so great a price upon himself, he means not to bate a grain of his worth, nor subscribe to wine for all his brandie.

Wine. Not to me?

Beere. Not to you. Why, whence come you, I pray?

Wine. From France, from Spaine, from Greece.

(Wine, Beere, Ale, and Tobacco contending for Superiority. A Dialogue. London, 1630.)

Or late years a certain sect have gained ground, who, starting with the most amazing paradoxes and putting forward the most extravagant claims, have succeeded in winning the support of a large portion of the weaker and more gullible of the British public. Quacks and quackery have ever been patronised by John Bull. State confidently something new, however startling and absurd, if manifestly in the teeth of the accumulated experience of all classes of men of every age and clime, so much the better, and you are sure to enlist the sympathies of some men and more women. Societies will be found to propagate your plans. The bray of Exeter Hall will be sounded in your favour—testimonials will be presented to yourself, and young ladies will smile on you approvingly, as the great moral reformer of your age. If men, instead of calmly demolishing you by the rules of logic, hold you up to ridicule, as the more sensible portion of them will, you can magnanimously fold your arms and bide your time—with an attempt at heroism truly edifying, you can wait the verdict of a coming age, and in the meanwhile can draw comparisons between your own fate and that of men, who have really done something for which humanity has had reason to rejoice.

We object in toto to Teetotallers: the name itself is enough to damn a better cause. No one who has the least reverence for English undefiled, would tolerate for one instant the application of such a barbarous epithet to himself. We object to the doctrine that—

———" bold, bright wine, That biddeth the manly spirit shine,"

taken in moderation—is the unmitigated ill they represent it. We deem the mode adopted by Teetotallers, of binding men by a vow, instead of getting them to stand on the high platform of principle, a most miserable delusion; and we think the argument against any article, from the abuse of it, the most senseless and transparent fallacy we ever remember to have heard urged. In the same way, we might argue successfully against everything great and good. This is our calm and deliberate opinion—we trust it is that of our readers as well. We feel it our duty to state it openly and manfully. On this head, we charge the liberal portion of the press with a want of honesty. Paragraphs will appear chronicling Teetotal proceedings, and implying sympathy with their movements—drawn up by men who enjoy their glass when they can get it, as much as the most seasoned topers in the land. The men connected with the press, either as editors or reporters, are not Teetotallers; as most of them are gentlemen, it is impossible they should be. We believe it is sometimes thought politic to gratify Teetotal vanity in the way to which we have referred, but it is one that must be condemned; it is a mode of proceeding unworthy of the respectable position the press enjoys. To say that the motives of Teetotallers are good, is nothing to the point. So were the motives of George the Third when he opposed Catholic Emancipation; and of Cranmer when he sanctioned Henry the Eighth in spurning from his home and heart the unblemished and blameless wife of his youth. Against this wavering mode of policy, on the part of the press, we unhesitatingly protest. A man is conscious that he is the better for a glass of good wine—that it raises his spirits—renders him more sociable that, in short, like Trinity ale

----" when rightly understood,
It promoteth brotherly neighbourhood."

This we deem argument enough for a custom venerable for its antiquity, sanctioned by all writers, sacred and divine. For this we deem ourselves justified in resisting Teetotal oratory and reasoning:

"Bad are the rhymes,
And bad the times,
That scorn old wine."

Water is an excellent thing—to wash with. It cannot be too often applied externally to the human frame. If we had our way, we would plunge in it every man, woman, and child in Great Britain and Ireland once in the twenty-four hours, but that is all. It is to be drunk but sparingly, and when taken should be flavoured with wine or spirits. At the best, water is but a cold, tasteless, lifeless beverage; but good water is exceedingly rare—it is generally too hard or too soft, and mixed up with some impurity more or less abominable to the civilised man. Were the two millions of human beings residing in London and its neighbourhood to become Teetotallers, we should tremble for the consequences, so full of filthy matter is the water Londoners are compelled to use. Amongst the other uses to which the New River is applied, we may briefly mention here that poodles wash in it—that in it dogs shuffle off this mortal coil—that in it cats are wont to terminate a short but brilliant career,—and yet this is the stuff Teetotallers would compel Christians to drink. Thames water contains yet more noxious substances. A man must be wholly given up to wickedness who would recommend such a beverage as that to a fellow-creature. It would not be a little that would induce us to place ourselves in that man's shoes.

Teetotallers, however, themselves are inconsistent. They find it hard to kick against the pricks—to oppose one of the great fundamental principles of our nature. When men have made merry, the feast has been spread and the wine-cup quaffed: it has ever been so; as long as man is man it will so remain. Hence they have had recourse to every variety of miserable subterfuge. nerves are undermined with tea or coffee—the stomach is loaded with heating and indigestible chocolate. Soda-water and gingerbeer, generally adulterated in a manner very injurious to human health, are recommended as make-shifts for good, healthy, invigorating wine. They can drink water exclusively no more than other people. Like other people, they need stimulus of some kind, and change of beverage. Virtually they give up their principles, and conform to the usages of society and the requirements of human nature. Superior to their theory are the appetites of man seeking their legitimate gratification and relief.

So much for Teetotallers. We have no ill-will against them, but we think them wofully wrong. Though the only six-bottle man we ever knew was an old baronet who lived upwards of eighty years, we do not recommend the opposite of abstinence as the only good. There are born fools who caunot drink a glass of wine without being the worse for it—such, of course, had better abstain; but

such are the exceptions, and by their folly, on no principle of sound sense, can we bind other men. If a man cannot afford to drink wine, of course he must drink water; and that is about as good an argument for abstinence as any with which we chance to be acquainted: but of Teetotalism as a moral reformer—as a means of curing drunkenness and vice, and regenerating man, we have no opinion whatever, or rather, we look upon it with the most profound contempt. It is not the mere taking a vow to abstain from intoxicating drinks that will give strength and dignity to the character of the man who has allowed passion to predominate and to enslave the will. It is unphilosophical to suppose it would. There is no such short cut to human regeneration as that held out by Teetotalism. Ireland is a remarkable illustration of this. Father Mathew made converts through the length and breadth of the land. By a whole nation at once whiskey was exchanged for water; yet in no degree have the ills of Ireland been mitigated, or has the Irish character improved. When a man's character is utterly worthless, it matters little whether he wastes his time in the beer-shop or by the sea-shore—whether he be a vagabond sober or a vagabond drunk.

But we turn now to a more congenial theme. We would give out some authentic utterances, as Carlyle would say, as to wine in general, and as to port wine in particular:—

"Ancient wine! brave old wine!

How it around the head doth twine!

Poets may love

The stars above,

But I love wine!"

If antiquity be sufficient argument for a custom, then the Teetotallers are at once put out of court; for, from the days of Noah to the present, the wine-drinking customs of society have been held sacred. Dr. Tobias Whitaker, in a work published in 1638, entitled, "The Tree of Human Life, or the Blood of the Grave," intended to prove that man can be preserved from sickness, from childhood to extreme old age, by the mere use of wine, modestly suggests that the tree of knowledge of good and evil was some species of vine, by which a diviner zest was imparted to Adam's otherwise imperfect human nature. We leave this question, however, to the theologians, but must discharge a duty we owe to our consciences, by stating, that Teetotal biblical criticism is, as might be supposed of Teetotal absurdities, the most absurd: nor is this to be wondered at, when we remember that biblical criticism requires a knowledge of Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, and a tolerable portion of good sense. But we beg the reader's pardon for referring to the Teetotallers again, and pass

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on. That the patriarchs never drank water when they could get wine, unless they preferred it, we have every reason to believe; and profane literature is full of allusions to the virtues of the grape. Pliny and Columella mention about fifty sorts of wine. From this we gather that the Romans had upon the whole a pretty good time of it, and were as decently jolly as might be expected, considering that the printing press was not invented—that the schoolmaster was not abroad—that the world had not been rescued from barbarism and ignorance by that awful erratic genius:—

"Who built the great machine
Of the London University,
And the Penny Magazine."

Wine was early used medicinally. The first fashionable physician whose name has been handed down to posterity, Hippocrates, always recommended it to his patients. Sometimes he recommended them what he calls 1005 100, or, as Cockneys would say, half and half; of course, our readers are aware of the fact, that the Greeks and Romans rarely drank their wine neat; nor was this so foolish a custom as at first sight it may appear. Their wine appears to have been a kind of syrup, and required dilution. To have swallowed it in its original state would have been "coming it rayther too strong." We are inclined to think that much of their wine was but sorry stuff after all; they certainly appear to have flavoured it in a most extraordinary manner. A copious admixture of salt water, they considered, wonderfully improved the wine. A beastly pitchy flavour appears also to have been remarkably congenial to the Roman inner man.

The earliest wine we find mentioned is the Maronean wine, celebrated by Homer; it was a black sweet wine. He describes it "as rich, unadulterate, and fit drink for gods." And as so potent that it was usually mixed with twenty measures of water.

"And even then the beaker breathed abroad A scent celestial, which whoever smelt, Henceforth no pleasure found it to abstain."*

According to Pliny, this wine was in high estimation even in his time. Of the other Thracian wines, that of Ismarus seems longest to have maintained its credit.

"Ampelon intonsum satyris nymphaque creatum Fertur in Ismariis Bacchus amasse juvis."—Ovid Fast, c. iii. 409.

> "Juvat Ismara Baccho Conserere."—Virg. Georg. ii. 35.

^{*} Cowper's Homer Od. ix. 248.

The Pramnian was a wine of equal antiquity. Hecamede, under the direction of Nestor, prepared a copious draught of it for Machaon, when he received the wound in his shoulder:—

"The nymph of form divine
Pours a large portion of the Pramnian wine,
With goats' milk-cheese a flavourous taste bestows,
And last with flour the smiling service strews;
This for the wounded prince the dame prepares
The cordial beverage reverend Nestor shares." *

Dr. Henderson thinks "we shall not err much if we compare it to our common port wine." The Athenians were not fond of it. Aristophanes tells us that they disliked "those poets who dwell in the rough and horrible, as much as they abominated the harsh Pramnian wine which shrivelled the features and obstructed the digestive organs." Campania Felix gave to Rome the immortal Falernian wine, as Martial termed it. Horace liked strong wine—the Setinum, a delicate light one he never mentions, though, according to Pliny, Augustus, and most of the leading men of his time, preferred it to any other. Martial and Juvenal make frequent mention of it, and Silius Italicus declares it to have been so choice as to be reserved for Bacchus himself—the Cecuban, which, according to Galen, affected the head, appears to have been of Horace's favourite wines.

"Absurnet hæres Cœcuòa dignior Servata centum clavibus."

It is interesting to observe how, in every age and clime, men and human life remained the same. In many countries the wine is still cultivated as it was in the days of Varro and Columella. The European mode of drinking wine is precisely now what it ever was. Like us the Romans drank healths, proposed toasts, and pledged each other over the flowing bowl. Like us they drank lighter wines at meals, and reserved the stronger for dessert. In one respect we have improved on them. Wine that maketh glad the heart of man, from the other sex was barbarously withheld. The French, in drinking different kinds of wine with different dishes — as, for instance, Chablis with oysters, — resemble the Romans still more than ourselves. The Romans had, however, a custom of drinking, which must have been inimical to all good fellowship. Nothing can be more clear than that a party of boon companions should adopt the "drink fair Sairey" principle of Betsey Prig:

"Wine should run
Like a circling sun
By its own unquestioned laws."

^{*} Pope's Homer I. I. L. xi. 780.

On the contrary, however, we find the Romans preserving at their social meetings the inequalities of rank and life, of which a host should seem ignorant when his guests are assembled in his house. A precious brute should we esteem the man who regaled his poorer guests with ginger wine, while he placed before his richer claret and champagne. This was done, however, by the Romans. "I lately supped," says the younger Pliny, "with a person who, according to his own opinion, treated us with much splendor and economy; but, according to mine, in a sordid and yet expensive manner. Some very elegant dishes were served up for a few men of the company, while those which were placed before the rest were extremely mean. There were, in small quantities, three different sorts of wine; but you are not to suppose it was that the guests might take their choice; on the contrary, that they might not choose at all. The best was for himself and his friends of the first rank; the next for those of lower order, (for, you must know, he measures out his friendship according to the degrees of quality); and the third for his own and his guests' freed men. One who sat near me took notice of this, and asked how I approved of it. 'Not at all,' I told him. 'Pray, then,' said he, "what is your method on such occasions?' 'Mine,' I returned, "is to give all my company an equal reception; for when I make an invitation, it is in order to entertain, not distinguish my company. I set every man upon a level with myself when I admit them to my table, not excepting even my freed men, whom I look upon at those times to be my guests as much as others." he expressed some surprise, and asked me if I did not consider it an expensive method? I assured him not at all, and that the secret lay in being contented to drink no better wine myself than that I gave to them."

But we pass on to more modern times. England, always foremost in all that is great and good, has always nourished her great men with generous, inspiring wine. Our Anglo-Saxon fathers held it in peculiar honour. In the Saxon colloquy, cited by Sharon Turner, the youth who is asked "what he drinks?" replies, "Ale, if I have it, or water if I have it not." On being questioned why he does not drink wine, he says, "I am not so rich that I can buy me wine, and wine is not the drink of children, but of the elders and the wise." The union which subsisted between England and the northern provinces of France, appears to have been the means of bringing French wine into the English market. The crusades gave our countrymen a taste for the sweet wines of Greece and Italy. In Edward the Third's time, claret was all the rage. According to Froissart, there were seen to arrive in Bordeaux, in 1372. from England, "a fleet of not less than two hundred sail of merchantmen, coming for wines!" In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, sweet wines became amazingly popular.

which, in 1492, cost only two-pence a quart, sold for twice that sum in 1550. Towards the commencement of Elizabeth's reign, several new wines had evidently been introduced. The consumption of wine at this time was very large. At the enthronization of G. Nevil, Archbishop of York, in the sixth year of Edward IV., one hundred tons of wine were drank. His predecessor, Henry Bowet, is reported to have used yearly eighty tons of claret in his house. These successors of the fishermen of Galilee were by no means exceptions in this respect. In the Earl of Northumberland's household, which was regulated with the utmost economy, the yearly allowance of wine amounted to forty-two hogsheads.

With the brilliant era of Elizabeth came in sack or sherry, for they appear to have been the same. To their generous qualities most of the dramatists of the age allude. In one of the scenes of the second part of King Henry IV. we have Falstaff declaiming at some length on sherries—sack or dry sherry. In Jonson's "Bartholomew Fair," act v. sc. 6, sack and sherry are used for the

same wine:—

Pup Jo. "A pint of sack,—score a pint of sack i' the genney." A life of the conney. "A life of the conney." A life

The same thing is done in the "New Inn," act i sc. 2;

"But mine's the house of wine. Sack, says my bush; Be merry and drink sherry; that's my prosie."

In Pasquil's "Palinodia," published 1619, we have the following:—

"Give me sacke, old sacke, boys,
To make the muses merry;
The life of mirth and the joy of the earth
Is a cup of good old sherry."

During the latter half of the seventeenth century, we find references to Rhine wines and champagne. In the "Chances," act. v. sc. 3, hock is referred to:—

John. "What wine is 't?"
Fred. "Hock!"

John. "By the mass, brave wine!"

In "Hudibras," part iii. cant. 3, Butler alludes to many wines that at that time could not have been extensively known:

"Those win the day that win the race;
And that which would not pass in fights,
Has done the feat with easy flights;
Recover'd many a desp'rate campaign
With Bordeaux, Burgundy, and Champagne;
Restored the fainting high and mighty
With brandy-wine, and aqua vitæ;
And made 'em stoutly overcome
With bacch'rach, hockamore, and mum."

In 1689, when the war with France broke out, the price of claret rose, and the stock on hand became speedily exhausted. As a substitute, the red wine of Portugal was imported. In the "Farewell to Wine," published in 1693, it is spoken of as having been till that time wholly unknown; thus, in page 21:—

"Some claret, boy!—indeed, in, we have none Claret, sir!—Lord, there's not a drop in town!
But we have the best red port!—What's that you call Red port?—A wine, sir, comes from Portugal,—I'll fetch a pint, sir!"

It must have been, however, very different from the port in use now; in page 22, it is thus described:—

"Mark how it smells!—Methinks a real pain Is, by its odour, thrown upon my brain; I've tasted it—'tis spiritless and flat, And has as many different tastes As can be found in compound pastes!"

The Methuen treaty, signed in 1703, gave to the Portuguese what they have ever since retained—the supply of the English market. This treaty, for an instant, we do not attempt to defend. We do not see how, on any principle of economical science, it can be upheld. But we do maintain, that port is a wine that will do any man good to drink,—that it is far better for a variable climate like ours, than the thin wines of France.

Brave old Sam Johnson, who has said many things that will live as long as our tight little island holds its head above water, once upon a time uttered a sentiment of the truth of which we are firmly persuaded. "Claret," said he, "is a drink for boys, port for men, brandy for heroes." It was under the aid of port that Johnson became the giant he was. We maintain that great men generally drink port. We know there are illustrious exceptions, that Byron drank gin and water, and Schiller champagne, but our rule is good, and illustrated in almost every great man's life. The elegant commentaries of Blackstone, the profound arguments of Sir William Grant, of Lords Stowell and Eldon, the classic poetry

with which Ion abounds, were given to the instruction and admiration of the world beneath the genial influences of port. The same "brave old wine," so we gather from his poems, is not unacceptable to Tennyson, nor can we wonder at it. Port mellowed like a man of fiery passions subdued into a saint by age, bright and clear, with a brilliancy we could almost believe not of this world of sin and sorrow—lustrous

Of a dark eye in woman;—"

is precisely the good genius by which the fancy is stimulated, the intellects aroused, the affections warmed. We know no great and good man of the present day who would not say the same. The weak-headed, the men cursed through their own folly, or that of their fathers before them, with bad constitutions, may object to it as too strong and fiery for such as they; but in spite of them we maintain it is a wine eminently adapted to a Christian and a gentleman.

That a great deal of bad port comes into England is self-evident; the following account of its introduction we have extracted from Dr. Henderson's valuable work:—

"The wine country, or district of the Cima do Douro, or Upper Douro, commences about fifty miles from the harbour of Oporto, and presents a succession of hills on both sides of the river, which afford the choicest exposures, and such loose and crumbling soils as have been shown to have been most propitious to the culture of the vine; but the best wines are produced from those that overlie beds of schist, and consist chiefly of the decomposed rock, as in the territory of the Afarquia, mixed in some places with mica. The whole of this district is placed under the superintendence of a chartered company, called the General Company for the Cultivation of the Vineyards of the Alto Douro, which had, formerly, the power of fixing not only the prices of the different qualities of wines, but even the limits within which they were to be produced. Accordingly the vintages have been usually divided into two principal classes; namely, Factory wines (vinhos da Feitoria), and secondary wines (vinhos de ramo), the purchase and sale of which was for a long time confined to the company. The Factory wines are again subdivided into vinhos de embarque. or export wines destined for the English market, and vinhos separados, or assorted wines for exportation to the Portuguese colonies. and other foreign countries, or for home exportation. The vinhos de ramo are used partly for distillation, and partly for the supply of the taverns in Oporto, etc. The company has also the monopoly of all the country, and until very lately had the sole right of supplying the taverns.

"In the territory of the Cima do Douro the wines are in general kept low and trained on poles. A considerable variety of species is cultivated; among which those called alvarelhao, pe agudo preto, tinta-cas, and sonsas, furnish a wine of a strong and full body and good flavour; while the produce of the bastardo, and donzelinho, is of a milder and sweeter quality. As soon as the grapes begin to shrivel, they are gathered and introduced into broad and shallow vats, where they are trodden along with the stalks; and this operation is repeated several times during the fermentation, which, in the case of the superior wines, continues about seventy-two hours. When the liquor has ceased to ferment, it is removed into large tuns containing from eight to twenty pipes each. After the fair of the Douro, which commonly takes place in the beginning of February, the wine is racked into pipes for the purpose of being conveyed down the river into the cellars of the Factory, or of the wine merchants of Oporto, who make their purchases at this period. To that which is reserved for exportation a quantity of brandy is added, when it is deposited in the armazens, or stores, and a second portion is thrown in before it is shipped, which is generally about twelve months after the vintage. When it arrives in this country it is of a dark purple or inky colour, a full rough body, with an astringent bitter-sweet taste, and a strong flavour and odour of brandy. After it has remained some years longer in the wood, the sweetness, roughness, and astringency, of the flavour abate: but it is only after it has been kept ten or fifteen in bottle, that the odour of the brandy is completely subdued, and the genuine aroma of the wine is developed. During the process of melioration a considerable portion of the extraction and colouring matter is precipitated on the sides of the vessels in the form of crust, and when this takes place in a great degree, the wine becomes tawny and is found to have lost its flavour and aroma. some wines this change occurs much earlier than in others, especially in those which have been manufactured from white grapes, and coloured with elder-berries, or other heterogeneous materials, as is frequently the practice of the wine-makers when there is a deficiency of black grapes; and it is always hastened by a large admixture of brandy."

We cannot for one instant subscribe to the opinion that in England port cannot be got good. The best of everything comes to the English market. English gold is omnipotent all over the globe. In our travels abroad we have never got good port unless in the houses of English merchants, who have had it direct from the London Docks. Port is run down for the same reason that Aristides was ostracised. Men are tired of hearing its praises. Men like something new. Besides, it is considered a sign of gentility, a proof that you are a travelled wit, if you can speak with

fluency of the wines with unpronounceable names which French and Germans have been brought up to admire. Far be it from us, however, to speak of them with contempt. We can afford to be generous. We see beauty everywhere, and are ready to place Johannisberger, Steinberger, Chateaux Margaux, Epernay, in the same category with port. Nay, if a man could be contented with small beer we would not quarrel with him. Such a man we would

not persecute, but pity.

That port is adulterated we sorrowfully admit, but wines have always been more or less adulterated. Charles 11., who liked good wine, and wished his subjects to drink it, tried to stem the evil but in vain. Addison gives an account of the practices of the wine-brewers in his time, from which we learn that the evils Charles tried to stem were as rampant as ever. "There is," says Addison in the Tatler, "a certain fraternity of chemical operators who work underground in holes, caverus, and dark retirements, to conceal their mysteries from the eyes and observations of mankind: these mysterious subterranean philosophers are daily employed in the transmutations of liquors, and by the power of magical drugs and incantations, raising under the streets of London the choicest products of the hills and valleys of France. They can squeeze Bordeaux out of the sloe, and draw champagne from an apple. Virgil in that remarkable prophecy:—

Incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva,
The ripening grape shall hang on every thorn —

seems to have hinted at this act, which can turn a plantation of northern hedges into a vineyard. These adepts are known among one another by the name of wine-brewers, and I am afraid do great injury not only to her Majesty's customs, but to the bodies of many of her good subjects. This adulteration, then, was a crying evil before an Englishman had known the taste of port, and no one can say, after all, port is the only wine adulterated, that all other wines are genuine and pure. Alas! the answer to this is far from satisfactory. According to Cyrus Redding, "Bordeaux wine in England and in Bordeaux scarcely resemble each other. The merchants are obliged to "work" the wines before they are shipped, or, in other words, to mingle stronger wines with them, such as hermitage, or canois, which is destructive almost wholly of the bouquet-colour and aroma of the original wine. So much are the merchants sensible of this, that they are obliged to give perfume to the wine thus mixed by artificial means, such as orris root, and similar things. Raspberry brandy is sometimes employed in minute quantities for the same purpose, and does very well as a substitute in England, though any Frenchman conversant with these wines would instantly discover the deception." In this country claret is notoriously adulterated. A cheap French wine is frequently mingled with rough cider, and coloured to resemble claret, with cochineal, and this is frequently, sold as and drank without any discovery of the cheat. Champagne is adulterated in England with more boldness than in any other country, notwithstanding that it is a wine in which adulteration is most obvious to such as are well acquainted with it in the genuine state. "The wines of Madeira," says Mr. Redding, "are in like manner adulterated, or wholly manufactured, in England, which from these devices may justly claim the title of an universal wine country, where every species is made, if it be not grown. The wine thus manufactured is not served up at the tables of the rich, but is principally consumed by those who only drink wine occasionally in the presence of friends; not that the better classes of purchasers escape being imposed on, but may be they are cozened in a different manner, by giving West India Madeira an artificial flavour, and passing it off for that which is East India, and in consequence much dearer. The basis of the adulteration of Madeira itself is Vidonia, mingled with a little port, mountain, and cape, sugar candy and bitter almonds, and the colour made lighter or deepened to the proper shade as the case may require; even Vidonia itself is adulterated with cider, rum, and carbonate of soda; to correct acidity sometimes a little port or mountain is added. Bucellas, Cape itself, in short, every species of wine that it is worth while to imitate, are adulterated or manufactured in this country with cheaper substances. Common Sicilian wine has been metamorphosed so as to pass for Tokay and Lachrima Christi; even Cape wine itself has been imitated by liquids if possible inferior to the genuine article."

Honour then be given to Port. Let those who are given to change, who prefer novelties merely because they are new—let such asses grow sour on whatever acid beverages they will; never be it ours to forsake the generous wine which the wisdom of our ancestors has approved, and on which our orators have grown more eloquent, our judges more sage, our great men more glorious and The want of our age is not Teetotalism, but an Act of Parliament to hang, or at any rate transport for life, every wine merchant who in any way doctors his wine with any evil compound injurious to human health. For such men we would have no mercy. Of all men who defraud the public, and pocket the wages of infamy, we deem them the worst. The burning passions which inspired the poisoners of the Middle Ages stamped something of greatness even on their crimes. These mean wretches, on the contrary, have nothing whatever to plead in defence, but the extra shilling profit, to receive which they would willingly sell

their souls. It is a crying shame that government should overlook this. In Paris the laws for the adulteration of wine are rigidly enforced. A due regard to public health requires that

something of the same kind be attempted at home.

And now, my Teetotal brother, farewell. I would fain wish thee a wiser and a better man, one of more temperance and self-command. Shut up as thou art in thine abstinence and asceticism, in thine own opinion the salt by which the social world is salted, we have little hope of reclaiming thee, of releasing thee from thy bondage and ritual observances, of rendering thee more human. We wish thee well. May you always have a friend and a bottle—we mean—a glass, of cold water to give him.

"O'er thy head may sweet marjoram wave, And fat be the gander that feeds on thy grave!"

THE GERMAN BRIDE TO THE BRIDEGROOM.

BY MRS. ABDY.

"In some countries of Germany the bridegroom, instead of placing the ring on the finger of the bride, gives one to her, and receives one in return."

Hayward's Notes to Faust.

RECEIVE this ring. Why should the sacred token
Of wedded love adorn the bride alone?
In mutual faith and trust our vows are spoken:
Thine must be surely binding as my own.
Why should I wear the bond of our alliance,
While thou in outward semblance still art free?
My heart would cling to thine with less reliance,
Might I not give this tender pledge to thee.

Oft the memento may to thee be needful;
Thou through the busy scenes of life shalt roam,
While I, on household cares intently needful,
Calmly shall stay within my guarded home;
Turn to my favourite books in hours of leisure,
Tend the frail flowret, watch the budding tree,
Weave silken webs, and wake my lute's soft measure,
Charming the tardy time with thoughts of thee.

But thou, belov'd one, when thine ear shall listen
To music's sweet and soul-subduing lays,
When the bright wine-cup in thine eye shall glisten,
When the gay dance invites thee to its maze.
When the soft tones of younger, fairer beauties,
Woo thee to linger in those haunts of glee,—
Then, let this ring remind thee of thy duties,
And lead thy wandering thoughts to home and me.

And when the clouds of sorrow darken o'er thee,
Quell thy proud hopes, and shade thine open brow,
This little talisman shall bring before thee
The holy church—the sacred nuptial vow—
And bid thee seek, in trouble and dejection,
The loving wife, whose heart shall ever be
As pure, as fond, as true in its affection,
As when she gave the marriage-ring to thee.

THE FICTITIOUS AND POPULAR LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

LITERATURE perpetuates the present, and stereotypes the past thoughts of men, rendering superfluous the longevity of antideluvians, by a surer and longer duration. Of literature, as of wisdom,

it may be said, "length of days is in her right hand."

Thus the office of literature is to render nugatory the brevity of human life; thought is transmitted on for ever; sometimes more influentially after an author's death than during his life time,—for if his life was ill, while his books were good, we are happy in having the pure thought, free from the dust and corruption with which it was once associated. As churches, castles, bridges, are the signs and relics of man's hands, books are the monuments of his mind, houses for the repose of his soul; men really live and worship more in the books than in the houses of antiquity; we could better dispense with houses of worship than with some books. The book without the house would still be the book, but the house without the book! Israel could do better with the cloud without the temple, than with the temple without the cloud.

All men leave behind them a literature of their own; all influence which results from the expression of thought, written or spoken, is a literary influence; but to few is the honour allotted of having their literature carefully hoarded by others, studied, reflected on, laid as a basis under education, and visibly influential in forming mind and manner; to more is the lot belonging of transmitting poisonous thought, pestilential ideas from sire to son, hindering kind nature in her merciful process of hiding corruption after death. The process is reversed, and a man's prurient fancy, through the press, is communicated to millions borne over seas; his impure impulse printed for the eye and in the heart of school-boys in civilized lands, whose ancestors were running wild in the woods when that thought was first consigned to paper and immortal infamy.

Great beyond all power of expression is the mercy of God in having given us the art of printing, but like another gift, that of the tongue, it reveals its magnitude and value in the very enormity of its excesses and abuses: to put away sin from the press, would be to put it away from the world: it bears now all the mind of the world, is the education of the world, is the written soul of the world; what the world used to be a thousand, two thousand years ago, was wont to find expression in crusades, conquests; now it is

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expressed in pen and ink, and men sit patiently waiting for the result. Everywhere the press reigns. In the pulpit, is not truth, or systems of truth, or orthodoxy, or forms of doctrine, but repetitions of what men have read? In the pew, do not hearers expect statements, elucidations of a kin to what they have read? In the senate, can a speech ever be heard, but what not only will be, but has been read, consisting of excerpts, dogmas, and printed forms of political life? Analyse a tedious speaker, there or elsewhere; it is not that he is slow, awkward, long, but that he recites, like a school-boy, a lesson, while you hold the book,—the "Enfield's Speaker,"—out of which he has learnt his part. If he deviates, breaks out from the book, states what you have not read, he is interesting. Thus does the book underlie all societies, and give perpetuity to every thought which society thinks worth keeping.

To the majority of our countrymen, the book is the only preacher; while two or three are met together to praise, millions are sitting down to read the tale, the journal, the history. A popular lecturer travels rapidly from town to town, and stirs up congenial minds, but his pace is slow, compared to the silent speed, as of the light, with which the book, multiplying itself by tens of thousands, enters and takes its place by man's hearth. Man the speaker, can be but in one place at a time, - man the writer, can be everywhere; made in the image of his Maker, who is a spirit, he proves his origin, by impressing thousands of intelligences at once, in distant and different parts of the earth. The speaker dies; the writer lives for ever. At this moment, to how many is our Milton preaching! Could all the hearers of Scott be collected, what a congregation should we behold! Could we call together all the boys and men who at this moment are reading Homer or Virgil, could we see them in their several studies by the lamp, we should marvel at the multitudinous audiences to which these old seers were always preaching, and greatly envy them their empire over the young mind of civilized Europe.

Literature being thus all-important, popular, universal, and influential, it becomes a question of deep interest to the Christian student,—what is our literature?—what is it which the multitude reads? Public opinion governs the earth's governments; reading goes wisely to the formation of public opinion; the reading public, therefore, present a grand subject for thought, to all who are solicitous to aid in the improvement of society. To the most casual observer, the enormous amount of fictitious literature which our day brings forth, must constitute a striking characteristic of our times: and the fiction of this our age is of a peculiar kind; it abounds to redundancy in startling, or affecting, or ridiculous incident; you have not time to reflect on one accident, escape, murder, before you enter on some still wilder, and more atrocious affair. An author, to be popular in novel writing now, must be

terrible in incident; the more cold-blooded, ferocious, or unprincipled his actors, the greater favourite with the mass will he become; the deeper and more agonizing the distress into which he can plunge his victims, the more gracious will he be to the votaries of sensibility. Two conditions does the novel reader exact of his author,—that his curiosity and his sensibility be ever excited; this makes a book "interesting," this is the meaning of a "splendid novel:" but a dull book is one which presents no aliment to curiosity, or to the spirit of tears; it may have in it the wisdom of Solomon, or the sagacity of Bacon, or the grandeur of Milton, but to the reader of fiction it is dull, because devoid of dreadful accidents, ridiculous coincidences, and dismal tragedies. If credit may be given to the "Daily News," a paper which has devoted much talent to investigate the literary condition of our artizans and poor, we must believe that cheap, small tales, which "on horror's head horrors accumulate," which feed the diseased taste of the sensualist. arrest the jaded attention of misery, and call off the thoughts of vice from remorse and despair, by vivid sketches of successful ruffianism, or of sentimental thieves,—form the sole literature of hundreds of thousands of our population. In these pictures, crime cannot be too colossal, villainy too deliberate or daring; the empire of rascaldom is laid open in all its knavery and miscreancy.

Let us say a word concerning the novel. Whatever may be our sentiments on fictitious writing, all thinking people must be unanimous, that that must be bad and worthless reading, which excites only curiosity and sensibility. To stare and to cry are not man's chief end on earth; to ask, "what next? what new thing?" was common at Athens, but it was in her day of eclipse and ruin, it was not so in the time of Plato and of Pericles. Different philosophers may doubt as to the exact object for which man was created, but

he certainly was not made to be tickled.

Curiosity was given to man for the wisest purposes; the purpose to which fiction applies it, is its abuse, not its use. This world is the very sphere for a curious man: all the universe is adapted to awaken curiosity; the night succeeding the day, the vicissitude of the seasons, the tides of the sea, the revolutions of the earth, the marvels of astronomy and of chemistry, suggest an everlasting why? to the studious. An incurious man, planted amidst the wonders of geology, would be a monster. Not to say, wherefore? -how?-not to express surprise amidst the discoveries of science, is to resign the prerogatives of humanity. But whilst Nature has thus placed her children in the very centre of wonder, and given them organs mental and material, wherewith to gratify their capacity for the marvellous; by a lamentable perversion, and debasement of the faculty, he who might be marking with reverent amazement the majestic march of worlds, or studying the rare remains, the curiosities of former earths, is hanging with breathless interest over the details of some horrid murder, or devoting his whole soul to the distresses of some imaginary damsel, who, by a very favourite trick of the novelist, is suddenly torn from some nice young man, whom she will meet again, but not for three years at the earliest; the thorough novel reader would not give much for a writer who allowed his young people to get married in the ordinary way. It has in it something of degradation, that a man, before whom science and art open this ample page, above whose head hangs that "pale, o'erhanging canopy, fretted with golden fires," and at whose feet are "the chief things of the ancient mountains, and the precious things of the lasting hills,"—that a man circled with the splendours and wonders of the universe, and with the means of investigating them, afforded by modern science, should prefer to watch the progress of passion, of revenge, of avarice, of intrigue, the slang of vulgar women, or the ambition of vulgar men. Yet is this the very propensity fostered by the novel.

As curiosity is degraded, so is the power of imagination debased. by ordinary fictitious reading. Never can man be too thankful for the excellent gift of fancy. Without it, the past would be a dull catalogue of facts, a dry skeleton; it is imagination which imparts to history a peculiar charm, bringing all its records vividly before our mind's eye as the occurrences of yesterday. The great lessons of the Old Testament are given in history and biography; but what endears the narrative to us all from early childhood, but the glow of real life which the young mind sheds over the picture,—the present, living, and actual character which the representation takes from the hues of our imagination? May we not see, in this circumstance, a reason why the great Author of the Bible has given so large a portion of his will to man in the form of history, because he wrote for the childhood of the human race, and for the ignorant and unlettered of all generations? Therefore, in providing for the universal mind, he presents truth, doctrine, in a form palpable and intelligible to all who can read a tale, who can sympathize with the oppressed, and identify themselves in fancy with heroic enterprises, who can descend into Egypt with Joseph sold by his hard-hearted brethren, or go out of Egypt with Moses, on the night when the Lord smote all the first-born in the land.

If the province of imagination be to give vividness to history, if history unfold events and vicissitudes far more astounding and momentous than fiction can employ, why, it may be asked, does fiction become to all young minds more popular than history?—Because fiction demands no reflection, study, or patience; because curiosity is more quickly, more cheaply gratified, the event unfolding itself in the course of a few volumes; but all the grand changes, the revolutions of society, the progress of civilization, are slow, like the imperceptible growth of the human form, or the advance of a

great truth upon a man's soul, without observation. reader loves to lie passive under the influence of literature, to see beautiful dissolving views, rapidly shifting, and succeeded by fresh scenes of enchantment, keeping his curiosity in constant exercise, without making the demand of one moment of time, or one exertion of thought on his judgment. He has only to lean back, lounge, and be tickled. But the literature that is worth rescuing from the trunk-maker, will not gratify its readers so easily, so contemptibly; it will not let us lie passive; it will not maintain on our faces a perpetual smirk; it will not permit lounging; it gives its blessings on rigorous conditions; it exacts terms; if it give us an idea, it makes the use of it dependent on our working other ideas out of it; for every good thought, and all useful literature is characterized by its stimulating suggestiveness. Therefore, a book which we can read through rapidly, and put by, is not a good book; nor is a book which suits every prejudice, falls in with every taste, harmonizes with all our preconceptions of religion, morals, or politics, worth a thought; because it does not excite thought. The book of worth, is the book that takes the whole power, and shows the worth of a man's mind, which does not regard him as a compound of sensibility and fancy, does not suppose his highest capability is to smile or cry, but which takes cognizance of a certain moral discrimination, a power to judge, a will to choose, and which appeals to this high dignity of his nature, in a literature containing aliment for such distinguished capacities. The other course is to minister to the lower parts of our nature, instead of making them subservient to the use of the higher; it is to provide fun and entertainment for the servants of the house, while the master is neglected or despised. Were the question put to the reader of fiction—what amount of labour and trouble his reading cost him? the reply would probably indicate surprise, at the idea of reading occasioning, by any possibility, a state of mental uneasiness, or distress. Nor is it likely that such a reader would choose to peruse works which exacted from him the patient investigation to which he had not been accustomed; the effect of which reluctance must be the neglect of his nobler nature, an indisposition to exert the judgment, and this must in time be followed by an incapacity to use it aright, and the effect of this disuse runs out into that deplorable imbecility which, with apparent conscientiousness, denies the propriety of discussing difficult matters, or, as it is called, of meddling with political and controversial subjects. The excuses, (they are not reasons,) for declining these great and hard questions,—viz: that they engender strifes, produce bad temper, etc., etc.,—are so disgraceful, that nothing but the disuse of reason can give a person hardihood enough to state them without blushing. Such objectors to discussions are such strangers to reflection, as not to be able to see through the flimsiness, the transparent fallacy of their own excuse. A moment's reflection would show them, that the real cause why they dislike these difficult subjects is because they are difficult, because you cannot lie all along while you consider them, you must rise and grapple with them, you must well and constantly exercise the "senses to discern both good and evil;" it is not because religion or politics generate bad temper, but because they demand thought, that they are set aside for trivialities as useless as they are significant of the mental condition of all who are delighted with them. It surely cannot be approved of, it must prove a certain moral and social sickliness, that questions of such a profound and interesting kind as are involved in theological science and in political inquiry,—questions which must stir up a student's soul from its lowermost depth, -should be regularly, without debate, and as a matter of course excluded, by self-imposed law, from most of our mechanics' institutions, and societies for intellectual improvement. And it is marvellous with what alacrity and ease society generally coincides with this ban on great inquiries, how extensively it seems to be agreed that such inquiries are natural enemies to all union and good feeling, and how fatally has this morbid falsehood established itself among families and friends, in the form of that most abject and degrading of all covenants,—of "agreeing to differ," or, as it ought to be rendered, agreeing to suspend thought, except on trifles. All right-minded men should strive with might and main to destroy this cruel deception, which shuts out from habitual consideration and debate the great stimulants of the human understanding, and which brings men of intelligence together, on the avowed compact, that they shall avoid as hurtful the only subjects which can ennoble that intelligence. Let men dwell on the obvious fact, that every province of knowledge, every field of inquiry, is the proper native school, the manifestly intended discipline, for a being with the endowments of a man; that to close any door of knowledge, to debar him from any search after truth, is to lay on him restrictions where his Maker has laid none, is to alienate from him prerogatives inborn with him; while to present him with a literature, fictitious or otherwise, which summons into exercise none of his nobler powers, but which bribes him to be contented with passing gratifications of fancy, is to rob him of his birthright, by cheating him with a mess of pottage!

As in states in which civil rights are abandoned by neglect, or forfeited by conquest, government is in course of time regarded as exclusively vested in a class; as rightfully belonging to the owners of power; as the great slave class is taught to regard itself as incompetent to exercise political rights; so there have never been wanting interested persons who have diligently propagated the notion, which the indolent are too glad to entertain, that these are some transcendental subjects, which divines or priests can alone

be expected to comprehend or decide upon; that these subjects ought to be left to them; that it is not humility, but presumption to venture an opinion contrary to the dogmas of men who have made these matters their profession. It is not unusual to hear men of great abilities, and in high places using this language, and imagining or seeming to imagine, that the obligation to explore these profound questions is taken off their shoulders by the fact that others have assumed an exclusive right to determine on such matters. Thus a most impious and unnatural division of labour has passed current, as a sound and established propriety; the consequence of which division is, that politics are left with the legislator or statesman, and theology with the divine; the divine is warned not to intrude into the region of politics, and the legislator who does venture into the arena of theological discussion proves, every session of parliament, in what depths of utter ignorance and "outer darkness" he has fallen; the legislator and the theologian then having divided between them the realms of government and of religion, what ground remains for the layman, or for the scholar, or tradesman to till? They are left to choose between fiction and science; but the study of the latter, however elevating and exciting, cannot any more than fiction, reach the deepest interests of man's moral and intellectual being. A perfectly scientific man, in the common acceptation of that term, is still an undeveloped man. The man who while climbing the heights or sounding the depths of the material universe exclaims, "This is all, other subjects sink into nothing in comparison with my disclosures, I leave the spiritual world to others;"—this man "knoweth nothing yet as he ought to know." But how few have the opportunity or inclination to make science a study! how sad then is their lot, who regarding theology and politics as forbidden topics. and unable to prosecute scientific subjects, are shut up to the study of fiction, or of such unsatisfactory literature, as avoiding the two deprecated sciences, ever skims the surface of life; neither hazarding a flight towards heaven, nor diving into the depths of society, but acquiring the admiration of the idle by keeping to the dead level of vulgar fashion, the monotony, the circular commonplace of the market and the theatre.

Thus there is a slave-class amongst readers, a voluntarily degraded, serfish majority, who have given up to two classes the right to think and talk on the greatest subjects which can be presented to the human mind; but this slave class is not so large as it used to be, it is a very comfortable reflection also to see that they are agitated, restless, and dissatisfied, compelled sometimes to think and speak of political and theological questions, by the prominence into which these questions are brought in our day. And all sound-minded men have a duty to execute in this business; they must teach this great doctrine: that all things are open to man's touch

and right, that all questions come before him and ask inquiry, and that all possible subjects, from the habits of the ant to the attri-

butes of the Almighty, are his legitimate study.

But is the province of fiction to be abandoned or despised, when "he who spake as never man spake," condescended to clothe his immortal truths, and convey his awful warnings in the form of the parable? May we not sit at his feet reverently, and recognizing him as the great master of literature, learn from his lips to what uses this department of instruction ought to be applied?

The distinction between the modern fiction, and the ancient parable appears to be this: the fiction is designed to please, the parable to teach; the former addresses the imagination, the latter the judgment through the medium of the imagination. fiction, the tale with its stirring incidents is the great thing; in the parable the lesson to be taught is never lost sight of. Equally diffirent are their effects. The fiction leaves you the victim of a soft and tender sensibility, as evanescent as it is useless; the parable leaves you thoughtful, studious, inquiring; the one draws forth the exclamation, 'tis strange, 'tis passing strange, 'tis pitiful, 'tis wondrous pitiful; the other stimulates the question, "Master, what might this parable be?" We may say of fiction, of literature, what we say of individual life: it is the having an end, a great purpose always in view which commands our respect. singleness of eye which gives to human life its great dignity. It is such a disposition of our pursuits and reading, of our studies and habits, of our very pleasures, such a direction given to all our movements, as shall silently express the thought, "One thing I do." It is such an arranging of our business as will carefully remove all interests which are irreconcileable with the steady contemplation of the end of living; it is this which gives to human exertion the character of a grand reality. It is said by one who knew human nature, "that man walketh in a vain show, and at his best estate is vanity." Words are in themselves vanity, but when they embody a thought, these words may be body and life: figures of speech are vain, flights of fancy are vain, except when they form the ornament of a thought; "a horse is a vain thing for safety." but directed by a skilful rider, is the most useful of animals. So man's life, his interests, his gains, his splendours, are vanity, except when they form the garment of some great design, which like the shape of his body is distinctly seen, moving and breathing beneath the outer vest. But a great purpose redeems from vanity every single act which goes to its furtherance; here the cup of cold water and the widow's mite receive the applause of heaven, as forming parts of a great whole, or sum of life; as the tiniest fleece or the single spark, which contribute to the making up of the thundercloud, are vain no longer through their connection with the mass. Now, as with man's life, so with his creations, his poems, his

fictions, it is the end they have in view which makes them great; man's trade, his merchandize, is a vain show when maintained for itself, his profession is vain when undertaken for himself; so is a poem however brilliant, a fiction however entertaining, vain, when it terminates on itself, and it will not live. The man who has lived for himself, dies out of all memory; it is only the man who has had a great object before him, like Paul or Luther, who lives in history. Selfishness, whether in literature or in life, whether clothed in purple or hoarding every penny, whether pandering to material or spiritual vices, bears in its own nature the seeds of decay and ruin. Immortality is not its aim, therefore it will die. According to our faith so is it with us; the man who earnestly believes that there is a purpose in life, to be worked out by the pen, or by the voice, or by the practice, will gain life; but the author who has only amusement in view, has no faith in himself, in society, or in God: and must therefore disappear sooner or later, when society has discovered wants in literature for which he could not provide, because he did not believe in their existence.

Our country may be called the asylum of a free press, and every attempt to expell the press from this asylum, has in every age encountered the firmest resistance. The reason why our countrymen have so strenuously maintained, so zealously guarded the liberty of their periodical literature is, because they alone of all people have enjoyed it; for it is true of liberty as of religion, that they who know it will trust it. Tyrants may dread the liberty of the press as the superstitious fear an unknown God, but it is liberty which brings out the value of the former, as revelation discloses the perfections of the latter.

Well has the press repaid us for granting it a home: when there was corruption in the senate, lethargy in the church, servility in the cabinet, there was life in the newspaper. It was once the only uncorrupt and living portion of society, and while it retains its freedom it will give life; the servility of the press, like the slavery of a man, puts a period to its social usefulness. Now we may divide newspaper literature into two classes—that which follows and that which directs opinion; the first will obviously be the most popular, the most influential, while the second, because it does not follow, will therefore be overlooked, passed by and despised by the multitude whom it reproves. But it is clear that the literature which in the right direction seeks to revolutionize human society, never can appear otherwise than as an adversary or a stern rebuker. Wisdom is represented, not as walking with the idle, but as calling on them to turn at her reproof. It is with literature as with public teachers; they who shake the fondly cherished systems and disturb the hereditary repose of the startled multitude, must wait patiently amidst protracted opposition or neglect for their hour of triumph. They who would arrest a strong current, must be prepared to work hard and work alone. There are thousands and tens of thousands who will never forgive you for having shocked them. They look on all mental movements as the quiet politician regards the radical agitator, or as the timid child surveys the

lightning!

Yet how carefully and thankfully ought we to note the grand fact in the history of our race, that we have never been indebted for long, or materially to, any man who has not begun by breaking away from the strong current of popular opinion and usage, and instead of walking arm in arm with men, setting his face like a flint Nor should it be forgotten by those popular against them. iournalists who are all in all with the majority of readers now a day, that the very conventionalisms of justice and truth, to which they are constantly appealing, the mild christian precepts which they quote, were not established without infinite labour, and in the very thickest mortal contest with majorities wedded to antiquated prejudices. Man, as a whole being, is not spoken to without great difficulty; to get at a part of him, to appeal to a fraction of his nature is easy; to trim a taste, to stir a passion, to worry an opinion, is in any one's power who can speak or write; but to awaken the lowermost soul of man, to bring out into healthy developement the conscience, and to induce its impartial application to all questions of moral and political importance is a work of extreme difficulty, demanding iron perseverance and the deepest piety. float on the cork of passing and popular questions, skilfully to watch the conversions of the public mind and to avail himself of them, is the province of the journalist who follows the taste of the day; but to keep above water amidst storms of opposition, buoyed up by a strong sense of truth and duty, is the hard but honorable task of the writer who proposes to himself as his life-work, the direction of men's minds. He must expect to be stigmatized as, "violent." "impracticable," "visionary," to be distrusted by the gentler portion of his own party, to be left almost alone. intelligent spectators ought to reflect, under such circumstances, whether the identical terms assigned to such a journalist have not in every age been applied to all great reformers. We have many histories, but a history of the beginnings of the great moral revolutions of our earth remains to be written. "A Plain Narrative of the First Three Years of each of the World's Religious Changes," if it could be written, would read a very useful lesson to alarmists. Such a history would almost tempt a man to believe in the transmigration of souls: it would appear as if the same men with different names, worked out a similar work, were accosted with the same epithets, encountered the same kind of opposition from timid friends and determined foes, but established their resolutions steadily at last, and were greeted with the same eulogy by the pen of history. Digitized by Google

There must be old men among us who can recollect the time when the "Gentleman's Magazine" was almost the only periodical work of the kind in our land. It was a kind-tempered, favourite antiquarian publication, still, I believe, in existence, but venerable mainly for its age and pleasant associations. But the moral and mental activity which the French Revolution stirred up, required far different channels to run and boil in, than the gentle current of Mr. Urban's tranquil pages. That great event struck the intellectual, quite as much as the political state of Europe. found that they had to think over everything again. The grounds of faith, the tenure by which crowns are held, the civil compact, the feudalities of old Europe, the Age of Reason, and the Rights of Man, became no longer bookish systems, but fields of strife and wrath, where passions were roused and intellect awakened, never to sleep again. After a twenty years' war, peace was restored to the soldiers of troubled Europe; her generals sheathed their swords, and "holy alliances" settled disagreements and territorial boundaries, leaving matters, as near as possible, where they were before French aggression had removed the landmarks of nations. But plenipotentiaries cannot give repose to the troubled mind, they cannot say, "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further," to thought. They could fling their great enemy to a rock in the Atlantic, but no St. Helena has ever yet been discovered to which the spirit of inquiry could be chained. And truly may it be said, that it was the least and smallest part of the great French conqueror which disappeared from Europe in 1815. His work remained. career has affected all minds, and Germany, the most afflicted of all the countries which he scourged, appears to stand first in our day among the nations in whose midst intellectual life is at work in No boy, now, can be brought up and think as he would have thought had he lived before that Revolution; no man can speak or write of dynasties and the right divine of kings, or the duties of subjects as he might have been caught writing before that event. It was during the fierce contests engendered by the French Revolution that our periodical magazine literature began its influential course, which has been deeply marked by the character of the time when its progress began. Like the Revolution, it has drawn out and engaged all the greatest talents of our We can scarcely speak of any of the most distinguished men of this century, who have not left the traces of their genius in our Reviews. Those who have left us, but whose names are still fresh and sweet in our memory,-Mackintosh, Channing, Foster, Chalmers; and those who are yet spared to us, -Jeffrey, Brougham, Carlyle, Brewster, never performed greater service for our age, than when they communicated the stores of their knowledge and wisdom to our periodical literature. Here also has a stimulus and opening been granted to rising genius, which as it is often allied

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to poverty and diffidence, shuns the expense and notoriety attendant on publishing books; but has often eagerly availed itself of the magazine, joving in the liberty, the freshness, and the retirement of such early attempts. As the French Revolution opened a career to talent in the army and the state, and the conscript could mark the baton of the marshall grasped by the hand which once wielded the hoe or axe, so the literary aspirant after fame beheld celebrity, of a nobler kind, within the reach of an energetic pen, which might otherwise have been doomed to make up bills in a ledger book. While faults have now and then been committed, while bitter and galling attacks on young genius have disgraced the criticism of a review, yet these have been few indeed compared with the numerous instances in which unfriended and dejected authors have been drawn out of obscurity into public favour; nor must it be forgotten that while unjust attacks have never done material mischief, have often elicited the talent which they sought to obscure; incalculable good has been done by the unsparing and merciless exposure of all pretension, whether literary, scientific, or religious; the reviewer and the quack cannot live together in the same street. He is brought down from the pulpit or from the height of Parnassus by unerring marksmen, or if allowed to live through the pertinacious zeal of his dupes, he is worried and plucked of his feathers till he is reduced to most pitiful dimensions. The encyclopædic character of this part of our literature must be considered.

The leading men in the various schools of moral and scientific research speak to the readers of reviews on all questions which arise out of discoveries of a recent date. The exact state of a science, the stage of progression which it has reached, the aids which may be best used for studying it, may always be found in reviews. There is, too, a glow of life and interest in their political disquisitions when not too bitterly steeped in party feeling, which affords to the student of political science the means of discovering the real nature and tendency of particular measures. Nor must their influence on government be lost sight of; no administration could exist if opposed by a periodical literature which expresses so large a portion of the public sentiment; a ministry of this day may be said to live on the press and the review; any instance of public delinquency, of oppression, of misgovernment, is printed and laid on every man's table, in every coffee-house and reading-room throughout the empire. Nothing can escape the vigilance of the writer for the press. From the Queen's daily walk on the slopes of Windsor, to the deposition of a rajah, every thing is accurately noticed. Our periodical literature, too, is characterized by its perfect freedom. Discussion and inquiry have free course. In our land, a man "may speak or write the thing he will." The description of the American press

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which our countrymen who visit the United States give us, would almost induce the belief that with us only can a writer address the public with equal freedom on all subjects. The tyranny of the press is the most hateful of tyrannies. The habit of writing down by calumny and falsehood political enemies; of slandering rival editors out of character and bread; of denouncing the anti-slavery writer, as our Irish priests curse the unpopular landed proprietor: ought to be indignantly rebuked by the high-minded descendants of puritan Englishmen. If such many-headed despotism is suffered to live, its effects are similar to those of the imperial press in France, during the reign of Napoleon; the paper, the magazine, uttered a falsehood, or was gagged. You must flatter, or be silent, was the law. And thus the press became an evil, and only an evil, and that continually,—resembling a man whose language is restricted, by fear or bribes, to adulation and lies. Madame de Stäel was exiled: a German pamphleteer was shot. The myrmidons of the police examined every sheet of every book; piled them by thousands in their courtyards, to be burnt; and hunted the authors from Paris to Vienna, and from Vienna to Russia. Thus a race grew up in France who read only in favour of arbitrary government, of war, and grew in servility as in stature, the educated slaves of a slave-press.

But enough has now been said respecting writing; let us conclude with a few thoughts on reading. Men — especially young men—of inquiring and active minds, need not be advised to read; this is a privilege which their inquisitiveness and love of knowledge renders it impossible to neglect. Instead of reading too little, they are in danger of reading too much. It is quite plain that no rule can be laid down as to the amount of reading, the time to be spent in mastering books; only this indispensable precaution should never be forgotten by the reader, that he never lose sight of his own individuality. He must read his own history; it is far more interesting than any other, far more instructive, and more useful. For there is great danger lest the eager reader lose himself in other men's systems. In his admiration of an author's originality, he may risk his own. Scarcely reflecting on the fact, he may give forth on any subject of conversation not his own, but his book's, His language, "I think," may often be translated, "My author thinks," so and so. Very often men do thus speak; they tell the company what Hume, or Gibbon, or Johnson have thought. On great and important matters many talkers seem afraid to advance a bold, independent opinion of their own, but invariably utter what they have been brought up, or taught to say on such points. It is the memory only with such persons which With many writers, this vice is ostentatioushas been cultivated. ly paraded in innumerable quotations, references to the learned, scraps of Latin and Greek, the invariable sign and accompaniment

of pedantry. One feels always inclined to ask-Enough of this, what do you think?—your mind is different from all other minds, as your face is like no other face in the world: what then is your own original idea on this or that subject? It may be said of many men that they are walking catalogues; they may be spoken to, as you would consult a "table of contents." They are useful as a general index. They would shrug their shoulders if asked, but which of the authors is right or wrong? what is your verdict? Thus it often happens that the book within us is uncut, unopened. while a whole library of other men's books has been read. is there nothing in tragedy however terrible, no incident in story however moving, so awful or affecting as the fears, the doubts, the hopes of a man's own inner life; there is no work of art in poetry or painting, to compare with the warm and vivid creations which are portrayed on the walls of our chambers of imagery. Let the reader then avoid those books which would tempt him from the study of himself. Our books are our companions, and is he a good companion, who would lead us into habits of dissipation, and scenes of amusement, where no time is allowed for reflection, selfcontroul: where our pursuits and associations necessarily render self-inspection repugnant to our feelings, where we escape from ourselves, get rid of unpleasant reflections in mirth and gaiety? Or is not a companion preferable who argues, debates with us, rubs against our prejudices, excites us to defend or compels us to abandon our positions? Such collision calls out our fire; in debate a man has for the first time in his life discovered what he was, what he was qualified to be or do; many a man has thus found out in the senate that he was an orator. An Athenian orphan is swindled out of his father's estate by fraudulent guardians; in vain do the widowed mother and orphan sister complain; when the youth is of age only one twelfth of the property is unsquandered. There is none to defend a poor youth, so he must defend himself; self-reliance and the sense of right and wrong are his only friends; guarded by these, he will get justice done him, if there be justice in Athens. In vain do intriguing guardians continue to defer the business for two years, these will enable him to gain legal knowledge and obviate certain physical disadvantages, a habit of stammering and great weakness of constitution. At length, in the year before Christ 864, being now twenty-three years of age, he faces his enemy, who is condemned to pay a fine of ten talents. gains his cause, the widow and sister get their hour of triumph, and the world gains Demosthenes!

In short the reading which teaches the student that he has certain work to do, which cannot be put by without infinite loss and dishonour, is the right reading; because that reading is accordant to the reality of things, to truth. All other reading is out of tune with nature, jarring against the great primeval law. "In the sweat

of thy face shalt thou eat bread." This world is not a fiction, these innumerable mortals around us are not shadows, this business of life is no dream; all is real, all is solemn. The most serious and startling fact under the sun is this, that man is an accountable agent, moving amidst accountable agents, presided over by a judge who is never perplexed by the myriad circumstances of his human government, but sees them all constituting materials for righteous judgment. In one way or another, therefore, our reading and studies ought to have a bearing on the grand fact in our history, that we are day by day, and hour by hour developing a character, ripening habits, forming tastes and associations which will give an uneffaceable complexion to the whole of our illimitable destiny. The scholar reads for his examination, the minutest details of his grammar derive an importance from their result on his trial; the student reads for honours, medals, emoluments; the statesman reads for an empire; man reads for eternity. The literature which forms a man's opinions, educates his mind stores him with ideas, must necessarily influence his character, and abide with him either as a blessing or a curse throughout the whole of his endless being.

B. K.

THE ENCHANTED DOME.

Where resteth lotus-lilies on the calm, transparent water, To a lonely islet came an eastern sage's daughter; A wondrous dome of burnished gold—by her mystic order rose, 'Mid the stately ancient oedars—shadowing forth a deep repose.

The priceless gems they flashed back the gold and glittering sheen,
But impenetrable mystery profoundly steeped the scene;
For no human force might enter to explore that dome within,
If the spirit of the seeker had known secret grief or sin!

On the green, enchanted isle, landed all who sought the way, Unseen harps, divinely strung, and spicy gales urged sweet delay: Bands of smiling pilgrims came o'er the deep, transparent water, And with joyous bearing thronged round the eastern sage's daughter.

The gifted and the diadem'd, the youthful and the gay, Earth's wisest, best, and loveliest, were there in full array; Nobly she received them all, ever giving smile for smile, Yet, alas! the hidden entrance surely told of wee and guile.

"Ah! pilgrims," spake the islet queen, "mine art hath truly shown, Earthly visions oft seem fairest, with a veil around them thrown; When ye are mouldering, dust to dust, forgotten in the tomb, Your children's children hence will come, nor ope' the mystic dome."

C. A. M. W.

WHARFDALE;*

OR,

THE ROSERY.

BOOK IV.

CHAPTER VI.

Who that has once been in Paris does not remember the Hotel———?—Its reputation is universal, and its merits are too well established for that reputation to be suddenly taken away. The whole of its arrangements, though perhaps a little too much anglicised for a continental taste, are always conducted in a most liberal and recherché manner, and the people one meets there are without exception of the first rank and respectability. In short, for elegance, comfort, situation and amusement combined, recommend us to the Hotel———, in preference to any other Parisian hotel we have ever visited.

To one of the most spacious apartments in this hotel, overlooking the garden of the Tuilleries, we must now ask the reader to accompany us. There, on a low settee, covered with bright crimson tabaret, reclines the fragile Lisette Melville; her fair, pale cheek looking fairer than ever, forms a strong contrast to the bright cushion on which it rests; her dark, penetrating eyes flashing with more than ordinary brightness, and her whole frame seemingly surrounded by more than its accustomed witchery. Never, perhaps, did she look more beautiful than at this moment! Her hus-

^{*} Continued from vol. li. p. 195.

band is sitting by her side, anxiously watching every change of her countenance, and eagerly anticipating her every wish. The beautiful exotics in the cornucopias on the mantelpiece, the pile of favourite books upon the table, and the portfolios of drawings standing on a vacant chair by the settee, are all trifling but pleasing evidences of his unceasing care. To lend amusement to her leisure, to divert the melancholy channel of her thoughts, is (next to the deep regard which he entertains for her spiritual and physical wants,) his chief object and attention. Everything that love can contribute, or wealth purchase, is at hand. villes have been in Paris a couple of days, and here they purpose remaining till such time only as Lisette may again feel herself able to proceed on the journey. Oh! how anxiously do they look forward to the day when they shall once more behold the gay palaces of Naples!—Naples! how many hopes are strung on the influence of its balmy gales!

"Ah! what have we here, Lisette?" said Melville, carelessly turning over the pages of a book which was lying on the settee, on

the fly-leaf of which were traced several verses of poetry.

"Merely a few foolish rhymes, Melville," replied Lisette, while a slight blush gave additional beauty to her cheeks.

"They are your own, Lisette?"

" They are."

"Then I am well assured, dear, they will not be foolish." And the doting husband pressed her thin, cold hand within his own, with an air of fondness that would at once have convinced her (had such proof been requisite) that he was serious in what he said.

"I know, Melville, you will not think them so, though it is probable everybody else would. You are utterly blind to the follies

and faults of your Lisette."

"Her many virtues, then, have made me so. But come, let me

see, what are your verses about?"

"'Tis a melancholy subject, Melville," replied she, with a deep sigh.

Melville read as follows:-

"Sweet Père la Chaise! 'tis beautiful
As burial place may be,
With rose-bud bright, and lily-bell white,
And rich acacia tree;
And yet, 'tis not the burial place
I would choose for mine or me.

"A thousand dead are slumbering here,
And a thousand tokens show,
Though years have past since their fates were cast,
They are still remembered now:
The well-trimmed bed, and the fresh-strewn flow'r,
Will tell you, wanderer, how.

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"The sculptured urn, and the plain white stone,
Love's latest memories bear;
And far and wide on every side,
Love's offerings glisten here;
And often they, in the setting sun,
Are wet with the mourner's tear.

"But what are the thousand dead to me?—
Not one of the names I trace,
Can conjure back to my life's dull track
An old, familiar face:
I feel I stand on a stranger's land,
The dead—are the strangers' race.

"'Tis sweet to think, as we journey on O'er the world's uncertain tide, Life's voyage past, we shall rest at last With our lov'd ones, side by side: For those who have been joined in life, Even death should not divide.

"Sweet Père la Chaise! 'tis beautiful
As burial place may be,
But I gaze around o'er its hallowed ground,
And my lov'd ones, where are ye?
This, this is not the burial place
I would choose for mine or me.

"Melville," said Lisette, fixing her dark, penetrating eyes affectionately on his face, as he concluded; "mark those two last lines.

—I have a childish fear, a melancholy foreboding, but—but—the

truth is, Melville, I am wearied and dispirited to-night."

"I see you are, Lisette.—The ride we took this morning has been too much for you. Endeavour to compose yourself: an hour's sleep will refresh you." And Melville, after placing the book upon the table, himself drew the settee nearer to the fire, carefully covered the fragile form of his young wife with an extra cashmere shawl, gently smoothed her pillow, imprinted a fervent kiss upon her lips, and then drawing forward his chair again, resumed his seat by her side.

Lisette soon sank into a calm and child-like slumber. When Melville, taking his pencil from his pocket, and opening the book at the page from which he had been reading, scribbled beneath the above lines a few rambling and desultory verses. Rambling and desultory, however, as they were, they were thoroughly imbued with the glowing eloquence of love. They conjured back the sweetest memories of the past,—they inspired bright anticipations for the future. Their chief charm, however, in the estimation of Lisette, was the assurance they contained, that whatever fate might be reserved for her in this world,—

"Life's voyage past, she would rest at last With her lov'd one, side by side."

And not here, in the gorgeous cemetry of a foreign land, but in the quiet old churchyard in Wharfdale.

We must now leave the Hotel ——, with all its elegancies and

comforts, for a scene of startling wretchedness and poverty.

At the extreme end of a narrow street, running from the Rue de Richelieu, stands a dark, dingy-looking house, the different floors of which are severally inhabited by poor and needy families. Having ascended to the third landing of the unwashed staircase, we must take a brief glance at the interior of that apartment, to which that ricketty door on the right will conduct us. It is a small, square room, and boasts not, either in its arrangements or its furniture, any of the real comforts, and but few of the bare necessaries of life. The low truckle bed, with its ragged covering, in the far corner of the room, the plain oaken table, and the farworn, rush-bottomed chairs, at once give us an idea of the poverty of its inhabitants. The bare, white-washed walls display not a particle of paper, and many of the window-panes bear evidence of past wreck and dilapidation. The evening is far spent, and a few flickering embers still mouldering on the hearth alone serve to enlighten the gloom of this miserable apartment. Its only inhabitant, at this moment, is a young female, of between twenty-five and thirty years of age. Her dress, though exceedingly plain and unassuming, is composed of the best and most expensive materials, and made in a style of fashion that seems but little to accord with the wretchedness of everything by which she is surrounded. Independent, too, of her dress, there is a certain bearing in her manners, a certain stateliness in her step, and above all, a certain indignant curl of her lip, that cannot fail to excite our curiosity. That she is not one of the class of people who ordinarily inhabit such miserable apartments, it is impossible not for a moment to And having made this discovery, it is only natural for us to ask,—who and what is she?—and how comes she to be found in such miserable plight? To the two first of these questions, a ready answer may at once be given, and the solution of the third will be found in the circumstances detailed in the following chapters.

This female is none other than the Countess d'Almaviva, the suffering, the heart-stricken wife, of a bad and an abandoned

man!

Oh! that the spirit of Mrs. Cavendish might now re-visit the earth, that she might behold at this moment the different conditions of her two children,—Lisette Melville, and the countess! How would she shrink from the startling picture that would meet her eyes!—how would every meek and uncomplaining look of that

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neglected wife upbraid her with her wickedness and folly! Would, we say, that her spirit might revisit the earth! Who shall venture to assert that it has not already done so?—who shall presume to say that it is not at this very moment hovering on that apartment? May it not well be, that were the deep arcana of illimitable space unfolded before our eyes, we should behold innumerable hosts of spiritual beings, (beings whose blessed memories we have long cherished in our hearts,) watching with deep and absorbing interest the varied destinies of the children of earth. May it not now be, that the restless spirit of Mrs. Cavendish is there. May it not be, that to know, to trace, to follow every change of destiny in the web of her children's existence, and yet to have no power to com-

mune or to cousole, is the meet punishment of her sin!

Lisette Melville!—that gentle being, who, in the first gush of her youthful passion, in the transport of her ardent feelings, had sacrificed all, even the strong ties of duty, to the deep and unchangeable truthfulness of her own young heart; short as had been her pilgrimage, variable as had been the conflicting circumstances which had cast their shadows over her path, fragile even as at this moment appeared the last link of her mortality; she had drank, and, even now, amidst her deep conflict of hopes and fears for the future, did she still drink the waters of pure and unalloyed quiet She had found, she had trusted, she had worshipped, and repose. a heart warm, pure, and devoted as her own. No matter, however fierce and overwhelming might be the storm and tempest without, it might cloud for awhile, but could never poison the current of her The halo of happiness by which she was surrounded, was but the light springing from within,—a light springing from the continued exercise of every better feeling of the heart, in all its virgin freshness and sincerity. With truth may it be said, that the happiness of both Melville and his wife was a happiness peculiarly their own. Created for them, not by the influences of the external world, but created solely and abstractedly by themselves. the only true, the only real happiness. In devoting ourselves unreservedly to the admiration of all that is good, all that is beautiful, all that is stamped with the indelible finger-mark of eternal and omnipotent Deity, we are hut devoting ourselves to the one great lesson, that can ever, either here or hereafter, prove conducive of any real benefit. The human heart is the precious casket in which is contained the germ of all that is most good, most beautiful, most god-like, in nature; and just in proportion as that germ is cultured and cherished, will eventually be found the results. "We are," as the poet has wisely said, "free to stand, or free to fall;" we are endowed with feelings and faculties that will enable us, if properly exercised, to clothe the present with the spotless glory of a future world.

The Countess d'Almaviva!—Alas, how sad is the story of her

destiny! She who in the first spring-days of her life became a wretched, though at length an uncomplaining sacrifice to the sinful passion of a selfish parent; she who, (however reluctantly) playing the hypocrite with the virgin purity of her own young affections, allowed herself to be made the dupe and duper of another,-how was she punished?—The faults of the mother were now being visited on the child. For her there was no real happiness. patient resignation alone could she hope to enjoy even that small share of quiet and repose which may induce us calmly to bear, though it can never fire us with a love of existence. Her reasonings, and the circumstances by which she was surrounded, were ever at war. The better feelings of her heart had been called into existence, to be blighted only at the moment of their birth. had been induced to worship a false idol, and now, in the hour of her trial and misfortune, did she in vain look to that idol for comfort and consolation. Her "here," was but a dull, dreary blank; her "hereafter," a mystery, lighted with hope and expectation.

CHAPTER VII.

On leaving Venice, the Count d'Almaviva had proceeded direct to Paris, and there under the assumed name of Monsieur Vantini, he at once fearlessly entered into society, trusting to good fortune and his own "cool assurance," for his reception. His long connexion with the world had taught him that those who would avoid suspicion, must be (or at all events, must appear to be) above it, and few men were better practised in the art of deception than himself. It was with him a habit to assume a character as he would a garment, it was just as readily put on and cast off. Thus master of himself, and ever becoming all things to all men, the soi disant Monsieur Vantini found little difficulty in winning his way with every class of the Parisians, to whom the suaviter in modo is a primary recommendation.

He took a splendid suite of apartments in one of the principal houses of the Rue de Rivoli; furnished them in most elegant and costly style, and had them in every way adapted to the wants and requirements of a man of ton. Various, at first, were the inquiries in the neighbourhood as to who and what Monsieur Vantini really was, but no one caring to know the truth further than that i would gratify his idle curiosity, the wonder soon died (away,) an

imposed upon by the appearance which he made in society, the noble manner in which he conducted his establishment, and, above all, the liberal hand with which he squandered his riches, the inquiries eventually became, rather, who and what was he not? To the devotee of fashion and pleasure, it was sufficient that he lived in the style, and conducted himself in the manner of a gentleman; to the man about town, and the hanger-on, that his table was ever ready to receive them; to the petit maitre and the debauché that he had a young and exceedingly pretty woman for a wife, of whom he seemed most unaccountably careless and neglectful.

Thus all inquiry being for ever set at rest, and every tongue silenced as it were of its own accord, the residence of Monsieur Vantini shortly became the gay rendezvous of fashion and frivolity. If he gave a dejeuner a la fourchette, or a bal masqué, or a soirée musicale, it was sure to be universally spoken of as the most stylish and recherché affair of the season. One thing alone now seemed to dim the brilliancy of his entertainments and to dissatisfy his guests. The manners of his wife were cold and forbidding, and there was an air of melancholy about her, that ever contrasted strangely with the gaiety by which she was surrounded. uncharitable censors of her own sex, the unfortunate countess was at length voted a dull, stupid, unamiable creature; and by the equally undiscerning, and perhaps not less uncharitable of her male visitors, she was declared to be little better than a mere gilded automaton. "It was a pity," said many of them, "so pretty a woman should have so little soul." How often are our judgments on others founded on grounds equally false and unjust! How often, acting under the influence of a first impression, are we ready to raise our voices in censure, whereas if we would but take the trouble honestly to investigate, we should find in the very cause that excited our condemnation, matter for the deepest admiration and respect!

To add that the Count d'Almaviva was one of the most regular frequenters of the gaming table, will only be to add that which the reader will in all probability have guessed already, knowing as he does, that with him play has long been an ardent and uncon-There are few men, we apprehend, however querable passiou. much they may be disposed to condemn this fashionable vice, with sufficient moral courage to withstand the daily temptations which they must unavoidably encounter in certain classes of Parisian society; fewer still would there be found, who, previously having a penchant for the excitement of a gaming table, have not after the experiences of a single season in Paris, become confirmed and irreclaimable gamesters! Day after day was the now accredited Monsieur Vantini a regular visitor at one or the other of the most notorious houses of play either on the Boulevards Italien, or in the more questionable locality of the Palais Royale; day after day

did he become more honoured, because more notorious. His proceedings at the table were characterized by a daring and reckless spirit, that the most ardent worshippers of fortune could not fail to wonder at and admire; yet daring and reckless as he seemed with regard to the amount of his stakes, he rarely failed to convince his competitors that he was at least a skilful and experienced calculator. The tide of fortune ever seemed to set in his favour, and every succeeding day brought additional increase to his gains. His more luckless companions marvelled at his good success, and looked with anxious eyes to the hoards of wealth they were doomed to see pass into his coffers, while the different croupiers in astonishment, would often whisper to themselves, "Il est le diable l'

Long did this run of good fortune continue, and long did he nobly keep up the lavish expenditure of his establishment, in the Rue de Rivoli; and not even one of his most galled and disappointed companions was there, who did not readily admit the princely elegance and liberality of his entertainments. To his suffering wife alone, these entertainments furnished a source of deep sorrow and suspicion. That he had stood on the very verge of ruin, shortly before leaving Venice, she well knew; and that he had had some hidden and dishonourable cause for his sudden and unexpected flight, she could not for a moment doubt. How came he now in possession of so much wealth? How came he now to be able to support an establishment, inferior in costliness and elegance. only to very few in the French metropolis? These were questions, that ever suggested themselves to her mind; and often in a moment of suffering anxiety, had she found herself on the very point of even putting them at once to her husband, but the instant her eyes rested on his face, the words would die away upon her True it was, she knew him day by day, to be the constant attendant at the gaming table: and true it was also, that she heard rumour after rumour speaking loudly of his good fortune; yet was she but ill at rest, there was a secret misgiving at her heart, she hoped, yet dared not believe, that so much wealth could be fairly and honestly won. His manners towards her were more than ever cold and reserved; at times he would become even Never but once, had she dared to question his morose and cruel. motive or to dispute his authority: but that once had served to convince her of her own misery and wretchedness, and to establish, beyond question, the wickedness and barbarity of the only man to whom she had now a right to look for confidence and affection, to whom she had for ever linked her fortunes, good or That once—it was when she was commanded to lay down her own title, and to assume the name of Madame Vantini. The truth, the bitter truth, had flashed across her mind: she felt, she knew her husband to be a dishonorable, a guilty man; and in the paroxysm of her despair, one startling question (startling to the

ears on which it fell,) tremblingly escaped her lips. The next moment, a rough hand had hurled her swooning to the ground. From that day forth, the insulted and heart-stricken wife had never dared, either by word or look to question, much less to dispute the command of that worthless and abandoned man. Meekly and uncomplainingly, did she perform the part assigned to her: however harshly or unkindly, that part might be made known. Henceforth, however, peace and happiness were strangers to her heart, she bore within her a wounded and a broken spirit. long as she had believed her husband honourable, so long as she had believed him incapable of guilt, she had schooled herself, despite his coldness and neglect, to surrender to him as his due her affections and regard. The knowledge of his guilt had for ever broken the charm. A virtuous woman may respect, nay, more, she may love a man of most fierce and ungovernable passions, a man who will treat her with all a demon's harshness and brutality; but, seldom indeed, if ever, will she be found to look thus generously upon one whose brow is stamped with guilt.

Time passed away. The gay season of Paris had drawn to its close; and the more aristocratic members of its brilliant society had departed to their various castles and chateaux in the country: still were there remaining behind a sufficient number to constitute a gay world of their own. The soi disant Monsieur Vantini had declared his intention of remaining in town until late in the autumn, and his mansion in the Rue de Rivoli was the scene of

continued gaiety and festivities.

It was late one dark, dismal-looking evening at the commencement of September, when he entered one of the most notorious and (as it had latterly become) questionable gaming houses in the Palais Royale. Several of his nightly companions were already present, and some three or four of them were too much absorbed in play to notice his arrival. Amongst the latter he immediately recognized a couple of strangers. He eyed them intently for an instant, but seeing that they were deeply interested in the result of the game, he cared not to carry his observations further. Their looks were sufficient to convince him that they were no strangers to the chances of fickle fortune. As usual, he soon took his place at the table, and, as usual, every cast seemed likely to turn in his favour. A second and a third stake had already found place in his coffers, and more than once had the marvelling whisper of the croupier, "Il est le diable!" fallen indistinctly on his ear. At length the great stake of the night was upon the table: all was intense interest and anxiety. The box had already passed through several hands, and was now glittering above the head of fortune's choicest favourite. At this moment one of the strangers, approaching the scene of excitement, suddenly exclaimed,—

"A thousand francs Monsieur Vantini is the winner."

"Done!" shouted a couple of voices at once, and the sound had scarcely died away when the box chinked loudly upon the table.

"You win the wager, monsieur," coolly exclaimed Vantini,

discovering his dice, "you win the wager."

"Aye, and my revenge, too!" shouted the stranger, grasping the dice from the table. Then, turning to the astonished listeners, he continued, "Gentlemen, I charge Monsieur Vantini with false play."

"Your proof, monsieur?" demanded Vantini, as a dark cloud

gathered over his brow.

"Here; these dice will condemn you," replied the stranger, holding them up between his finger and thumb; "they are false! they have been substituted! Nay, nay, deny it not; it is of no use now. The Count d'Almaviva might escape, but Monsieur Vantini shall not." The accused trembled violently beneath the searching gaze of the accuser, who, seeing the impression he had made, immediately continued, "Forget you the last time we met, eh? Look at me well, noble count; tell me if you never saw these features before? Come, come, your memory seems treacherous. Remember the last evening you spent in Venice; remember who were your dupes on that occasion. What—what—you begin to recognize me?"——

There was a momentary struggle and confusion around the table; then an overthrow of chairs, and a sudden rush to the door. It was too late; the door had been secured from without. The Count d'Almaviva, the soi-disant Monsieur Vantini, had effected his escape.

His accuser (whom the reader will doubtless have recognized as the young French nobleman whom he had entrapped, on the evening of his departure from Venice) was not, however, to be thus asily foiled. He at once made a desperate rush upon the door, a second, a third, and it was shivered in fragments at his feet.

CHAPTER VIII.

On reaching the street, the Count d'Almaviva found himself surrounded by total darkness, the gas-light at the entrance of the staircase having been extinguished by the wind, which was blowing boisterously at the moment. Taking advantage of this circumstance, he at once started off at the top of his speed, and rested not until he found himself close upon his own residence in Rue de Rivoli. After hailing a disengaged voiture that happened to be passing on the instant, he threw open the outer door, rushed rapidly up the wide staircase, and, almost breathless with exertion and anxiety, entered the boudoir of the solitary countess. She was at that moment engaged at her evening devotions.

"Come, come, signora," exclaimed he, "this is no time for childish sentimentality. We must leave here on the instant; every

moment we delay we imperil our own safety."

"What—what mean you?" stammered the bewildered countess.

"Question me not now, signora. You have heard my command: obey it at once, if it be your pleasure; if not, signora, I must leave you alone to your fortune."

"No, no, I am ready, quite ready. I will accompany you, my

lord."

"Give me the key of your wardrobe. We must have your jewel-box, signora. That would be too great a treasure to leave behind."

The countess, lost in amazement, mechanically obeyed his command.

The wardrobe was unlocked; the jewel-box extracted; and the trembling countess, with her shawl resting on her arm, was hurried

roughly from the apartment.

"To the Rue de Temple! quick! quick!" exclaimed the count to the driver of the voiture, as he closed the door upon them, and the next instant they were driven rapidly through the street.

Such was the phrenzy of the Count d'Almaviva that his young wife trembled with horror as she gazed on his wild, demoniacal countenance! His cheeks were pale and livid; his lips curled with a fiendish grin; and his dark, penetrating eyes blazed with unearthly brightness. The half-suppressed curse that every now and then escaped his lips, and the occasional sound of his clenched hand, as it fell heavily upon the lid of the jewel-box, gave additional weight to her alarms. Often had she seen him when his every look struck horror to her heart; but never had she seen him as now. On—on—were they driven, from one street to another; quick—quick as the jaded horse could put his feet to the ground: and often did it seem to the affrighted woman that every moment they would have been overthrown. She trembled, yet she dared not complain.

"A thousand curses on that lazy rascal," muttered the count, venturing, for the first time since they started, to look from the window; then, turning suddenly to the driver, he continued in a milder, though in an equally energetic tone, "Come, come, spare not your lash; you shall be well rewarded for your trouble."

Crack, crack, again went the whip; and the goaded animal again seemed to strain every nerve, as he dashed furiously along. The high wind whistled mournfully through the deserted

streets; the rumbling of the wheels of the ricketty vehicle reechoed loudly upon the pavement; but beyond these, not a sound was distinguishable. Yet such was the startling consciousness of guilt, that to the ears of the profligate and abandoned gamester it seemed as though the sound of a dozen voices mingled with the blast: the re-echo of rapid footsteps in pursuit seemed nearer at every turn.

On arriving at the Rue de Temple, the count gave fresh orders to the driver, who immediately turned from the principal thoroughfare into a low, dirty-loooking by-street, flanked on either hand by shops and dwelling-houses of the most mean and wretched descrip-At the extreme end of this street, a miserable cabaret made its appearance, on observing which the cheek of the Count d'Almaviva brightened for a moment, and, in a voice somewhat more calm and composed, he intimated to the countess that they were now at the end of their journey. The voiture was drawn up to the door; the bell rang; and immediately a fierce, cadaverous-looking man, holding a lighted lamp in his hand, made his appearance. Evidently out of humour at being disturbed at this untimely hour. a dark scowl was on his brow, and a heavy oath upon his lip; the moment, however, he recognized the features of the count, the dark scowl at once changed into an hypocritical smile, and the heavy oath was hushed in the bland, though coarse, voice of a hearty welcome. A few incoherent sentences, spoken in Italian, rapidly passed between the master of the cabaret and the count. when the countess was ordered to alight, and the voiture dismissed, its driver well satisfied with the bright napoleon he had received for his trouble. On entering the wretched house, the countess became more horrified than ever. The dirty cards scattered on the table; the dice-box on the floor; the broken drinking-cups lying in fragments about the room; and the repulsive fumes which filled the place: were all evidence that struck her with horror and She could not for a moment doubt the disreputable character of the house, nor the abandoned and profligate habits of Passing through the principal or public room, they its occupiers. were ushered into a small apartment beyond, evidently intended for a dormitory, but how any human being could possibly sleep in such a place, seemed to the Countess d'Almaviva a mystery totally incomprehensible. A fire was quickly lighted, and a tray filled with the coarsest viands one can imagine was placed upon a small table that occupied the centre of the room. A bottle of ordinaire and a small cruet of cogniac also made their appearance, the latter accompanied by an especial recommendation from the master.

"Yes, yes, Matteo, I doubt not the quality of your refreshment," exclaimed the count, "but at present I am in no humour for

drinking. I have business of importance, Matteo, and it will admit of little delay."

"But perhaps the lady," interposed the man, relaxing his brow, and fixing his dark eyes intently on her face, "perhaps the lady"—

"Yes, yes, you are very good, Mattee, but the lady will doubtless take care of herself," replied the count. Then turning to his wife he continued in a voice tempered by a tone of kindness which it seldom assumed, "Signora, you will stand in need of some refreshment after the excitement and fatigue of your journey: do, I beseech you, partake of our host's hospitality."

"No," replied the countess, her bright eyes filling with tears as

she spoke, "I cannot eat."

A frown, pregnant with meaning, was the only reply. The count paced rapidly to and fro the apartment, his bosom heaving with agitation, and his contracted lips quivering with rage. Approaching the table, he emptied the contents of the cruet into a glass, and immediately drained it to the bottom.

"Now, signora," said he, again turning to his wife, "I must leave you for a short time. Fear not; under this roof you will be

perfectly safe."

"Safe!" exclaimed Matteo, still speaking in Italian; "safe, indeed. Yes, with my life I will answer for your ladyship's

safety."

The countess at that moment was too much overpowered by her feelings to offer any expostulation. It was not until the door of the apartment had closed upon her, and she heard the retreating footsteps of her husband and his companion in the adjoining room, that she became fully alive to the danger of her situation. Alone in a strange house, in a disreputable neighbourhood, and this too at an hour past midnight! The thought filled her with horror. Springing wildly to her feet, she rushed towards the door, seized the handle within her hand, determining, let the consequences be what they might, to hazard a last appeal to her husband. In vain did she exert herself; the door had been fastened from without.

A faint shriek escaped her lips; she staggered for a few paces towards the centre of the room; and then sank almost insensible on a chair. In her endcavours to save herself from falling, she had suddenly laid hold on the table; it had reeled for a moment beneath her weight, and then, with all its contents, had rolled upon the floor. The lamp had been extinguished by the fall; the oil had been spilled upon the ground; and, to add to the wretchedness of her situation, she was now left with no other light than the flickering flame of the freshly ignited wood upon the hearth, to which every now and then a strong gush of wind, as it rolled mournfully down the chimney, threatened immediate extinguish-

For an instant, this new calamity totally overpowered her; but no sooner had she recovered from its shock, than the danger of her situation again forcing itself upon her mind, she rushed a second time to the door. Fear gave her new strength. Oncetwice—did she endeavour to force back the lock, yet in vain; but before a third, and to her an almost hopeless, attempt, she felt it slightly give way. Inspired with renewed hope, she made one more desperate and fierce struggle, and the door flew back on its hinges. She paused for an instant; all was dark, still as death. "They are gone," groaned she, bitterly, "and I am now too late." At this moment, the surly growl of an awakened mastiff, which had hitherto been unobserved, burst forth from a far corner of the outer room, and was immediately succeeded by a long and angry The countess trembled from head to foot; her heart beat violently; her brain began to reel; and she had barely succeeded in rushing back into her own apartment, and closing the door upon her new assailant, before she fell fainting on the floor.

The Count d'Almaviva and his companion, who was none other than the most daring of his Venetian bravos, hastily pursued their course through the dark streets. To the former it was now clearly evident that his security was entirely dependant on his concealment, for he doubted not for a moment that the spirit of revenge which had inspired his enemy to track him to his secret haunts, would also have prompted him to take every step that might be

likely to lead to his apprehension.

He well knew the light in which his offence was viewed by the laws of France, and he felt a firm assurance that if once taken into custody, it would be next to impossible for him to escape conviction. Doubtless the police were already on the alert, doubtless his escape beyond the barrier was already cut off. Guided by the advice of his faithful and unfailing Matteo, he resolved to remain concealed in Paris, until a sufficient time elapsed for the story of his offence to have lost its novelty; and then under an assumed name and character, he hoped to be able to bid a long farewell to the inquisitional metropolis and to baffle the most cunning artifices of his opponent. The only difficulty that immediately presented itself to this stratagem, was the selection of a place for present security, and to the mind of the Count d'Almaviva (who well knew the unwearying vigilance of the Parisian police), this was a difficulty if not altogether insurmountable, at all events of most startling importance. The abandoned bravo, however, was better acquainted with the deep mysteries of Paris than his master; to him the perlieus of refuge were well known, to him (long familiarized in vice,) every avenue of escape was familiar as the windings of his own narrow and contracted residence. Quickly, though silently, following the footsteps of his companion, the count soon found himself entering the Rue de Richelieu, when starting at the thought of his near proximity to the scene of his guilt, he ventured for the first time to question the prudence and discretion of his leader.

"Peace, peace!" exclaimed the indomitable Italian; "a few minutes, and we shall be at the end of our walk. The fact of your being so close upon the steps of your accusers, will be the readiest means of silencing suspicion. I will soon find you a lodging where few will venture to follow,—even the blood-thirsty minions of the law must be well paid ere they will take the trouble to ferret you out of your hiding place. A word from me, and a dozen daredevil spirits will be ready at your signal. Ay, ay, trust me, my lord, I was not in your lordship's service a couple of years to no purpose. France may not boast her bravoes, 'tis true; she has, nevertheless, her daring ones, who will not scruple to perform the bravo's services, and between ourselves ——"

The pedestrians had already diverged from the Rue de Richelieu, and were now quickly stealing along one of its most intricate and disreputable tributaries. Matteo suddenly made a stand, and after giving a gentle tap at a large green door, that seemingly opened into a court-yard beyond, placed his finger upon his lip, as a sign

of silence to his companion.

The knock was speedily answered. A decrepit old man, with a countenance too fiend-like and demoniacal for description, ushered them into a cold, dirty entrance-hall; and after a few words spoken in private between Matteo and himself, conducted them up a long flight of stairs. On arriving at the third landing, they entered a small, miserable-looking apartment, and this the Count D'Almaviva soon gleaned from their conversation was to be his future abode.

"Umph!" said Matteo, addressing the old man, with an assumed air of indifference, "it is a miserable affair after all; no matter,—no matter, though, so long as the gentleman may remain here in secret, we shall not grumble at the accommodation."

"Did I ever betray you, monsieur?" inquired the old man,

with some warmth.

"No, Duval, you did not;" replied Matteo, fixing his bright eyes on the face of the speaker; "and should you dare to do so

now, I will be the death of you."

"Le diable!" groaned the old man, suddenly turning his lamp towards the face of the speaker, whom he had seldom heard express himself so energetically; "Le diable! but you are mighty fierce to-night, Monsieur Matteo."

Matteo made no reply, but coolly whispered a few words to the

count

"Hark you, Duval:—let a fire be lighted here immediately, and see that the room be made as comfortable as may be; and that directly, too, for ere day-break the gentleman and his lady,—(his

lady,—mark that!)—will be your lodgers. And here, Duval," continued he, holding out a well-filled purse, which he had just received from the count, "here is earnest of our bargain."

"Mon Dieu! Monsieur Matteo," exclaimed the old man, turning the purse over in his hand, "you pay liberally, hence you may

depend upon me safely."

" It is well," replied Matteo.

The Count d'Almaviva and his companion rushed hurriedly into the street, and again retraced their steps towards the Rue de Temple.

CHAPTER IX.

THE Countess d'Almaviva, on recovering from her fainting-fit, found herself stretched on the rude pallet that occupied the far corner of the apartment. Her husband was sitting by the bed-side, anxiously noting her every movement, and though evidently struggling with the dark feelings that agitated his bosom, there was in the nervous anxiety of his manner, an air of unusual gentleness. He readily guessed the cause of her suffering, and taking her thin, cold hand within his own, he pressed it for a moment to his heart; then let it drop carelessly by her side, as though he were ashamed of having been led into the betrayal of even this slight ebullition of feeling.

The worst and most depraved of human beings is rarely altogether bad; there will, despite his dark depravity, still lurk within his heart some small spark of better feeling, some tittle sympathetic passion, that still proves him, (monstrous as his crime may have made him) endowed with the common feelings of humanity. For the first time, perhaps for months, it may be for years, this hidden spark of good had at this moment been lighted up in the heart of the Count d'Almaviva. The attenuated form, the blanched cheek, and the sunken but unaccusing eye of that gentle being who now lay almost powerless at his side, filled him for an instant with deep and unutterable anguish. The recollection of her virtues, and the appalling memory of his crimes rose in juxtaposition before his eyes. It was a contrast too fearful, for even a man blackened by sin and wickedness, as was the count, to contemplate unmoved.

Mattee was seated by the table, busily cleaning a small pistol, which seemed from the rust that corroded it, to have long been useless and neglected. As his work progressed, however, it soon

became evident that, whatever might be its present condition it was still an article of some value. It had a couple of barrels, composed of silver, and the hilt, which soon showed itself beneath the polishing hand of the Italian, to be made of the same material, was elaborately carved and inlaid with precious stones. fearful to watch the dark workings of the countenance of that lawless man, as he vigorously prosecuted his task, for it was next to impossible perhaps to misinterpret their meaning. Bitter and fearful were the recollections, the sight of that small pistol recalled to his memory. It was a memento of his former guilt! Even to this moment there was a dark blood spot on its hilt, which Matteo himself, could not behold without trembling. Who was its former possessor? How came it into the hands of its present owner? Well was it for that diabolical Italian, that dead men's tongues blab no secrets, or the startling voice of accusation would have long ago proclaimed his guilt unto the world.

"There," said he, at length, after carefully loading the pistol, "there, my noble signor, if need be, you will find this little gentleman a safe companion, I have known him for years, and never

yet found him to be false."

The Count d'Almaviva, startled from the reverie into which he had almost unconsciously fallen, suddenly sprang from his seat, and grasping the pistol in his hand, quickly deposited it in his pocket. The countess had been too much absorbed in her own thoughts, and too deeply struck by the sudden change in her husband, to notice even that Matteo was present, until the sudden movement of the count caused her to direct her attention towards the table. She saw not, however, what had passed between them, and was spared, therefore, the pang of further dark and harrowing

suspicions.

Full an hour before day-break, had the Count d'Almaviva and his wife taken possession of their apartments, in the Rue de Rich-The external appearance of the former, however, had been entirely metamorphised. He had no longer the noble and aristocratic bearing of the gay cavalier of the day; but rather that of the plain and honest artizan. His dark moustache and imperial had been removed, and instead of being habited as was his wont, he was now clothed in homely and unassuming garb. A deep cloud of melancholy rested on his brow, and the fearful workings of his features showed clearly the fierce struggle that was going on within his bosom. He paced to and fro the apartment, with hurried and agitated step, stopping every now and then opposite the small window that overlooked the street, and casting a hasty glance on the busy pedestrians below. He spoke but seldom, yet when he did so, it was in a tone, if not of affection, of kindness and comisseration.

Slowly and wearily did the day drag along its course. To that

wretched and unhappy couple, every hour seemed more than twice

its usual length.

As the first shades of evening made their appearance along the sky, the countenance of Almaviva again brightened and his step recovered much of its usual lightness and elasticity. He spoke more frequently, and casting aside his usual reserve, seemed, perhaps for the first time since his marriage, to solicit the advice and confidence of the woman whom he had so deeply wronged. The conflicting emotions struggling within the bosom of the gentle countess rendered her, however, incapable of entering into his She was a mere silent and attentive listener. Often did she feel a burning desire to question further of his guilt, and more than once did she essay to speak; but there arose a choking sensation in her throat that bade defiance to her attempts. Frequently during the day, had she fixed her eyes keenly and steadfastly on the countenance of her husband, as though she would have read every thought that was passing within his bosom; for a moment she had felt his dark look of unutterable anguish sink deeply into her heart; for a moment she had felt as though she could forgive and forget all his past unkindness and cruelty, and relinquish every thing for his sake; but no sooner had this feeling taken possession of her heart, than the recollection that he was a dishonorable, a guilty man, flashed like an electric light across her mind. Then came a strong revulsion of feeling. Fity she might do.—Love, no, no, that she could not! And yet she was his wife -the wife of a criminal! The blood curdled in her veins, her heart beat fiercely within her bosom, for she felt she must ever shrink from his touch as from the touch of a loathsome and pestiferous thing. Oh, the fearful leprosy of guilt! it infects and poisons all with which it comes in contact.

Had it not been that the Count d'Almaviva was so deeply occupied by his own feelings, he could scarcely have failed to have read, in the changing features of his wife, the thoughts that were passing in her heart. Altered as he appeared to be, it was well perhaps for her he did not do so. A slight breeze would have sufficed to have fanned all his angry passions again into a flame, more blighting, more furious than ever.

Some time after night-fall, Matteo again made his appearance at their apartments. A smile was on his face and a lively greet-

ing on his tongue.

"Well, Matteo," exclaimed the count, as the door closed upon the old porter who had conducted him up the stairs, "what is your

report, eh?"

"Thus far favorable, most noble signor, except that the probability of your flight beyond the barrier will be cut off for some days. No great matter that though; even in the worst of circumstances a bribe may be sufficient to purchase your escape."

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"I doubt it." replied the count, musingly.

"Well, as you will, I do not. But let me tell you I do not apprehend that your opinion will require putting to the test, providing you can reconcile the gentle signora to these miserable quarters, for a week or two; though, 'pon my life, it is too bad to coop up so fair a lady in a roost like this."

The countess made no reply to the Italian's attempt at gal-

lantry.

- "The signora," replied the count, coolly, "will not by rashly seeking her own comfort, venture to imperil her husband's safety. If it be requisite, Matteo, we can remain here one week or six; but mark me, I say if it be requisite, for otherwise I am determined to leave Paris the first oportunity that offers, and trust to fortune I shall never set foot in it again. But what of the jewels, Matteo, eh?"
- "I have a customer, a good one, who will take them at any moment."

"His name."

"Pierre Cataneo, of the Rue St. ——

"And you will answer for his secrecy?" inquired the count, closely scrutinizing the countenance of the bravo.

"May I never receive another napoleon from your hand, if what I tell you be not correct," replied Matteo, with some warmth.

"It is well. Your services shall receive the reward they merit."
"But perhaps, you would prefer making your own bargain with the silversmith. His residence is but a few paces distant from the Rue de Richelieu; and we may safely venture there together at this hour of the night. What say you, signor?"

"The sooner this business is completed the better. Should these jewels be found in my possession, whatever my disguise, they would go far to establish my identity. Yes, yes, they shall

be turned into cash to-night, if possible."

The Count d'Almaviva enveloped himself in the folds of a large cloak and pulled its fur collar tightly around his throat, so that the upper part of his face alone remained visible, and this, thrown into the shade by the broad brim of a low crowned hat, would not readily have been recognized by his most intimate companion.

"Adieu, dear signora," said he, taking the jewel box under his arm, and moving slowly towards the door; "fear not, I will return

anon."

The door closed. The afflicted wife sank down upon a chair by the fire and wept bitterly; while her profligate and abandoned husband, leaning on the arm of his none the less abandoned conductor, were silently pursuing their way to the shop of Pierre Cataneo.

THE REQUIEM OF THE ST. EVREMONDS.

"———— that it were possible
To undo things done; to call back yesterday!
That Time would turn up his swift, sandy glass,
To untell the days, and to redeem these hours."

"I feel the impulse—
If it be life—to wear within myself
This barrenness of spirit: and to be
My own soul's sepulchre: for I have ceased
To justify my deeds unto myself—
The last infirmity of evil."

"Are they gone?—is their mirth from the green hills passed—Ye have looked on death since ye met me last! I know whence the shadow comes o'er ye now, Ye have strewn the dust on the sunny brow;—Ye have given the lovely to earth's embrace—She hath taken the fairest of beauty's race! They are gone from amongst you, the bright and fair, Ye have lost the gleam of their shining hair;—But I know of a world where there falls no blight, I shall find them there—with their eyes of light!"

The snow of many winters has descended on my aged head, and summer's heat and winter's cold, with spring's early promise and autumn's calm decay, have all passed away, as joy and sorrow hath marked each in succession; but somewhat more of the latter than of the former ingredient, I bethink me, hath been mixed up in the cup of life I have quaffed; and the first sorrow of that young life is strangely and vividly remembered; strangely, I say, because it fell on my soul as the gentle latter rain falleth on the odoriferous herbs, when compared to the desolating storms which have well-nigh shattered and foundered the frail bark of maturer years.—

"The grief that marks our dawning youth
To memory ever clings,
And o'er the path of future years
A lengthened shadow flings,

The grief has passed, with years, away,
And joy has been my lot,
But the one is oft' remembered,
The other, soon forgot.

The gayest hours trip lightly by,
And leave the faintest trace,
But the deep, deep track that sorrow wears,
No time can e'er efface!"

This first sorrow was parting with my dear old nurse. She left me, to dwell amongst her own people, to end her days amidst her own kindred; but as it is not of myself I am going to speak, and as I profess to detest that oft used little pronoun, "I," beloved old Irish nurse Mona shall tell her own tale as she told it to me; it made so deep an impression at the time, that I committed it to paper, and in rummaging out some musty letters and time-worn

papers, I found this identical record of bygone years.

A few words of Mona:—she is of the dust " lang syne;" she was no common nurse, and more properly ought to have been termed a gouvernante. She came to reside in my father's family, when verging on middle age, but highly recommended by a branch of the noble house with whom she had been brought up from girlhood, and to whom she had proved a faithful and attached dependent, until death and misfortune had dispersed them, and obliged Mona, with many others, to seek shelter and employment elsewhere. She liked not often to speak of her own early spring-time, or of the events which had deprived her of those to whom she had been devotedly attached. She had taken me to her bosom in her old age, her last and cherished nursling and solace; and I could not bear to see her weep, or to wound her with idle questionings; but one evening, a short time previous to her departure, she gave me the following details,—and many tears I shed with her; but a few weeks later, I was torn from her protecting embrace, never to meet again in this world,—and so the young girl early learnt what bitter first sorrow really was. Blessed old Mona,—she had ill-prepared me, with her blind idolatry, to buffet with the world's woes.—But here again, poor egotistical human nature shines forth, and I am indulging in "I," and "myself," forgetting that nurse Mona has her own tale to tell; and the strange, wild echoes which half a century (and a score and more years added to that) have stilled and deadened, once more reverberate o'er my heart and soul.

"Tis like the wondrous strain,
That round a lonely ruin swells,
Which, wandering on the echoing shore,
The enthusiast hears at evening.
"Tis softer than the west wind's sigh;

'Tis wilder than the unmeasured notes Of that strange lyre, whose strings The genii of the breezes sweep.

St. Pierre used to observe, that men were wrong in saying time passed,—" it is we who pass, while time remains." And—

"Sorrow, they say, to one with true-touched ear, Is but the discord of a warbling sphere, A lurking contrast, which, though harsh it be, Distils the next note more deliciously."

But what means Shelley when he says, "the pleasure that is in sorrow is sweeter than the pleasure of pleasure itself?" He could not allude to the—

"Grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear, A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief, Which finds no natural outlet, no relief, In word, or sigh, or tear."

One summer's eve, beneath the beechen woods which sheltered

my home, thus spake nurse Mona, and—

"The holy time was quiet as a nun,
Breathless with adoration."

"The woods are grand around us here, my darling; but where wave they so grand and stately as those surrounding St. Evremond's old abbey? Bright are the streams, and fair the pastures, too; but where are the clear, deep waters, and the green mountains, and the lovely valleys surrounding that cherished spot? Massive, noble, and with lordly pride, stands this brave mansion; but alas! for the crumbling ruins, the old grey arches, and the ancestral glories of that beloved home, which is on the face of the earth no more; for the Abbey of St. Evremond gave its last shelter to the last of the race, who for untold generations had claimed it as their own.

I would that old Mona were gifted with eloquence to describe the far-spreading, dark forest, where the ivied ruins lay scattered about, far and wide,—

> " I do love ancient ruines, I never look upon them but I read Some reverend historie,"

The long avenues ending in dim perspective, the stately cedars

stretching across the mossy knolls, and the solemn cypress overshadowing St. Evremond's Chapel; that lonely chapel in the bosom of the ancient forest, from whence, in the still evening time, might be heard the vesper orisons pealing forth in full, rich-toned chaunts, amidst the natural arches of the greenwood, then dying away, further and further off, in sad, low murmurings, and the faintest cadence of whispering echo's mystic voice; then rising again in bursting hallelujahs, as the swelling harmony floated past on the evening breeze, as if borne on angel wings, far away o'er the receding hills, beyond the last faint streaks of the golden sunset, beyond where mortal eye-sight might follow, or imagination conceive!

Truly I could exclaim-

"Many the heart that has before you cross Laid down the burden of its heavy cares, And felt a joy that is not of this world."—

For it was a richly decorated fane, in the Gothic style of architecture; and "one must have taste to be sensible of the beauties of Grecian architecture: one only wants passion to feel the Gothic." The Gothic infuses superstition; the Grecian, admiration.

"Rome teaches the just: Greece the beautiful; and Judea the holy;" but surely this Forest Chapel, the pride and glory of the pious race of St. Evremond, comprised within itself all the beauti-

ful aspirations of each favoured clime.

How may I tell you of the carvings and emblazonries; the gold and the silver; the sumptuous velvet hangings of Genoa, or the rich silks of Persia's choicest looms? How may I describe the purple and vermilion hues of the Arabesque domes; the sculptured screens of shining marble, fine as the lace-work of the cloistered nun to the dazzled eyesight; the massive columns; the pointed arches; the delicate tracery of the mullioned windows, with their mystic devices of gorgeously-stained glass; and, above all, the divine paintings, one only of which was worth a king's ransom, as I have heard; the rare and costliest perfumes of Araby ever burning; and the grand sculptured effigies and memorials of the race who had thus honourably consecrated this house of the Lord? There they slept the long last sleep of eternal rest, in their marble tombs, the solemn emblems above them, escutcheons, and waving There, silver sconces held the huge waxen tapers ever burning, casting forth incense with unearthly light; and there my Lady Winifred ordained a mass to be ever continued and prolonged, night and day, for the repose of the souls of the departed. And my Lady Winifred had much added to the splendours of the Forest Fane; she it was, who had made it her life's business to adorn and regulate these sacred offerings.

"Hail to the firm, unmoving cross! Aloft, where pines their branches toss, And to the chapel far withdrawn,
That lurks by lonely ways.
Doomed as we are our native dust
To wet with many a bitter shower,
It ill befits us to disdain
The altar, to deride the fane,
Where patient sufferers bend in trust
To win a happier hour."

My Lady Winifred! Ah! how that name conjures up images of the past, and recals scenes and recollections which I had imagined to have been long swept down the stream of memory's oblivion! But somewhat of the Abbey itself I must tell you; for when I once begin to speak of the *living* actors of the scene, I feel how impossible it will be to diverge into any minor details, for my heart was enwrapt, and ah, my darling! it will indeed be hard for me to fulfil the task I have imposed on myself.

"All things have rest; why should we toil alone? We only toil, who are the first of things, And make perpetual moan,—
Still from one sorrow to another thrown."

The comparatively new part of the Abbey (and that was ancient enough, in all conscience) was a monastic, solemn-looking, dark structure, full of vaulted passages, arched doorways, and ecclesiastical windows, deeply set and surrounded by heavy-sculptured masonry; ivied buttresses, and grey masses of mouldering stone, towering up in emulation of the giant trees, which on all sides waved and swung about their branches, even against the very casements. Oh! but there was a venerable and dim religious light diffused over each part and portion of that rambling and vast old sanctuary. There was the oak library, with its quaint carvings, distant gallery, and high vaulted roof: the saloon for music, with raised platform surrounded by invisible fairy balustrades, whereon the musical instruments were placed. It was called the Abbot's Hall, and a vast, antique, grand hall it was; dread reasons have I for well noting and remembering it. I remember, too, the awful note of the blood-hound, baying upon his midnight chain; the pleasing melancholy of the hooting owl, from his hereditary chamber; the tuneful cooing of the tender cushat dove, at the witching hour of eve; the morning rooks, which bustle and caw; and the high winds wailing and roaming, daily and nightly, through the boughs, adown twisted chimnies, and round gable I remember the deep, glossy verdure of the greensward, the brave distant hills fencing the forest and the vale:—

"But there is stillness now:

Gloom, and the trance of nature now;
The snake is in his cave, asleep:
The birds are on the branches, dreaming;
Only the shadows creep;
Only the glow-worm is gleaming;
Only the owls and the nightingales
Wake in this dell when daylight fails,
And grey shades gather in the woods;
And the owls have all fled far away,
In a merrier glen to hoot and play,
For the moon is veiled and sleeping now.—
The accustomed nightingale still broods
On her accustomed bough,

I was only twelve years of age when I first entered into the Marquis of St. Evremond's family, and my Lady Winifred was then an only child of seven years old. I understood that I was placed there as a playfellow and humble companion, to attend on the walks, plays, and studies, if they might be so designated, of her little ladyship; but since I have learnt, that being, as they pleased to say, a sweet-tempered, docile, and gay girl, I might perchance assist in counteracting the haughty and fearfully passionate disposition thus early and strangely evinced by the heiress of the St. Evremonds: for, in the event of no son being born to that ancient house, the extensive hereditary possessions all descended to a daughter or daughters.

The Lady Winifred was a child of rare beauty. I never beheld such singular dark eyes, so large and fascinating; and when they flashed with rage, and her cheek paled, (literally a death-like pallor, from concentrated anger) yet her perfectly-chiselled features were never distorted: and I never saw her cry, as children are usually wont to do, though prolonged and terrific screams often betokened her puny efforts to attain universal dominion, and her disappointment when frustrated. I used in my own mind to com-

pare her to a fallen angel,—

But she is mute,"-

"A creature to whom light remained From Eden still, but altered—stained."

From neither her simple-hearted, benevolent sire, nor from her gentle-souled mother, did the Lady Winifred inherit the demonspirit I have endeavoured to describe; the Marquis of St. Evremond being an enthusiast and devotee, in his own quiet way, a naturalist, also, and an accomplished musician. But I used to hear some of the dependents whisper, that an ancestor, whose portrait hung in the gallery, was the model from which their young

lady was formed,—Sir Hildebrand of St. Evremond, the dauntless and heroic, but whose passion was as ungovernable as the whirlwind, which passeth over the earth in wild tempestuous violence, to sear and to destroy.

Many a time have I wept and cowered, though five years her senior, beneath the angry blows which the beautiful fury would launch forth on me; and oh! I have often trembled, and prayed fervently on my knees to God, alone in mine own chamber: for it was a fearful sight, this mortal not yet eight years on earth, thus to prove a perfect scourge and terror to all within her atmosphere.

She was not, indeed, without affection. I often, even at that time, imagined I could discern strong traces of it, towards myself. But shame and remorse so often mingled with it, after the gusts of passion were over, that it required one far better versed in human nature than I was, to discriminate judiciously, and call it forth.

Let it not be imagined that all this was suffered to pass unreproved and unchecked. The mother, indeed, shrank in stricken terror from the noisy scenes: she had not nerve to encounter her rebellious child: she had once been struck by the frenzied little tyrant. And the father wanted the firm, guiding hand of power, and quiet command, to still and enforce this unruly spirit to obedience.

The honoured and venerable chaplain, Father John, exerted more control, and exacted and demanded far greater awe and respect from my young mistress, than any one else had ever yet done; and, tender though her years were, he had earnestly endeavoured to make her acquainted with the great truths of our blessed religion, and to show her pictures of the mild, pitying Redeemer, suffering little children to approach Him. How sweetly he talked! and she would hang her head, poor thing! till the profusion of massive ebon locks swept over her neck and arms, trembling all over, and gliding silently away. But she never shed a tear. It was quite awful to watch the character and disposition thus early developed in this child.

Well, this went on till my Lady Winifred had attained her tenth year, and then it was notified that the Marchioness of St. Evremond was likely to present an addition to the family very shortly.

Great, indeed, were the rejoicings when it was announced that a son was born,—a son, so long and ardently prayed for by the grateful and delighted parents. A healthy and a noble babe it was, truly; and I knelt down beside the cradle where it nestled, never tired of gazing on the blessed innocent. Whilst I thus knelt and gazed, I heard a footstep by my side, and, on looking round, I was terror-stricken to behold my young lady standing in fixed contemplation of the slumbering babe, also, her dark eyes fearfully distended, her face livid, and convulsed by unutterable passion, I may almost venture to say, despair. It was long, long before she

could speak, and when she did, it was in a wild burst of frantic

agony, rage, and grief, which I never can forget:-

"Tell me, tell me, Mona, is it true?—you will not lie to me—tell me, is it true? will it come to pass? They taunt me—they taunt me—me, Mona! They say—listen—that papa and mama love me no longer; all their love has passed away to that (pointing to the unconscious sleeper in the cradle bed); they say that I am nobody now, my power all departed, and that my brother is all in all to every one. But oh, Mona! it is not the power and wealth I care for, but papa's love, mamma's love, yours. Will they not forgive me again and again as they used to do? Ah no! for I am not their only one now, and he has taken their love away: and I hate him! I hate him!" and violently she seized on my arm. I could not pacify her; she flung herself on the ground, tore her hair, and with repeated shrieks, wild and piercing shrieks, most terrible to listen to, she incoherently repeated, again and again, all the sad wicked words already spoken.

We could never trace, or find out, what baleful means had been used, or by whom, thus to poison the poor young lady's mind; but with them assuredly, and not with her, must rest in a great measure, the awful weight of guilt incurred, from the dreadful ca-

tastrophe which so soon followed.

* * * * *

She was left with the precious babe alone, but for a few minutes, the domestics were in the next apartment; that morning her mother had reproved the Lady Winifred, gently, tenderly, reproved her; but she had witnessed the caresses lavished on the little

stranger.

Who may imagine or shadow forth even in indistinct murmurs, the thoughts that crowded on that young girl's mind, what fiend tempted, what power of darkness was permitted to work? Deep, dark, mysterious and unfathomable are the ways of the Lord, I dare not think or reason, I only desire faith, single-hearted, pure faith; I cannot comprehend, but I know the Lord wisely directs all things, and I would ever wish to say in all sincerity, "His will be done."

When the nurse re-entered the apartment, the Lady Winifred was standing on the middle of the floor, one hand pointing to the cradle, the other clenched, but not with passion, that had passed away; she stood like a statue of stone, with her rolling eyes following their every movement.

The babe of a few weeks, the heir, was dead: when they removed the pillows with which she had smothered him, the angel smile dwelt on the cherub mouth, the mother's milk yet warm there, but the breath of life had departed; the Lady Winifred had murdered

her brother, and a few minutes had sufficed to accomplish the ruthless and irrevocable deed of horror!

"Who art thou?"
He answered not, but with a sudden hand
Made bare his branded and ensanguined brow,
Which was like Cain's—oh! that it should be so!
What softer voice is hushed over the dead?
Athwart what brow is that dark mantle thrown?
What form leans sadly o'er the white death bed,
In mockery of monumental stone,
The heavy heart heaving without a moan?"

All was over, and I must pass by the harrowing scenes and details which followed. The miserable affair was hushed up as much as possible, but the poor mother's heart was broken, and she refused to look upon her daughter again. Five years from this terrible period, after giving birth to a second daughter, the Marchioness of St. Evremond felt that her final release was at hand, and she then called for the unfortunate being on whose brow was indelibly imprinted the fatal mark.

Ah! during those five heavy years, since that fearful night, what a change was wrought in the girl! She had never been seen to smile; (she never was seen to smile again whilst she lived,) it seemed as if all the violent passion of her soul had exhausted itself in that one atrocious act of childhood: the re-action followed, terror, despair, and a long lingering illness, in which she lay hovering betwixt life and death. She awoke and rose again, still a child in years, but a woman in feeling.

"We live in deeds, not years: in thoughts not breaths: In feelings, not in figures on a dial: We should count time by heart throbs: he most lives, Who thinks most: feels the noblest: acts the best."

The good Father John had placed before my Lady Winifred in its true light, the crime she had committed; she understood him, she understood herself and her own position: a precocious light seemed vouchsafed to her, and the contrite, humbled sinner, the self abased penitent, never, never for one moment forgot hereafter, that her brother's blood was required at her hand.

I never could forget, that she had been maddened and urged on to commit the direful offence against her God, partly through her outraged affections, when she had so cruelly been taught to believe her father and mother cared no more for her. It taught me more of her heart than I had hitherto known, and let me see that a deep

store of love was garnered there, poisoned and festering for evermore, but *still there*: and my lady refusing to see or acknowledge her, struck the barb more deeply home. But on the death-bed, all wrongs are forgotten and forgiven!

"How many a bitter word 'twould hush,
How many a pang 'twould save,
If life more precious held those ties
Which sanctify the grave!"

On her death-bed, the mother called for her banished daughter once more: with the agonised pangs of anxiety and maternal love, she pointed to the new-born babe, and feebly whispered, "Spare it, Winifred, and as thou art tender and merciful towards thy helpless sister, in future years, so may a dying mother's blessing rest on thee. Farewell, my first-born, my unhappy child; may thy Creator forgive thee as I do."

Oh! the ten thousand thousand bitter reproaches conveyed in

those two words, "spare it."

Shortly afterwards the Marchioness of St. Evremond expired; and for the second time I witnessed the solemn parade of a midnight burial, and listened to the seraphic strains of the "Requiem of the St. Evremonds," which tradition said it had been the custom for untold generations to chaunt at the obsequies of any member

of that noble family.

My Lady Winifred was fifteen when her mother died, but, as I have before said, no longer a girl: she had lived ages of remorse and agony, and constantly expressed a wish to bury herself and her woes in a convent, for with this world she had evidently nothing more to do. In penance and prayer her time was entirely passed, dread penances they truly were, but it is not for me to betray the secrets of the prison-house: suffice it to say that Father John was the tender consoler, the spiritual comforter, and the sole earthly friend of that unhappy young lady. In the annals of the Aztec race, it is related that in their religion a sinner could but once in life receive absolution; and that the repetition of an offence once atoned for, was deemed inexpiable; another peculiarity was, that priestly absolution was received in place of the legal punishment of offences, and authorized an acquittal in case of arrest. How singular and mysterious that the benighted and cannibal barbarians of the new world should, in their unhallowed tenets, speak forcibly home to the hidden histories of many human hearts in the old, and so called civilized portion of the globe!

[&]quot;The dreaded judgment doom in thine own heart is writ: We kiss it: bow our heads: and silently submit."

Fair and fragile was the babe thus sorrowfully ushered into this world of wickedness; and the delicate plant so rudely severed from the parent stem, was reared with the utmost difficulty and care; and I think without the never ceasing, unparalleled devotion

of the elder sister, never would have been accomplished.

My Lord did not long survive his wife; poor gentleman, he had never recovered the shock he had sustained, and her loss completed the work of destruction. Three years after the vaults of the Abbey Chapel had been last opened, they were again unclosed for the reception of another load of clay; gorgeously hidden it is true, and pompously disposed of, but for all that, clay still, "dust to dust," corruption and the worm.

Surely to the kindly and simple-hearted Marquis of St. Evremond might be applied that beautiful Eastern quotation from Sadi,—

"Compare not with another's my affliction: He only bears the salt upon his hand, I have it sprinkled on my wound."

My Lady Winifred was left sole guardian and protectress of her infant sister; in no other way could my Lord so perfectly signify his perfect forgiveness and reliance upon her. The father knew that poor girl's heart; he knew the broken spirit's perfect contrition and devotion of purpose, and that she would be even more

than mother to the young Aileen.

Time proved my Lord had judged rightly: the Lady Winifred abandoned all intention of a conventual life, after her father's decease; she adopted a conventual dress, she knelt at the altar of the Chapel in the Forest, where Father John severed the beautiful, flowing locks from her high, pale forehead, and bound around her brows the veil and coif: she there vowed herself to the service of heaven, acceptable only as she fulfilled her sacred duties to the bereaved orphan; and although not a professed nun, yet her own ancestral home became to her but one vast altar, on which to offer up unceasing sacrifice.

How wan she ever was!—and her large piercing eyes, so dark and awful, surrounded by their dark rim, her face bound with a white bandage, from which a thick black veil depended, made others never for one moment forget her history, she never did, I am certain. She it was who instituted the ceremonies which had no ending, a mass ever performing in that forest chapel, so that come when you might, at morning, noontide, evening, or midnight, chaunting was ever heard there; incense ever ascending, fire ever burning: for my Lady Winifred had so willed it, that she believed no earthly foreseen power could ever militate to put an end to her pious arrangements. But alas! for human foresight; the place where that chapel once stood, I have heard is nought but a mass

of heavy ruins, overgrown with moss, covered by lichens and ivy.

And now I have come to a part of my narrative that taxes all my strength: the nurse Mona is not gifted with the powers of speech displayed by the learned and the eloquent of earth's favoured sons and daughters, though she profited, in all humility be it spoken, by the lessons vouchsafed to her in the stately home of her early days.

Ochone! my darling, sad and touching are the memories that crowd on my imagination, when I name my tender nursling, the

child of my soul, the Lady Aileen.

I never see a lovely flower of earth, I never hear a strain of soft passing music, but she rises up before me! She was a flower of

earth, she was a strain of music.

She was not dazzling or beautiful, or full of life's early bouyancy and thoughtlessness. How can I describe her? so transparent and white a creature, with soft blue eyes, and a perfect halo of divine softness enfolding her: the words, "etherial, spiritualized, angelic," are all terms too romantic and sentimental to be applied to my tender bird, my love bird as I used to call her, for she delighted in the sunshine, the summer flowers, the forest glades, the—

" Verdurous glooms, and winding, mossy ways."

Music pained her; she felt it so intensely, as each nerve thrilled and quivered beneath its alternations; it pained her, but it was a part of her young life, that life which seemed ever to hang on a thread finer than the finest gossamer. And it was not only for her life we feared; the finely-strung mind was so exquisitely spun and interwoven with the slight thread of her existence, that it seemed as if a very little shock would cause the whole delicate structure to vibrate too violently, at length to be overthrown, and scattered in fragments to the wind! Truly, she was a human sensitive plant, a shrinking, trembling, timid fawn.

"For the sensitive plant has no bright flower, Radiance and odour are not its dower; It loves—even like love, its deep heart is full, It desires what it has not—the beautiful.

"The light winds which from unsustaining wings Shed the music of many murmurings; The beams which dart from many a star Of the flowers whose hues they bear afar;

"The plumed insects, swift and free, Like golden boats on a sunny sea, Laden with light and odour, which pass Over the gleam of the living grass;

"The unseen clouds of the dew, which lie Like fire in the flowers, till the sun rides high, Then wander like spirits among the spheres, Each cloud faint with the fragrance it bears;

"The quivering vapours of dim noontide, Which like a sea o'er the warm earth glide, In which every sound, and odour, and beam, Move as reeds in a single stream;

"Each and all like minist'ring angels were, For the sensitive plant sweet joy to bear; Whilst the lagging hours of the day went by, Like windless clouds o'er a tender sky.

"And when evening descended from heaven above, And the earth was all rest, and the air was all love, And delight, though less bright, was far more deep, And the day's veil fell from the world of sleep,—

"And the beasts, and the birds, and the insects were drown'd In an ocean of dreams without a sound, Whose waves never mark, though they ever impress The light sand which paves it—consciousness,—

"(Only over head the sweet nightingale Ever sang more sweet, as the day might fail, And snatches of its Elysian chant Were mixed with the dreams of the sensitive plant.)

"The sensitive plant was the earliest Up-gathered into the bosom of rest,—A sweet child weary of its delight, The feeblest, and yet the favourite, Cradled within the embrace of night."

It had been determined in the past counsels of Father John and my Lady Winifred, that the fatal secret ought to be communicated to Aileen, when she attained an age fit to receive such direful communication with becoming firmness and strength of mind. It was not for me to cavil or comment on the propriety or need of the measure; my superiors had decided, and I could not presume to interfere in these spiritual consultations. But I had misgivings, doubts, and perplexities, when I contemplated the intense affection with which my forest flower returned her sister's unremitting watchfulness and solicitude; the clinging heart; the pure loving spirit, unknowing sin or guile; the idol she had set up for herself in that elder sister; how she venerated and adored her, as a saint vowed to heaven for the love of heaven only, (for

she had not the curiosity in her composition to ask the why or

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wherefore of the Lady Winifred's ascetic life and devotional exercises; indeed, Aileen's transparent innocence was such that she never imagined any reason save one, and that one simply because her beloved sister was a saint, and all she thought said, or acted, was wisest, best, and kindest,—earth, and the ways of earth, being second in all her aspirations to the heavenly inheritance she was destined to); and this beautiful imagination and belief was to be rudely dispelled by a few words; the hideous truth revealed; and the Lady Aileen made to comprehend that all the wealth, power, and earthly grandeur, surrounding her whole future life, was inherited and enjoyed with the price of a human life,—a brother's innocent life, taken by this idolized sister in a fit of demoniacal passion!

But at length, to my unutterable relief, as years rolled on, the holy father and my Lady Winifred came to the same conclusion; and fear for the life or reason of the fragile being they watched over, determined them at length on not allowing her to be ac-

quainted with the sad family details.

It was not to spare herself, that my Lady Winifred determined on this. Oh no! it was the dreadful penance of her life which she had ever looked forward to, to be humbled in the dust before her angel sister, to kneel before her as a murderess, as the victim of unbridled human passion. She shrank not from the awful penance; but it was for that tender sister's dear sake, that she thus altered her resolution, permitted to do so, nay, advised, by her holy confessor. For my Lady Winifred knew Aileen nearly as well as myself, and they dared not tell her. None other could do so; no tongue had as yet been feared within the precincts of St. Evremond, that would willingly startle or injure their lovely flower,—the "Flower of the Forest," the "Love-bird," the sweet young Aileen.

How often, in that glorious chapel, have I witnessed the elder lady prostrate before the altar, on the cold stones, enwrapt in fervent devotion; and I have seen the younger one steal a furtive glance towards the verdant woods, whence innumerable nightingales were singing all around, mingling their cheering notes with the swelling cadence of the solemn chaunt; for, as I have before said, my Aileen loved the free greenwood, the mossy knolls, and the fresh, pure air, and she was like a nightingale herself, escaping

from a cage, and skimming the greensward, the—

" Most melodious plot Of beechen grove, and shadows numberless."

But you must not think that my Lady Aileen was not pious. She was indeed a child of heaven. But she loved her Maker's works, and his creatures, with all the warmth and freshness of her

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guileless heart. But she had no companions. She was now eighteen; and the sombre, solemn old abbey, the unceasing religious ceremonies, the wan face, whereon approach to smile was never witnessed,—all this, on a creature constituted like Aileen, must have had a morbid tendency and influence. And it had, though she knew it not herself. But she would listen to the silver chime of the distant village bells, in the still evening tide, coming "over the waters soft and clear," and she would ask me if the village girls twined garlands, and danced beneath the old trees, as the sun sank behind the green mountains, and the moon arose,—the yellow moon, just showing itself above the stately cedars. And though she never said so, I often fancied I could read the wish in her speaking eyes, to see the revelry, and to join in the festive scene.

"The village bells are ringing:
Their music swells afar;
The village girls are singing
Their hymn to the evening star;
The moon is coldly beaming;
The wood-dove sinks to rest;
The silver light is streaming;
And all but I seem blest!"

I believe I was right in my own conjectures, for about this time it was, that our darling's health alarmed us, her gentle spirits She did not complain, or say she felt ill; but my Lady Winifred instantly called in medical advice, for a shadow resting on this adored one was enough to alarm us all; she, poor lady, was often alarmed without any cause whatever, concerning the wellbeing of her sole earthly treasure. Well, the doctors agreed that change of air and scene was desirable; that the "fine tension of the intellectual powers had been overstrained by too much application;" the nervous system was deranged, etc. Young companions, cheering scenes, and perfect freedom from all intellectual labours, were 'recommended strenuously by the learned conclave. I smiled inwardly at the way in which they worded their advice: for I never had thought my soft bird was particularly addicted to severe application. However, the advice itself was decidedly good. and I perfectly agreed with it in its general purport.

What were we to do? My Lady Winifred, poor soul, had lived apart from all the world; she had no friends beyond the precincts of St. Evremond, and her relatives were few and unknown; her father, the late marquis, had been an only child, and her mother's half sister had married an O'Connor of the West; little or no intercourse had ever been maintained,—dissimilarity of habits and

dispositions keeping the families aloof.

But all obstacles gave way now; my Lady Winifred over-ruled all. What to her were obstacles, when her life's single hope was March, 1848.—vol. LI.—No. CCIII.

at stake? With unwonted energy, utterly forgetting self, she arranged and completed every thing. The seal was warningly set on the lips of the unknown relatives by the humbled penitent herself; and, ere a month had expired, my Lady Aileen, accompanied by myself and a fitting escort, arrived at Castle Connor. I never quitted her; my Lady Winifred felt satisfied and secure that her heart's best treasure was in safe keeping.

Here I must pause. I must draw a veil over many things; they would harrow my soul to dwell on them, even at this great

distance of time.

* * * * *

Suffice it to say, the O'Connors of the West were a proud, chivalrous race,—beautiful women, gallant men. And how they all cherished and petted this gentle cousin, our own fair "love-bird," our winning Aileen!

A marriage was about to be celebrated directly after our arrival: the gay and giddy Blanche O'Connor to be the bride, and my Lady Aileen to officiate as one of the numerous bride-maidens.

There was a dark-eyed brother of the race—the very pride of the O'Connors—who singled Aileen out, from the first; loved and

wooed her.—Ah! how did this wooing end!

Rejoicings, festivities, dancing, and pealing music, echoed throughout that hospitable mansion from morn to night,—full of friends and retainers, congratulations, mirth, and frolic laughter. What a new life for our forest flower! how happy she was! how beloved and lovely! and all so soon to be struck down! Ochone!

Blanche O'Connor, thy kindly heart will bleed, ere long, for an

idle and voluble tongue's unthinking folly!

"Ring, joyous chords! ring out again
A swifter still, and a wilder, strain;
They are here, the fair face and the careless heart,—
And stars shall wane ere the mirthful part.

"But I met a dimly mournful glance,
In a sudden turn of the flying dance;
I heard the tone of a heavy sigh,
In a pause of the thrilling melody!

"Ah! it is not well that woe should breathe
On the bright spring flowers of the festal wreathe.
Ye, that to thought or to grief belong,
Leave, leave the halls of dance and song."

Aileen was dying—I saw it—when at her desire we returned to St. Evremond's Abbey; and it was not till after she had been

closeted for many hours alone with my Lady Winifred, that I knew what had befallen her. Then, it was not from Aileen herself that I learned it; for once, and once only, did she refer to her knowledge of that fatal secret, which proved her death blow.

The manner in which that bitter knowledge fell upon her, I heard from the trembling lips of my Lady Winifred; but neither of the sisters ever breathed even to me, whom they both loved and trusted, aught concerning that awful interview which took

place between them, on my bird's return to her own home.

The Lady Blanche O'Connor, in a moment of heedless confidential talk, meant kindly, doubtless,—for she had a warm heart, though a flighty and frivolous head,—had suffered that to transpire which led to questions on Aileen's part, and then, by degrees, the whole truth was revealed. The Lady Blanche was immediately terrified at what she had done—at the sudden ruin and wreck which she had caused. It was her own marriage eve, too, and the bleeding heart, prostrate before her, was easily persuaded to conceal all, whilst she remained a guest of the O'Connor's.

She did conceal her deadly hurt, even from me—for the first time in her life that her very thoughts had dissembled. But it was not for long; and, as I said, we speedily returned to St. Evremond. I was panic-stricken, stupified, and filled with inex-

plicable apprehensions and forebodings.

My Lady Winifred's dread penance had been fulfilled at length; the penalty of her childhood's hideous deed had fallen upon her, in its most terrific earthly form, which no precautions or efforts of her own had been able to ward off. The gentle-clinging and sweet sister, in the light of whose pure eyes she had lived the only hours of peace and solace she had tasted during her miserable existence, was stricken down and cowering in desolation of spirit.

I know not if this ought to have been so. Perhaps if Aileen had possessed a stronger mind, and nerves less painfully strung, it would not; but I am relating facts which I cannot alter, not detailing a romance of fiction, in which faultless beings act their over-

wise parts.

That which I wish now to relate seems almost beyond my strength; for my efforts fail, and my tears fall, and my being thrills with anguish and awe, when I approach the recapitulation of those circumstances which reason and plain common sense seem to banish as visions of an over-wrought, excited imagination. But reason and plain common sense are at fault sometimes in this mysterious life of ours, and so it was now.

"On each unknown grave beside me stands an angel beautiful,
Pointing up from earth to heaven.

——As we journey to our home,

It is good to have such glimpses—shadows of the life to come!"

Another heavy trial was in store for my dying Aileen, for that good and guileless being who had never, even in thought, wronged another.

O'Connor of the West came to St. Evremond, and laid his young noble heart in devotion at her feet; he preferred his suit to my Lady Winifred, entreating her intercession on his behalf with her sweet sister. Poor Lady! how gratefully and joyously would she have bestowed her treasure, with all her own worldly possessions, on the good and gallant youth, thus to secure peace and happiness to Aileen, her own penitence and shame hidden within the convent's sacred refuge.

This once only did my Lady Aileen refer to the fatal subject; she had been urged by Father John, and my Lady Winifred had knelt to her, beseeching her to lend a willing ear to the tale of bright "first love" (foolish words! as if there ever was a second.)

I was alone with my darling, when in low, faint accents she murmured, "Mona, beloved nurse Mona, tell O'Connor he may not own a bride with the price of a brother's blood for a dower."

But O'Connor spurned the unhallowed possessions, and demanded her hand as earth's best and richest gift, and desired all the inheritance to be willed away to the service of the church,—thus silencing her scruples.

"Nay, tell him, nurse Mona, that the memory of the hideous secret must perish with Winifred, and with me. We may not per-

petuate our doomed race."

And yet she loved him!—loved as few on this earth ever have loved!

"Bear up thy dream, thou mighty, and thou weak!
Heart strong as death, yet as a reed to break:
As a flame tempest-swayed!
He that sits calm on high is yet the source
Whence thy soul's current hath its troubled course:
He that great deep hath made!

"Will He not pity? He whose searching eye
Reads all the secrets of thine agony?
Oh! pray to be forgiven
Thy fond idolatry, thy blind excess,
And seek with Him that bower of blessedness,—
Love! thy sole home is heaven."

O'Connor left St. Evremond. And did he appreciate and understand her woman's delicate sense of honour, and fine scruples? I know not.

"Men have died, and worms have eaten them;— But not for love."

My gentle bird! how holily she faded away! It was awfully impressive and beautiful to watch the angel of earth drawing nearer and nearer to the angels of heaven. My Lady Winifred would kneel by her couch side, silent and motionless for hours together, her hand clasped in that of her dying sister. Sadly and tenderly Aileen gazed upon her, whilst her lips moved, as if in prayer:—

"Her voice was like the wildest, saddest tone, Yet sweet, of some loved voice heard long ago."

My Lady Aileen usually rested on a couch, which was placed in an oriel window, looking forth on the forest glades; the chaunts from the forest fane were borne in sweeping gusts of melody along the bowering vistas; while the rustling sound of the waving trees lulled her to repose. The fawn darted past; the coney sported idly there, disturbing the long fern leaves where the blue-bells hide; and the nightingales poured forth around her as she lay—so white and still—their ineffable songs of bliss.

The sun was sinking behind the cedars, the perfume of the luscious garden flowers came faintly wafting odours, as the sighing evening air gently stirred her clustering hair. She lay in my arms, in that oriel window; the vesper hymn arose, then died away, then rose again; she watched the moon in serene grandeur ascending, the silver light bathing the hushed landscape, the mysterious sombre avenues lost in utter darkness, appalling to the imagination. My bird looked startingly wan and changed. I was terrified, but she whispered, "Mona, when my spirit has taken flight, I will send you a token of my happiness. Remember this, if it may be so." Her voice passed away, she had fallen asleep in my arms, and thus she died, my blest Aileen! * * I bore her corpse from that oriel window; the village chimes were pealing merrily, the watch dog's bark was loud and cheering, the night scents came down refreshingly from the green hills; but she lay there, a waxen effigy! Oh! it is a fearful thing to be alone with the dead, it teacheth the lesson which nothing else can,—

[&]quot;—— now thy youngest, dearest one has perished, The nurseling of thy widowhood, who grew, Like a pale flower by some sad maiden cherished, And fed with true love tears, instead of dew; Thy extreme hope, the loveliest and the last, The bloom, whose petals, nipp'd before they blew, Died on the promise of the fruit, is waste. The broken lily lies, the storm is overpast.

[&]quot;She will awake no more, oh, never more! Within the twilight chamber, spreads apace The shadow of white death, and at the door Invisible corruption waits to trace

His extreme way to her dim dwelling place; The external hunger sits, but pity and awe Soothe her pale rage, nor dare she to deface So fair a prey, till darkness and the law Of change shall o'er her sleep the mortal curtain draw.

"Peace, peace! she is not dead, she doth not sleep; She hath awakened from the dream of life—
'Tis we, who lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
And in mad trance, strike with our spirit's knife
Invulnerable nothings—we decay,
Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief
Convulse us and consume us day by day;
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.

"She has outsoared the shadow of our night; Envy and calumny, and hate and pain, And that unrest which men miscall delight, Can touch her not, and torture not again; From the contagion of the world's slow stain She is secure, and now can never mourn A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain; Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn, With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn."

Father John, my Lady Winifred, and myself, were kneeling around the couch whereon the corpse was laid; it was deep, hushed midnight. Summer's bright and breathing flowers, redolent of life and joy, were strewn thickly above the wan effigy, and many tall waxen tapers were burning in silver sconses around it. Father John had been engaged for upwards of an hour in solemn prayer; he prayed for comfort and consolation, for the living, for the bereaved.

All the inmates of the abbey were hushed in sleep; for we alone, on that night of bitterness, were the watchers of the dead.

Low and faltering at intervals, but oftener distinctly clear, the

father's deep toned voice broke the awful silence.

Suddenly there arose a full and overwhelming burst of melody, a seraphic chorus, as if ten thousand thousand angel harps were united in one: mysteriously dim and distant, as if far away in immeasurable space, yet filling all that vast old abbey with a volume of sound; penetrating each vista, ascending to the vaulted roofs, and dying away amid the arcades and cloisters, amid the dark forest avenues beyond in faintly echoing murmurs; as of the night breeze, sweeping o'er the strings of some mystic lyre, in gentle wailing cadence.

How my life blood curdled in my veins! for instantaneously flashed on my memory the recollection of her last words. I looked on the corpse, almost expecting to see it move. How still it lay! I followed my Lady Winifred, who with composed steps left the room; she had no fear. She went direct to the "Abbot's Hall," from whence the sounds appeared to issue; they had now assumed a distinct character; it was the "Requiem of the St. Evremonds."

What a sight met our eyes! The antique sculptured hall was brighter than if the summer's noontide sun had poured all its concentrated rays through each mullioned casement. Oh, what a simile! how poor and contemptible! It was as if heaven's vivid

lightnings had prolonged one vast continuous flash.

Our eye sight was pained and dazzled: there stood the musical instruments, in solitude, untouched by mortal hands, there stood the tapers all unlit; but the awful light, and the thrilling music continued, and I saw my Lady Winifred cross herself, bend her head forward upon her hands, to shade the glory; and just as sense and sight were failing me, somewhat like a glittering meteor passed swiftly by.

"——— how it glides
Under the leaves! how on its head there burns
A light, like a green star, whose emerald beams
Are twined with its fair hair! how, as it moves,
The splendor drops in flakes upon the grass!
Knowest thou it?———"

* * * * * *

Once again, I listened to the "Requiem of the St. Evremonds," repeated in the Forest Chapel; once again repeated by mortal agency, when the beloved remains were placed beside the mouldered generations, who were here met together in ghastly array.

It was the last time that requiem was ever performed in that old Forest Fane; the torches flashed on the dark forms around, and on the darker trees beyond; the coffin was lowered to its final resting place, whilst the hallowed chaunt for the dead was slowly, and softly sung: and we turned away, leaving the young, lovely, and beloved to her undisturbed repose.

One of God's own rejoicing angels I knew she was, and I was comforted.

My Lady Winifred soon after retired to a convent, richly endowing it with all her worldly possessions.

The Abbey and Chapel of St. Evremond passed into the hands of the worldly stranger, and the ivied ruins, and the moss-grown fane, are sacred to the memories of the past.

"Alas! how many sorrows crowd into those two brief words, there was ____" ____"

C. A. M. W.
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LINES TO A YOUNG LADY.

I look'd for thee the landscape o'er,
I sought thee, but in vain;
And true, it seems, that nevermore
We two may meet again.
Thine eye so bright, may shed its light,
In halls untrod by me;
Where mirth and song the glad night long,
May fill the heart with glee;
Where melting bosoms own the might
And pride of minstrelsy.

And yet, I would have loved thee well,
Maid of the liquid eye;
And yet upon me is the spell
Of thy fair presence nigh.
And yet I feel 'tis vain to tell,
How I alone must sigh:
How the fond hope that bade me swell,
Is crushed, despondingly.

Oh, be thou still as pure, as fair,
As now thou seem'st to me;
Be still thy heart as void of care,
Thine eye from weeping free:
Still may thy tresses, rich and rare
Hang down luxuriantly.

Enough for me in secresy
To nurse the sacred flame;
To fill the cup in festive glee,
And give the honoured name:
To drink to her who generously
Will not a poet blame.

MARMADUKE HUTTON;

OR,

THE POOR RELATION.

BY WILLIAM DODSWORTH, ESQ.

CHAPTER XXIV.*

MATTERS had gone off so smoothly at the gallant doctor's dinner, and Marmaduke Hutton had in a fit of great good humour expressed himself so highly gratified by his entertainment, that Mr. Pestlepolge, who never omitted any opportunity of taking advantage of these casual glimpses of sunshine, on visiting his eccentric host next morning in his dressing-room, ventured to disclose how matters stood between his daughter Penelope and her admirer, and the anxiety all parties felt to bring the matter to an issue as speedily as possible.

Old Marmaduke, whose old India dressing-gown (it had belonged to a Begum once, and was therefore a magnificent affair, with huge red and yellow squares stuck over with grotesque figures) always made its venerable possessor appear like a bilious ogre, sat rocking himself backwards and forwards before the fire, as Humphrey, in a wheedling tone, detailed the rise and progress of the passion of love in the breast of Doctor Yellowchops, and the devotion of Penelope, merely hinting by the way his own anxiety to see his daughter comfortably settled in life.

"Of course you've asked Yellowchops what are his means, Humphrey?" inquired old Marmaduke, who looked inconceivably sly and wicked: "a man of the world like you, that would skin a flint if it could do you any good, aren't going to throw your daughter

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away in this way, without inquiring first what her future husband's

resources and prospects are."

"Certainly, certainly," stammered Pestlepolge, visibly disconcerted at such a speech from his old ally; for like many less shrewd men, he had taken it for granted that the mere fact of the doctor's acquaintance with old Hutton was surety enough of his respectability. "You wouldn't think I'd be such a fool, sir, as to give Penelope's happiness into the keeping of a man who wouldn't prize it as the brightest jewel of his existence; besides, you know the doctor so well yourself.

"Humph!" muttered his auditor, darting a look at him from underlinis grizzled eyebrows; "and yet for all that, it isn't for you to conclude that I have wormed myself into the confidence of Doc-

tor Yellowchops."

"Oh dear me, no," rejoined Mr. Pestlepolge, hurriedly, "Yellowchops and you were so widely separated by fortune that—that such a thing was hardly likely to happen; but he assures me—at least, I have been assured—that his means, although not ample, are quite sufficient to maintain Penelope in the station she has been accustomed to live in."

"Does he make her any settlements, Humphrey?" inquired

Marmaduke with another of his keen glances.

Pestlepolge shook his head: "Anything in that way I'm afraid

I must do myself, sir."

"Oh well, I think you are right there; if Yellowchops can keep a wife comfortably, it is, I think, as much as we can expect of him;

and when is the auspicious event to come off, eh?"

"As soon as ever you give your consent, sir; Penelope is naturally very bashful, and in fact would delay so momentous a step longer than necessary, but that the ardour of Yellowchops' passion will not allow, and he has therefore entreated me to name an early day for the ceremony; I, on my part, have referred the whole matter to you, and there it rests."

"Has the doctor been here this morning?" inquired Humphrey,

after a pause.

"He rode over very early to inquire how you were, and saw Penelope, with whom he left a message that he would call again in the evening, and begged the favour of an interview with you."

"With me!" exclaimed Marmaduke in a tone of surprise, "what

can the fellow want with me, I wonder?"

Mr. Pestlepolge coughed, dubiously, but really could not tell.

"I don't think I ought to see him," said Marmaduke, pettishly. "If Yellowchops and you and Penelope choose to make fools of yourselves in this way, you can scarcely expect an old man like me to put myself out of the way in such a business. I never was married myself, Humphrey, and therefore I can scarcely be expected to enter at all into the spirit of the affair."

"I believe Yellowchops did not explain to Penelope the purport of his interview with you," said Pestlepolge, in a low tone, like a man feeling his way as he went.

"Well, and what then?" cried Marmaduke, snappishly.

"Oh, nothing; I merely meant to suggest that his interview might be completely unconnected with the topic we are discussing."

"You think so, do you?" said the old man, eyeing him keenly;

"and what if I should decline this interview, Humphrey?"

"I really cannot take upon myself to say what might be the consequences," rejoined Pestlepolge, with apparent unconcern. "I can only say that, considering the interesting connection there exists between my future son-in-law and Penelope, it might hurt the poor girl's feelings denying Yellowchops' request at such a moment; and the poor girl has been very low-spirited sometimes since your nephew left us."

"Confound my nephew!" growled his auditor, starting as if a sudden pain had struck him, and turning even paler than was his wont. "Why am I ever to be thus tormented with the phantom of his remembrance? Can you say nothing to me but to prate

about that vagabond?"

A sullen gleam of pleasure glittered for one moment in Humphrey Pestlepolge's eyes, as he listened to this violent outburst of feeling: and, with a dogged determination which he had never before displayed, he merely waited until Marmaduke had ceased, to say—"Business of importance probably will call me to London in the course of a few weeks, and I wish this matter to be off my hands before I go."

"Go on," cried old Marmaduke, bitterly, shoving back his wig, and eyeing his ally with a look so stern and threatening, that any one less determined than the other was at that moment, would have quailed before it. "Go on! go on! You have used me as your foil so far, Humphrey, and now, when your purposes seem to be on the eve of fulfilment, you dare to trample me under foot,

do you?"

"I do not, Mr. Hutton," retorted Humphrey, who felt that his only safety lay in his daring the worst; "I come to you honestly and frankly to tell you my hopes, my wishes, and my plans in a matter dear as my very life: my daughter is about to be married, and surely common politeness demands that the old and valued friend beneath whose roof that intimacy which has ripened into a deeper and holier feeling, grew up, should be made acquainted with the circumstances at the earliest possible moment."

The vacuous smile that was now hovering over the old man's hard, stern features, assured him that he had already conquered, long before Marmaduke had faltered out, "I—I have been rather

hasty, I'm afraid, Humphrey. Is Yellowchops in the house just now?"

"He is not, sir."

"Well, well, then send him to me when he comes. I think you said he would be here sometime in the course of the day," he added, with a feeble smile.

"Certainly, my dear sir; he shall come to you directly he

arrives."

"Well, well, then there's an end of that business," said Marmaduke, with a sigh of very evident relief. Now, now, sit down, Humphrey, and keep me company a little bit—eh! what's the matter? You look quite serious this morning! haven't you told me everything about the business?" and Marmaduke laid his withered hand, which shook with a palsied throe, on the sleeve of Mr. Pestlepolge's coat, and peered anxiously up into the dark foreboding lines of that worthy's countenance.

"I had better tell you now, Mr. Hutton, what must be said before many days are past," rejoined Humphrey, gravely. "Immediately after Penelope's marriage, I will be forced to leave you."

The old man continued peering up into his face with an expression so lost and bewildered, that Humphrey for a moment was apprehensive that he certainly misunderstood the purport of his communication; so, drawing down his head to the other's ear, he repeated in a loud key, "As soon as my daughter is married to the doctor, I will be forced to go to London on business of importance, which will necessarily detain me for some time; I shall be very sorry to leave you just at present, but the matter is too urgent to be deferred."

He could see by the changing lines of the old man's deeply ploughed visage, and by the drooping glance of his eyes, that Marmaduke perfectly understood him now: it was very strange that doing so, the latter should withdraw his arm and turn to the fire, resting his chin upon the high elbow of his easy chair, pondering apparently within himself what could be the motives which could induce Pestlepolge to take such a step. The latter could see by the absorbed and abstracted air of the old man, that the news had come upon him with very keen surprise; but whether it was mere astonishment, or some deeper hidden feeling, required more than his knowledge of human nature to determine; and yet his lynxeyed curiosity scanned every movement of the old man's countenance, as if he would fain snatch its secret from its keeping.

Marmaduke arose at last, and motioning him to be seated, walked across the room with a firmness that astonished his companion, who knew his infirmity not a little. Clearing away a pile of rubbish from his desk, he rummaged in his pockets for the key, and failing to find it, placed the desk beneath his arm, and hobbled out of the

room.

Mr. Pestlepolge's curiosity was so great, that he remained spell-bound to his chair, for half-an-hour or more, awaiting his return, but in vain; at the end of that time he heard a man ride down the gravel sweep at a canter, and the next moment old Marmaduke popped his head into the room; he looked rather disconcerted on perceiving his guest still seated in his chair, instead of reconnoiting the horseman from the window, but without taking any notice of his absence, he resumed his seat, and inquired carelessly when the young people thought of being married.

"Yellowchops is so dreadfully impatient," rejoined Pestlepolge, who felt that the question was merely a blind to Marmaduke's own operations, "that I really am afraid we must name a dread-

fully early day,—what do you say to next Tuesday week?"

"Very good!-suppose we say Tuesday week?" rejoined Mar-

maduke, promptly.

"It is really giving everybody very short notice," said Mr. Pestlepolge, in an apologetic tone, "but matters have gone so far that we don't like to appear to postpone the happy day one moment longer than necessary, and Penelope, I think, will be much more comfortable when it is all over,—the poor girl's nerves are really dreadfully shattered!"

"Are they?" said Marmaduke, drily.

"Positively; if you speak to the poor thing, she jumps as if you had let a cannon off in her ear. It was only yesterday I found her in tears, and Noggles standing over her, bathing her forehead with hartshorn, and whisking burnt feathers under her nose, to keep her off fainting; you can't think how the poor girl takes on about it."

"It must be a very trying thing getting married!" retorted Marmaduke, with spiteful vivacity; "and yet—dear, dear, how anxious some girls are to get a husband—they'll jump a five-

barred gate, rather than go without!"

"It is, indeed!" murmured Mr. Pestlepolge, with maudlin sentimentality. "Her dear mother, who is now a blessed angel, (ah!) was just in the same way; nobody could believe the hardships I had to undergo to induce her to unite her fate with mine; thrice the eventful day was named, and twice we met at the altar before our fate was consummated; the first time she went into such strong convulsions, that it required both the very respectable gentlemen who acted as father to the bride, and who was a worthy drysalter in Bishopsgate Street, and the beadle as well, to hold her, lest she should do herself some harm; and then, the next time, she wept and moaned so, that it went right to my heart to hear her; and what with her terror and the bridesmaids' tears and sobs, and my own nervousness, we could scarcely get through the ceremony with common decency. It was a very pretty sight, indeed, when we all stood before the altar, and Penelope—we

called our only pledge after her—fell back fainting into the beadle's arms; and everybody said she showed wonderful fortitude under the circumstances."

"So I should think!" rejoined Marmaduke, drily; "and does

Penelope intend coming the same dodge over us next week?"

"Oh, no! I really hope not,—I'm sure all our feelings will be harrowed enough without—if she does, I'm certain I can't stand it!" cried Humphrey, turning pale with the very thought.

"I only asked, so that one might be prepared, you know!" said

Marmaduke, in the same odd tone.

"Ha! ha! that is not bad; I am very much afraid that after the wedding you will feel very dull, living here all alone by yourself," continued Humphrey, affectionately—"that is, as long as I am away in London, you know."

"I don't know that," rejoined Marmaduke, whose vivacity pussled his companion exceedingly: "I may find company as well as

you, Humphrey, and very good company, too."

"What can he be driving at now?" thought the other, who began to tremble, for his own power over the weak and imbecile old man was threatened with a change, and presently, with a cheerful smile, he added aloud,—

"I am quite delighted to hear you say that, sir, for it has really quite gone to my heart to leave you alone so soon after Penelope's marriage; I'm sure nothing has pleased me so much for a very

long time."

Old Hutton laughed heartily when he had said this; not at all like the laugh of a man with one foot in the grave; and to the eyes of Pestlepolge, his old ally, it every moment seemed to gather fresh strength and vigour, as if his old age had thrown off its weight of years and was becoming hale and sturdy once again; his voice, too, was cheery and strong; a light that had for many a day been quenched, once more gleamed in his keen grey eyes; and though his back was bent, there was neither weakness nor decrepitude in his gait, as he once more crossed the room, apparently for no other reason but to show Humphrey Pestlepolge how hale and hearty he was.

"I have never felt so strong and well for many a long day as I do now, Humphrey," he said, in a voice the triumphant tone of which sounded in his auditor's ear like the knell of his own departing power; "look at me as I walk, how firmly I step—see, I can stoop to pick that stick off the floor with the greatest ease in the

world."

The sycophantic joy of Pestlepolge, his delight at this extraordinary revival of his dear friend's energies, his joy and his ecstacies were perfectly nauseous; and yet through all the pleasure with which his visage shone, there lurked an uneasy and undefinable dread, which any one that knew the man could not have failed to

have assigned a cause for—he felt that his day was past, and he trembled for himself.

"Ring the bell, Humphrey," cried Marmaduke, after a pause; "we will have the carriage out and take an airing before dinner."

Humphrey felt that it was not for him to give the order now, and so he sat quietly in his chair, whilst Marmaduke issued his orders in the quick decisive tone he had once employed; it was some amends to his own awakened fears to see by the servant's glance of surprise, that the latter was as much astonished at his master's re-awakened powers as himself, but he did not affect to notice it.

"Do you wish Penelope to go, sir?" he ventured to ask.

"No," was the prompt reply. "If Yellowchops should call whilst we were out, he would never forgive me for being the cause of her absence;" and Marmaduke laughed, maliciously.

"She is, perhaps, as well at home," said Mr. Pestlepolge, half

angrily.

"Oh, much better," retorted Marmaduke; "what pleasure can she have in the society of two spiritless old men like you and me, old fellow? besides, she has to prepare for her wedding, you know."

"To be sure she has," rejoined his friend with fearful gaiety.

"Come, let us get into the carriage."

Everything seemed to be in unison with old Marmaduke's over-flowing spirits; spring had not yet yielded her sway to the reign of summer; and ever as the lumbering old carriage rolled along beneath the shade of the venerable avenues and through lanes, over which was wafted by the balmy west wind a thousand delicious perfumes, did old Marmaduke chirrup in a lively tone of his own strength and vigour of constitution; over and over again did he stop the carriage and get out to walk whenever they came upon an inviting strip of green turf, and whenever a turn in the road disclosed a pretty rural view of a leafy covert did he clap his withered hands, and cry out aloud in his delight, to the intense disgust of his companion, whose soul was dead—hopelessly dead—to all the sweet influences of nature, and who could not, for the life of him, reconcile these ecstacies of the miserable old man with his habitual unconcern and disdain of everything beautiful and pure.

"You're not yourself, to-day, Humphrey, my boy!" cried old Marmaduke, stopping short in one of his outbursts, to notice Mr.

Pestlepolge's constrained and absent air.

"You look pale, and ill, and miserable, this morning; you're not half cheerful and jovial enough; you're as dismal as if you were making a programme of your own funeral, or had just learned that your next of kin had cut you off with a shilling! Come, cheer up and look alive, man! or you'll be getting the dismals before we get you home."

"What delightfu Ispirits you're in, yourself, this morning!" re-

joined Humphrey, in an overstrained tone; "and, upon my life, you look as if you had thrown twenty years off your shoulders, this

morning."

"Ha! ha! ha! I shall cheat the doctors, then, yet, shall I?" cried Marmaduke, with a hideous grin; "well, well, order the horses' heads home, Humphrey, for I expect old Borax will join us at dinner, and I have a good deal of business to transact, to-day, with him; I sent a messenger to him, desiring him to ride over before dinner, and bring the will with him if it was ready; you know it's entirely made out in your favour, Humphrey, and I'm anxious to have it signed immediately, before any accident should happen."

"You are too good, my dear Mr. Hutton!" cried Pestlepolge, with unctuous fervour, as he pressed old Marmaduke's horny hand, "I—I really—really I do not deserve—any little service I may have had it in my power to do you, is more than repaid by the sweetly-applauding voice of my own conscience; I really feel that

I do not deserve this great kindness at your hands."

"Oh, hang it, now, Humphrey, that's all blarney!" retorted old Marmaduke, with a hideous leer. "You know that I have a bitter grudge against that scapegrace nephew of mine, and that I'd rather sink my wealth, hardly-earned and dearly-saved as it has been, in the depths of the sea, than leave it behind me to enrich him, withal; yes," he continued, shaking convulsively in every limb, as he continued to speak in a lower and deeper key, with passionate emphasis, "the bitterest foe I ever, in all my long life, had; I would go down on my knees to, and implore him to rob me of it, rather than that haughty and contumacious lad should finger one sordid sixpence of my saving. People call me hard, and bad, and griping in my disposition, and they forget that it is the world that has taught me the bad and bitter lesson,—that world which, when I am dead, will revile me for my unnatural conduct towards a pert, unlicensed lad, whose own extravagance and ingratitude incited me to retaliation and revenge."

There was a malignant light in the old man's eye as he said this, which made even such a hypocrite, as Pestlepolge undoubtedly was, shudder, in spite of himself. After this violent outburst of passion, the old man sank back into his own corner of the carriage, and fell into a moody reverie; this was too common an occurrence with Marmaduke, serving as it did to show his feelings the more strongly against any particular party who had incurred his displeasure, for his companion to take the slightest notice of, and the pair proceeded in the most complete silence for a mile or more.

At length, the old man looked up with an angry exclamation, calling out to him, to know why they were not proceeding homewards.

Pestlepolge had the check-string pulled in an instant, with an

abject apology, which only made his irascible companion grumble and complain more inveterately than before, in which pleasant humour they arrived at home,—Marmaduke, blue with cold, and splenetic to a degree that made Mr. Pestlepolge most devoutly wish him in heaven.

Very unfortunately for himself, they encountered Dr. Yellow-chops on the steps, coming away from his interview with Penelope; Pestlepolge foresaw that there would be a storm, but he felt that it could not be helped; and with a trembling heart he awaited the issue of the interview. Doctor Yellowchops, on the other hand, was all smiles and congratulations; and although he thought old Marmaduke looked dreadfully yellow, and bilious, and ill-tempered, he nevertheless boldly ventured upon paying the old man a com-

pliment upon his appearance.

"Fresh!" gasped Marmaduke, almost breathless with passion, stamping his foot as he echoed the doctor's words, "strong and hearty, say you? sir, you're a confounded liar, and a truckling knave into the bargain, or you'd never come here with your smooth speeches, and honied words, and smirks and bows, like a French mountebank! Ye're a dirty, platter-licking, village-apothecary, with no more pretensions to gentility than a gipsy, sir! How dare you come to any gentleman's house with a lie ready-made in your mouth, in this way, when you know that if you got your deserts, you'd be kicked out of the door, and dragged through the horse-pond into the bargain!"

"My dear Hutton!" interposed Humphrey Pestlepolge, all aghast at this unprovoked torrent of abuse, "what has—what can poor Doctor Yellowchops have said, to occasion such an attack as

this?"

"Everything, sir!" retorted Marmaduke, shaking him with indignant passion; "he comes here with his smooth lies, with his insidious, palavering flattery, trying to cheat a dying man like me into the belief that I am hale and strong, when the false loon would not take a ten-days' purchase of my life; he knows this, sir, to be the case, or he would not stand there, mute and speechless, under the imputation; a time-serving, truckling, money-hunter! true ouly to his own paltry and ignoble creed, and striving only to secure his own base and sordid ends; I could spit upon him, I loathe his sight so much."

"This, Mr. Hutton, is most extraordinary conduct, which I certainly cannot overlook," began Doctor Yellowchops, in a hoarse voice. "Your age, which ought to have taught you better, protects you, in my sight, from the retribution which a younger man should have met with at my hands. The only regret I feel at this, is the insult you have put upon Mr. Pestlepolge, by making him a

spectator of the occurrence."

"Enough, sir!" rejoined Marmaduke, with a passionate wave of March, 1848.—vol. Li.—no. cciii.

his hand; "your road lies yonder!" and he turned upon his heel, with a sardonic frown.

Mr. Pestlepolge, during this violent scene of altercation, felt himself placed in the cruellest position imaginable. On the one hand, he durst not exasperate Marmaduke, just at the very moment when the will was about to be signed, which would, he fondly hoped, secure the old man's wealth inalienable to himself; this he would certainly do were he to espouse the cause of Doctor Yellow-chops; and yet he felt that the latter, at the present moment, needed some token of his astonishment at Mr. Hutton's conduct, and his complete protestation against any participation therein.

Actuated by this latter impulse, as Marmaduke, leaning heavily upon his sturdy oak stick, was labouring up the steps, he ran after Yellowchops, who, with his hat slouched over his eyes, his ears tingling with the insults he had received, and his cheek of a blood-

less white, was hurrying down the carriage-road.

"Will you stop one moment?" said Humphrey, who was out of breath with running, tapping him on the shoulder as he spoke.

Doctor Yellowchops wheeled round in the instant, with an uneasy smile upon his ugly features, and said, in a husky voice, "You surely do not believe these atrocious attacks upon my good fame?"

"Believe them! I'd pluck my tongue out by the roots before I'd utter such calumnies!" cried Pestlepolge, with virtuous indignation.

"What can be Mr. Hutton's motives for such an aspersion?" continued the Doctor, with an uneasy smile. "I always fancied I was a bit of a favourite with the old man, until this morning?"

"And so you were!" said Mr. Pestlepolge, eagerly; "it was only this morning him and I were planning the whole affair of the marriage, and then he paid you some very high compliments,

indeed!"

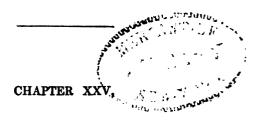
"That circumstance only makes this outbreak the more extraordinary!" retorted the Doctor, with a gloomy frown. "Were Mr. Hutton a younger man, or had this insult been put upon me with more witnesses than yourself, I should have only considered it my duty to bring him to a pretty sharp account for his words; as it is, I think the wisest plan is to pass it over without one word of comment."

"Certainly; between ourselves, I think, just now, our friend to be labouring under some extraordinary hallucination," whispered Mr. Pestlepolge, with extreme rapidity.

The Doctor looked curious, but did not offer to interrupt him.

"He thinks sometimes so deeply about his nephew, and allows himself to be carried away so much, out of anger towards him, that, at times, he is really unjust to other parties—as, for instance, to yourself; but I cannot say more just now, less Mr. Hutton

should miss me. Good-bye, for the present !—there, don't shake hands, lest he should be looking ;-I'll see you soon!" and, without waiting for an answer, Humphrey Pestlepolge retraced his steps, leaving the angry and insulted Doctor to wend his way homewards in a very pitiable mood, indeed.



SEATED in a chair of rich yet faded velvet, and still pale from his recent dangerous illness, the Doctor's mysterious patient lay languidly caressing a noble hound, which fawned upon him as he stroked its head and called it by a foreign name.

At a little distance sat a young girl, whose rich dark complexion, lively movements, and picturesque costume, showed her to be a native of a southern clime; and who, at frequent intervals, from beneath the long silky lashes of her eyes, darted a furtive glance at the man in the chair, whom she seemed to regard with a strange mixture of awe and love.

This little creature, whose age could not exceed ten years at the utmost, might have formed a model for a statuary, so exquisitely moulded was her slight yet elegant form. Round her full pale forehead ran a thin fillet of silver, set every here and there with a solitary diamond, which, mingling with the black hair that hung in a perfect shower of curls over her neck and shoulders, gleamed, whenever she turned her head to watch her companion, like a solitary star in a darkened sky.

Eyes of the true almond shape, as soft and blue as summer violets in their tint, lurked coyly beneath their envious lids; at one moment beaming with mirth, and at the next seeming to melt into tears, for very wantonness, they seemed to bespeak her already a coquette in heart; her coral lips, too, parted with a dewy pout that disclosed the pearly teeth within like pearls in a crimson casket, and her complexion, as it flushed and faded with every breath, betrayed the wild and impulsive soul that dwelt within.

Her tightly fitting jacket, made of rich crimson cloth embroidered with gold, showed her faultless shape to perfection, and as she lay upon the couch, in the most picturesque of attitudes, the little foot that peeped from beneath the tasselled folds might have challenged that of Cinderella, herself, for symmetry and smallness.

Her companion, the invalid, was a man apparently but little beyond the prime of life, but pale, and worn, and emaciated, either with sickness, or a long exile, in some unhealthy country. To all appearances he had only come home to die, for his breath was laboured and heavy, a clammy dew stood out upon his pallid forehead, his eyes were hazy and bloodshot, and his complexion wore that cadaverous pallor so often observed upon men almost immediately preceding their dissolution. And yet, although only the wreck of what he once had been, there still lingered around his pale and deathworn visage some traces of a comeliness that must in early life have been very great; there was still, when he looked up, a fire in his large dark eyes, that seemed to light up his whole face, for a moment, with a beauty that all the rude and buoyant health of unbroken manhood could not have supplied, and then it would all fade away again as rapidly as it had come, and leave him as spectral and deathlike as before.

Suddenly, a bell in the court-yard below rang out loudly, and the next moment the quick ear of the child caught the well-known footstep of their attendant ascending the stairs; the sick man seemed to hear it too, for he lifted himself up in his chair with a painful effort, and shading his forehead with one wasted hand,

looked wistfully towards the door.

The next moment his attendant entered the room, patting the child on the head as he passed the couch she occupied, and approached his master's chair.

"Well?" was all the words, the latter uttered in an interroga-

tive tone.

"I have seen him," was the equally laconic reply, in a guttural voice.

"You have brought him then, Karl?"

His attendant nodded.

" Did he come willingly?"

"Hem! he refused point blank, at first," rejoined the servant, with a grin which made his scarred and distorted countenance look absolutely hideous. "He would not believe that you were interested in the youth."

"How did you convince him, then?" inquired the sick man,

with an appearance of interest.

"I related the incidents you detailed to me connected with this young man's childhood, and which it seems had somehow, or other, come to this man's ears; I narrated that terrible fact connected with the death of Mrs. Mordaunt—of the young man's mother; I described the disappearance of her husband, and how it was believed he was dead, and—"

"Enough," gasped his auditor with a shudder, as he hid his face in his hands with a convulsive sob; "now leave me, and pre-

pare this man for our interview."

His attendant vanished with a noiseless step, and the sick man, folding his arms convulsively upon his chest, sat gazing vacantly before him, as if striving to recall some long forgotten event to his mind; at length, with a deep sigh, he rang a silver bell that stood beside him, and the attendant again appeared at the door, ushering in no less a personage than our old friend and ally, honest Dick Burton!

"Place a chair, Karl, and leave the room," said the sick man, haughtily, to his attendant; and then, with a deep inclination of the head, he motioned Dick to the seat, and closed his eyes, appa-

rently to collect his bewildered thoughts.

Dick, who cared not a jot for all the strange and wondrous sights he had seen in his way thither, and who felt himself as bold as a lion, and to the full as saucy, sat down with all the easy unconcern in the world, bobbing his head to the beautiful child with a "Sarvice, Miss!" and a good-humoured grin; whilst the child, on her part, eyed him from beneath her jetty eyelids with all the happy confidence of childhood, pouting her ruby lips, and tossing her beads with all the haughty disdain of a thorough-bred beauty.

From thence Dick's gaze wandered round the room until he came to the boxes, clamped with silver bars, which still stood in one corner of the room, and the honest miller was just speculating upon their coutents when the painful and broken voice of the stranger recalled him to himself.

"You are aware, I believe, why I have sent for you," he de-

manded, with an involuntarily haughty bend of his head.

"Yes, sir, your man explained that to me," answered Dick, scanning him from head to foot. "He told me that you had been many years absent from England, and that you belonged, when a lad, to these parts, and that being native born to them you had come down here again to beat up old haunts and old acquaintances."

"Go on, sir," said the stranger, with another haughty wave of

his hand.

"And that you found when you'd got down here, that you'd died away out of everybody's memory, and that everybody, as was natural, had died away out of yours."

A deep sigh echoed Dick's words.

"That finding yourself a stranger amongst your kinsfolk, you had been beating about for some one to make inquiries of, and that you were especially anxious to learn what had become of poor Wat—I beg your pardon, sir,—of poor Walter Mordaunt."

"I do!" was the sad and solemn reply. "And I implore

you to tell me everything connected with that young man."

"I will sir, I will!" said Dick, fervently. Poor Walter and I were like two brothers; we loved each other, heart and soul; we were never separate. Harding, and Wat, and I, knew every secret the other had."

"And you know where he is now, do you?" inquired his in-

terrogator, eagerly.

Dick shook his head, mournfully.

"That is the only sad part of the story, sir," said he, gloomily; "Walter has never written to either Stephen, or I, since he left."

"What a misfortune!" groaned his auditor, clasping his hands convulsively across his breast. "And can no clue be obtained as

to where he is, or whether he is really alive?"

"Oh! if we only set to work, I dare say there's plenty of clue to be had that would soon ferret him out," rejoined Dick, hope-

fully; "Walter had no reason for concealment, sir."

"But tell me—I am a stranger, Mr. Burton," said his companion, mournfully, and know not what has happened in this quiet country village for a quarter of a century, or nearly so; "tell me, had not this Walter Mordaunt some aged relative, who was bound to provide for him, some grandfather, or something of the kind?"

"He had, sir; one of the hardest, most heartless, mean, miserable, ungodly wretches that ever existed; a hoary miser, who drove him from his presence with curses so frightful, that even this old man's friend, for whom he had driven his own flesh and blood out upon the world like a dog, cried shame upon him for the deed."

"What barbarity! and when did this happen?"

"Nearly half a year ago, and from that day to this we have had no tidings of poor Wat."

"And is this old reprobate—this hoary villain—still alive?" in-

quired the other.

"He is, sir; some folk say almost in his dotage, but he is still alive, and is going to have a grand wedding soon between the daughter of this toady of his, who put poor Wat out of his good graces, and a hungry, needy apothecary, hereaway,—Dr. Yellow-chops."

"The latter I have heard my servant mention," said the stranger,

with a smile. "Is it to be very soon?"

"Almost at once; my sister Bab—people can't always help having fools for their relatives, sir,—is going to be bridesmaid, and a pretty hubbub they are in just now on that account; old Pestlepolge, I believe, fancies Marmaduke Hutton will leave him all his money, and the doctor must think so too, or he wouldn't run so mad like after such a piece of ugliness as this same Penelope

Pestlepolge; however, money or no money, its to be a match, and there's an end on't."

"And how long have these Pestlepolges lived with Mr. Hutton,

at Ripley?"

"Ever since Walter went away, or a bit afore; they came down here in a post-chay, with a lady's maid and a whole cargo of finery,

and here they seem likely to stay till doomsday."

"This is very unnatural conduct, but it is what only happens in the world every day; nevertheless, we must endeavour to discover this poor Walter Mordaunt, and that too as speedily as possible; will you, my dear sir, assist us in the search?"

"That I will, with heart and soul, sir," cried Dick, in a transport; "I'd go through the world barefoot, begging my bread from door to door, if I only thought I'd find poor Wat when I

got to the end on't; when shall we begin, sir?"

"Softly, softly!" rejoined the sick man, with a painful smile; we must do nothing in a hurry. As you may see, I am just recovering from an illness which all but proved fatal to me; this will prevent my taking any active part in the search for some time to come. In the mean time, however, you can be quietly making inquiries in any quarter you may consider likely to lead to the young man's detection. As soon as I am recovered I will at once set vigorously to work, and Walter shall yet be restored to us."

"Hurra! hurra!" cried Dick, jumping up and waving his hat over his head; "how delighted I'll be to wag Wat by the hand

again! and that old curmudgeon, Marmaduke, sir?"

"Shall meet with his deserts; in a day or two I shall be strong enough to bear a journey to Ripley, and will not come away until I have had an interview with this unnatural old man; may I depend

upon your secresy meanwhile?"

"There's my hand upon it," cried Dick, extending his huge horny fist, with which he griped the thin, white, emaciated hand of his new ally with the most hearty goodwill; "and now, good-bye, sir, good-bye; we'll shame the old villain yet of all his ugly tricks; bye, missy, bye!" nodding, good humouredly, to the girl, who lifted her eyes for one moment to his, and then let them fall again; and with a tread that made the room shake again as he strode across the floor, Dick presently found himself in the antechamber, scraping, and bowing, and grinning, at the valet dechambre.

FORGIVENESS:

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

Scene—A garden. Arthur and Margaret discovered in conversation, both standing.

Arthur.—I've told thee all. At the confessional, When culprit kneels, and tremblingly avows The hidden guilt which overwhelms his soul. Craving the mercy that he scarce dare hope, His lips are not more undisguised than mine. Now judge, condemn, doom me to utter woe: Yet, what is love, that wins no sacrifice ! Margaret.—True! what is love, that wins no sacrifice? I've listened to thee with a patient ear, Whilst thou didst tell a tale, to make mine heart Ache, till it cease to beat.—Now, list to me With the same patient ear, but with a heart That ne'er can ache as mine. No sacrifice! There is a spot so desolate and void. Where icy barriers of stupendous height, And length, and thickness, to appal the mind, Shut out communion with the world entire: There not one flower was ever known to blow. One bird to sing, one frisking lamb to bound; But all is dreary and defineless waste-A sea interminable of white snows. If 'chance a vagrant sunbeam them dissolve, They are arrested in presumptuous flight, And hung suspended on the arctic wall In frigid icicles, of giant mould, (Cold as the beauty frozen in the tomb, That glitters in phosphoric mockery,) Huge trophies of the triumph of the north.

Yet sentient beings call that desert—HOME;
Live there, and love, and die, and are bewailed.
I USED to marvel how they could exist
Who never saw young roses ope their eyes,
Nor heard the morning lark's rejoicing song,
Nor in the chorus of glad nature joined.
And oh! how they could die without despair,
Conscious no green and summer grass would wave
Soft in the undulating breeze of eve,
To make their grave a pleasant resting place,
Such as our churchyards beautifully lend.
But snows eternal—everlasting snows
Form their perpetual sepulchre. Yet there
I would have gone with thee, hadst thou been true,
And called, and yell it home!

Arthur.—And would'st not now?

Margaret.—Oh no! oh no! Thy treachery hath destroyed Th' illusion that had made such spot appear A paradise, inhabited with thee.

Arthur.—What! if I did invent that faithlessness

To test thy love?

Margaret.—Oh! if it were but so! But no! thine was no simulated guilt. There was a conscious agony of brow, A quailing of the eye—avoiding mine. A quivering of the lip, a faltering tone, Told of unmanning, coward turpitude.

Arthur.—Ah! how canst thou, a shrewdless maiden, be

So apt to read my crime?

Margaret.—Love, that makes blind
To all indiffrent things, quickens the soul
To keen perception for the object loved.
Oh! thou hast been the study of my youth,
And I have learnt to know thy inmost heart
Far better than thyself.—('Tis writhing now!)
Thou could'st not feign, and with audacity
Support the falsehood that must screen thy shame:
I soon should penetrate the thin disguise.

Arthur.—But if I really proved that shame a lie?

Margaret.—'Twould not avail. I've felt the pain of it.

The wound is fest'ring still, it did inflict.
The certainty of error could not give
The former lovely confidence in thee.
There was an image shrouded in mine heart,
For adoration, in my secret thought;
A rude hand rent the veil. My idol shows
But as a common man, profaned by vows
Of vulgar passion, not th'emotion chaste
Which ought to hallow such a shrine, which did.
That hand of violation—it was thing.

Arthur.—Art thou so fond, yet so implacable?

There is a virtue in forgiving wrong. Margaret.—I know it. I have practised it ere now, But only in the minor strifes of heart; Not, not when all of bliss was staked on it ;— That is an effort past my fortitude. 'Tis easy to forgive; but, to FORGET, Could stretch of mercy e'er accomplish that, — Teaching oblivion for such injury? Arthur.—Yes; mercy might do more, would love assist-The love of woman, not of visionist. Thou hop'st too much; thy world is the ideal; The real never can thy fancy match. Margaret.—Is there not one in the wide universe, But one pure heart, from virtue ne'er misled? Yet heaven! thou didst from thyself form mankind, Intending all should be as good as thou, As sinless, as immaculate, divine. O beauteous model! desecrated, shamed! Arthur.—That heaven, so wronged, can pardon penitence. But thou, who yet retain'st thy primal worth, Strange to the power temptation can enforce, And greatly glorious in unsullied fame, Art deaf to supplications, blind to tears, Spurning the soul that crouches at thy foot With indignation; while you heaven receives The faintest prayer remorse did ever breathe, With a rejoicing that beseemeth him! The angels that aye whisper round His throne For very reverence then swell the voice In loudest strain; for God commands that they, And all the host of saints, and seraphim, Should publish with acclaims the stifled prayer Preferred by pale contrition's humble lip. But thou —but thou, in likeness so LIKE them, A very angel in thy outward form, Canst yet, immoveable, hear me implore, And see the tortures of my riven soul Without one throb of pitying regret, One tender throe of fond relenting love: So void of common charity thine heart! Margaret.—Am I so cruel? am I so perverse? Forgive me, thou! forget my wilfulness! It is not virtue that so stern resents; No! it is pride! then pardon me, I pray! Arthur (embracing her).—My own, my only love! let pardon now Be mutual. I learning, sweet! from thine How far thy mercy can extend for me; And thou, from mine, how stronger is the faith That doth unite the hearts which have been tried,— Thine by suspicion, and mine by the fear

That that suspicion would cost me thy love;

For faithlessness to thee is still a fault

To be committed. I've been ever true,

Margaret.—How could I ever think thee otherwise?

Thou never canst such jealousy forget!

Arthur.—I shall not strive. No! I shall cherish it

As a dear mem'ry of the chastest love

That ever warmed a woman's constant breast!

Margaret.—To think I should believe such idle tale!

Oh! what credulity was mine, alas!

The Night Side of Nature. By Catherine Crow. 2 Vols.

London: Newby.

In E have given our readers a strange title—but the work to which we introduce them they will find contains much that is passing strange. We have been accustomed to reject with scorn whatever borders on the marvellous, to look upon a belief in it as an indication either of weakness or ignorance. It may be, however, this is a sign that we are not quite so philosophical as we flatter ourselves we are. Because in the seventeenth century, as our authoress remarks, unbelief outran reason, and discretion; the eighteenth century, by a natural re-action, threw itself into an opposite extreme. Whoever closely observes the signs of the times will be aware that another change is approaching. The contemptuous scepticism of the last age is yielding to a more humble spirit of inquiry, and there is a large class of persons, amongst the most enlightened of the present, who are beginning to believe, that much which they had been taught to reject as false, has been in reality ill-understood truth. This remark is to an extent certainly true.

Our authoress has collected together a most extraordinary number of apparitions, presentiments, warnings, trances, and dreams. The admirers of the wonderful and mysterious will here find as much as they, considering the matter-of-fact world we live in, can reasonably desire. Mrs. Crowe contends for the existence of a spiritual body, which in certain conditions of the corporeal frame, as in the case of sleep, disease, and mesmeric trance, does more or less develope itself, and enables the person acted on to become cognizant of things above the apprehension of the bodily senses.

Revelations by dreaming are the simplest class of phenomena.

Amongst others the following cases are given.

"Mr. S—— was the son of an Irish bishop, who set somewhat more value on the things of this world than became his function. He had always told his son that there was but one thing he could not forgive, and that was a bad marriage—meaning by a bad marriage, a poor one. As cautions of this sort do not always prevent young people falling in love, Mr. S- fixed his affections on Lady O—, a fair young widow, without any fortune; and, aware that it would be useless to apply for his father's consent, he married her without asking it. They were consequently exceedingly poor; and, indeed, nearly all they had to live on was a small sinecure of forty pounds per annum, which Dean Swift procured for him. Whilst in this situation, Mr. S- dreamt one night that he was in the cathedral in which he had formerly been accustomed to attend service; that he saw a stranger, habited as a bishop, occupying his father's throne; and that, on applying to the verger for an explanation, the man said that the bishop was dead, and that he had expired just as he was adding a codicil to his will in his son's favour. The impression made by the dream was so strong, that Mr. S---- felt that he should have no repose till he had obtained news from home; and as the most speedy way of doing so was to go there himself, he started on horseback, much against the advice of his wife, who attached no importance whatever to the circumstance. He had scarcely accomplished half his journey, when he met a courier, bearing the intelligence of his father's death; and when he reached home, he found that there was a codicil attached to the will, of the greatest importance to his own future prospects; but the old gentleman had expired with the pen in his hand, just as he was about to sign it.

"In this unhappy position, reduced to hopeless indigence, the friends of the young man proposed that he should present himself at the vice-regal palace on the next levee day, in hopes that some interest might be excited in his favour; to which, with reluctance, he consented. As he was ascending the stairs, he was met by a gentleman whose dress indicated that he belonged to the church.

"'Good heavens!' said he to the friend who accompanied him.

'who is that?'

"' That is Mr. —, of so and so."

"' Then he will be Bishop of L-,' returned Mr. S-; 'for that is the man I saw occupying my father's throne.'

"' Impossible!" replied the other. 'He has no interest whatever, and has no more chance of being a bishop than I have.'

"'You will see,' replied Mr. S-.............................. 'I am certain he will.' "They had made their obeisance above, and were returning, when there was a great cry without, and everybody rushed to the doors and windows to inquire what had happened. The horses

attached to the carriage of a young nobleman had become restive, and were endangering the life of their master, when Mr.—
rushed forward, and, at the peril of his own, seized their heads, and afforded Lord C—— time to descend before they broke through all restraint and dashed away. Through the interest of this nobleman and his friends, to whom Mr.—— had been previously quite unknown, he obtained the see of L——. These circumstances were related to me by a member of the family."

Presentiments, a class of phenomena exemplified also in the lower animals, of warnings against danger are next given. For

example—

"A few years ago, Dr. W-, now residing in Glasgow, dreamt that he received a summons to attend a patient at a place some miles from where he was living; that he started on horseback; and that as he was crossing a moor, he saw a bull making furiously at him, whose horns he only escaped by taking refuge on a spot inaccessible to the animal, where he waited a long time, till some people, observing his situation, came to his assistance, and released him. Whilst at breakfast on the following morning, the summons came; and, smiling at the odd coincidence, he started on horseback. He was quite ignorant of the road he had to go; but by and by he arrived at the moor, which he recognised, and presently the bull appeared, coming full tilt towards him. But his dream had shown him the place of refuge, for which he instantly made; and there he spent three or four hours, besieged by the animal, till the country people set him free. Dr. W- declares that, but for the dream, he should not have known in what direction to run for safety."

Of course mesmerism has much to do with these matters. Two ladies, a mother and daughter, are asleep at Cheltenham, occupying the same bed. The mother, Mrs. C——, dreamt that her brotherin-law, then in Ireland, had sent for her; that she entered his room, and saw him in bed, apparently dying. He requested her to kiss him; but, owing to his livid appearance, she shrank from doing so, and awoke with the horror of the scene upon her. The daughter awoke at the same moment, saying, 'Oh, I have had such a frightful dream!' 'Oh, so have I!' returned the mother: 'I have been dreaming of my brother-in-law.' 'My dream was about him, too,' added Miss C——. 'I thought I was sitting in the drawing-room, and that he came in, wearing a shroud trimmed with black ribbons, and approaching me, he said, My dear niece, your mother has refused to kiss me, but I am sure you will not be so unkind.'"

"As these ladies were not in habits of regular correspondence with their relative, they knew that the earliest intelligence likely to reach them, if he were actually dead, would be by means of the Irish papers; and they waited anxiously for the following Wed.

nesday, which was the day these journals were received in Cheltenham. When that morning arrived, Miss C—— hastened at an early hour to the reading-room, and there she learnt what the dreams had led them to expect: their friend was dead, and they afterwards ascertained that his decease had taken place on that

night."

The magnetic illustration was related to the author by Mr. W. W---, a gentleman well known in the north of England. This gentleman "had been cured by mesmerism of a very distressing malady. During part of the process of cure, after the rapport had been well established, the operations were carried on whilst he was at Malvern and his magnetiser at Cheltenham, under which circumstances the existence of this extraordinary dependence was frequently exhibited in a manner that left no possibility of doubt. On one occasion, I remember, that Mr. W. W--- being in the magnetic sleep, he suddenly started from his seat, clasping his hands as if startled, and presently afterwards burst into a violent fit of laughter. As, on waking, he could give no account of these impulses, his family wrote to the magnetiser, to inquire if he had sought to excite any particular manifestations in his patient, as the sleep had been somewhat disturbed. The answer was, that no such intention had been entertained, but that the disturbance might possibly have arisen from one to which he had himself been subjected. 'Whilst my mind was concentrated on you,' said he, 'I was suddenly so much startled by a violent knock at the door, that I actually jumped off my seat, clasping my hands with affright. I had a hearty laugh at my own folly, but am sorry if you were made uncomfortable by it."

But we hasten to matters more wonderful. There are, it appears, persons who have the power of entrancing themselves; in which state their spirits are literally free as the air. "One of the most remarkable cases of this kind is that recorded by Jung Stilling, of a man who, about the year 1740, resided in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia, in the United States. His habits were retired, and he spoke little; he was grave, benevolent, and pious; and nothing was known against his character, except that he had the reputation of possessing some secrets that were not altogether lawful. extraordinary stories were told of him, and amongst the rest the following:—The wife of a ship captain, whose husband was on a voyage to Europe and Africa, and from whom she had been long without tidings, overwhelmed with anxiety for his safety, was induced to address herself to this person. Having listened to her story, he begged her to excuse him for a while, when he would bring her the intelligence she required. He then passed into an inner room, and she sat herself down to wait; but his absence continuing longer than she expected, she became impatient, thinking he had forgotten her. and so, softly approaching the door, she peeped through some aper-

ture, and to her surprise, beheld him lying on a sofa, as motionless as if he were dead. She of course did not think it advisable to disturb him, but waited his return, when he told her that her husband had not been able to write to her for such and such reasons. but that he was then in a coffee-house in London; and would very shortly be home again. Accordingly he arrived; and as the lady learnt from him that the causes of his unusual silence had been precisely those alleged by the man, she felt extremely desirous of ascertaining the truth of the rest of the information; and in this she was gratified; for he no sooner set his eyes on the magician. than he said that he had seen him before, on a certain day, in a coffee-house in London; and that he had told him that his wife was extremely uneasy about him; and that he, the captain, had thereon mentioned how he had been prevented writing; adding, that he was on the eve of embarking for America. He had then lost sight of the stranger amongst the throng, and knew nothing more about him.

"I have no authority for this story," says Mrs. Crowe, "but that of Jung Stilling; and if it stood alone, it might appear very incredible; but it is supported by so many parallel examples of information given by people in somnambulic states, that we are not

entitled to reject it on the score of impossibility."

What the Scotch call wraiths are next described thus:-- "Maria Goffe, of Rochester, dying at a distance from home, said she could not die happy till she had seen her children. "By and by, she fell into a state of coma, which left them uncertain whether she was dead or alive. Her eyes were open and fixed, her jaw fallen, and there was no perceptible respiration. When she revived, she told her mother, who attended her, that she had been home and seen her children; which the other said was impossible, since she had been lying there in the bed the whole time. 'Yes,' replied the dying woman, 'but I was there in my sleep.' A widow woman, called Alexander, who had the care of these children, de. clared herself ready to take oath upon the sacrament, that during this period she had seen the form of Maria Goffe come out of the room, where the eldest child slept, and approach the bed where she herself lay with the younger beside her. The figure had stood there nearly a quarter of an hour, as far as she could judge; and she remarked that the eyes and the mouth moved, though she heard no sound.

Again: Mrs. K—, the sister of Provost B—, of Aberdeen, was sitting one day with her husband, Dr. K—, in the parlour of the manse, when she suddenly said, 'Oh, there's my brother come; he has just passed the window!' and, followed by her husband, she hastened to the door to meet the visitor. He was, however, not there. 'He is gone round to the back door,' said she; and thither they went; but neither was he there, nor had

the servants seen anything of him. Dr. K—— said she must be mistaken; but she laughed at the idea: her brother had passed the window and looked in; he must have gone somewhere, and would doubtless be back directly. But he came not; and the intelligence shortly arrived from Aberdeen, that at that precise time, as nearly as they could compare circumstances, he had died quite suddenly at his own place of residence. I have heard this story from connexions of the family, and also from an eminent professor of Glasgow, who told me that he had once asked Dr. K—— whether he believed in these appearances. 'I cannot choose but believe,' returned Dr. K——; and then he accounted for his conviction by narrating the above particulars.

"I have met with three instances," says Mrs. Crowe, "of persons who are so much the subjects of this phenomenon, that they see the wraith of most persons that die belonging to them, and frequently of those who are merely acquaintance. They see the person as if he were alive; and unless they know him positively to be elsewhere, they have no suspicion but that it is himself, in the flesh, that is before them, till the sudden disappearance of the

figure brings the conviction."

We give one more. Some few years ago, a Mrs. H—, residing in Limerick, had a servant whom she much esteemed, called Nelly Hanlon. Nelly was a very steady person, who seldom asked for a holiday, and consequently Mrs. H—— was the less disposed to refuse her when she requested a day's leave of absence, for the purpose of attending a fair that was to take place a few miles off. The petition was therefore favourably heard; but when Mr. H——came home, and was informed of Nelly's proposed excursion, he said she could not be spared, as he had invited some people to dinner for that day, and he had nobody he could trust with the keys of the cellar, except Nelly; adding, that it was not likely his business would allow him to get home time enough to bring up the wine himself.

"Unwilling, however, after giving her consent, to disappoint the girl, Mrs. H—— said that she would herself undertake the cellar department on the day in question; so, when the wished-for morning arrived, Nelly departed in great spirits, having faithfully promised to return that night, if possible, or, at the latest, the

following morning.

"The day passed as usual, and nothing was thought about Nelly till the time arrived for fetching up the wine, when Mrs. H——proceeded to the cellar-stairs with the key, followed by a servant carrying a bottle-basket. She had, however, scarcely begun to descend, when she uttered a loud scream, and dropped down in a state of insensibility. She was carried up stairs and laid upon the bed, whilst, to the amazement of the other servants, the girl who had accompanied her said that they had seen Nelly Hanlon, drip-

ping with water, standing at the bottom of the stairs. Mr. H—being sent for, or coming home at the moment, this story was repeated to him, whereupon he reproved the woman for her folly; and proper restoratives being applied, Mrs. H—— at length began to revive. As she opened her eyes, she heaved a deep sigh, saying, 'Oh, Nelly Hanlon!' and as soon as she was sufficiently recovered to speak, she corroborated what the girl had said—she had seen Nelly at the foot of the cellar-stairs, dripping as if she had just come out of the water. Mr. H—— used his utmost efforts to persuade his wife out of what he looked upon to be an illusion; but in vain. 'Nelly,' said he, 'will come home by-and-by, and laugh at you;' whilst she, on the contrary, felt sure that Nelly was dead.

"The night came, and the morning came, but there was no Nelly. When two or three days had passed, inquiries were made; and it was ascertained that she had been seen at the fair, and had started to return home in the evening; but from that moment all traces of her were lost, till her body was ultimately found in the river. How she came by her death was never known." Here, it will be observed, there is an element of triviality. To appear at a cellar-door seems below the dignity of a spiritual existence. Yet, it may be said, what is it inconsistent with, but only our sense of taste—that sense under which we select incidents for fiction? We are not necessarily to expect that there is any such law presiding over these phenomena. On the theory, moreover, of an earnest desire being concerned in the case, it was natural for Nelly, at the moment of danger or death, to think of the duty which she would have been performing if she had not that day left her home.

In the chapter devoted to what the Germans call doppel-gangers, (double-goers), or self-seers—we have the following:—"Becker, professor of mathematics at Rostock, having fallen into an argument with some friends regarding a disputed point of theology, on going to his library to fetch a book which he wished to refer to, saw himself sitting at the table in the seat he usually occupied. He approached the figure, which appeared to be reading, and looking over its shoulder, he observed that the book open before it was a Bible, and that, with one of the fingers of the right hand, it pointed to the passage, 'Make ready thy house, for thou must die.' He returned to the company, and related what he had seen; and in spite of all their arguments to the contrary, remained fully persuaded that his death was at hand. He took leave of his friends, and expired on the following day, at six o'clock in the evening."

We give one more. "A Danish physician is said to have been frequently seen entering a patient's room, and on being spoken to, the figure would disappear with a sigh. This used to occur when he had made an appointment which he was prevented keeping, and was rendered uneasy by the failure. The hearing of it, however,

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occasioned him such an unpleasant sensation, that he requested

his patients never to tell him when it happened."

But want of space compels us to close our notice of this interesting work. We could have wished it had been more philosophically written, but perhaps our knowledge of the subject is hardly sufficient for that. We are presented with a mass of facts, more or less authentic. A time may come when the principles which they illustrate, and the conditions essential to their existence may be clearly understood; at present, they appear to us as mysterious phenomena, and by the many they are viewed with scepticism and contempt. In this world of ours, however, there are questions we cannot answer, mysteries we cannot fathom. Amongst these, one of the greatest is, the connexion of soul and body. From this result the wonderful incidents with which the book abounds, and to which the term, The Night Side of Nature, is not inappropriately applied.

MA DICHONETTE!

OR. SONG OF THE SPANISH CAVALIER.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Fly, little pet, ma dichonette!

Fly, oh! fly, to my lady bright,
And bear this flow'r to the rosy bow'r,
Where we plighted our troth last night.
To thy silver wing, by a silken string,
I have fasten'd a parting word;
And told her this day, in the battle fray,
I will win her with this good sword.
Go, little pet, ma dichonette!
Fly away to my lady bright!

Fly, little pet, ma dichonette!

Thy silver wings unfold to light;
O'er rock and tower, to the rosy bow'r,
Fly away to my lady bright!
Go, trembler, go, to her breast of snow,
Like the swan's on the moonlit sea;
And bear on thy beak, to her fragrant cheek,
This fond kiss that I give to thee.
Go, little pet, ma dichonette!
Fly away to my lady bright!

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

The Convent: a Narrative founded on Fact. By R. M'Crindell, authoress of "The School Girl in France," "The English Governess," &c. London: Aylott & Jones, Paternoster Row.

THE title of this work amply indicates its nature and contents. The authoress has spent much of her time in Roman catholic countries, and witnessed much of its persecuting spirit. This little work is intended to expose its errors and deceits. It professes to give the adventures of two nuns, who ultimately were freed from the bondage of the convent. It is a tale of no great pretensions, but it is not without merit.

The London University College Magazine, for February. No. I. (to be continued Monthly.) London: Taylor & Walton, Upper Gower-street.

Ir we remember aright, this is not the first essay on the part of the students of University College towards the establishment of a periodical; and we hail this attempt at carrying on a work, very creditably commenced, as a satisfactory sign of the maturing strength of an institution thoroughly deserving the support of every liberal mind.

It is important that the distributive as well as the receptive faculties of man should undergo cultivation; it is the former which, to our shame, are too much neglected in our schools and colleges,—the former, which the originators of this publication thus hope

to bring into more active use.

With this slight introduction, we proceed to the consideration of the first number, which we are able, without exaggeration, to pronounce as well worthy of perusal. The principal article is one entitled "Thoughts on Poetical Translation," where the subject, which is one of much interest, has been ably handled.

In one part of this article, the author, after objecting to elaborate inverted diction, such as Pope's and Milton's, when used as the vehicle for translating the *improvised* productions of Homer, proposes the substitution of our ballad metre, with variations in the first division of each line, by way of preventing monotony; giving, for example, the following ingenious and literal rendering of the opening lines of the Iliad:—(the two parts of each line have been distinctly printed.)—

"Sing, Muse, the fateful anger Which brought ten thousand pangs And down to Hades hurled the soul And gave their carcases for dogs

- 5. But thus his secret counsel
 Since first the strife broke out
 Atreus' son, the prince of men
 Which of the gods, ye princes,
 'Twas Zeus and Lato's son;
- 10. Sent sore disease amid the host,Because the son of AtreusChryses, Apollo's priest:Came to the swift Achaean shipsBearing in hand the ensigns
- 15. Wreath'd around his staff of gold;
 But chief to Atreus' sons,
 - 'Ho to you, sons of Atreus,
 - 'To you may all the gods,
 - 'Grant to ravage Priam's town
 - 'But give me back my own dear child
 - ' Fearing the son of Zeus,

Of Peleus' son Achilles. To each Achaean bosom, Of many a mighty hero, And every fowl to mangle. Was highest Zeus fulfilling, Implacable;—and parted And lofty-soul'd Achilles. Embroiled your hearts in quarrel? Who by the monarch angered, And wasted all their glory. With rude disdain rejected Who for his captive daughter And proffer'd countless ransom, Of Phoebus the far-darting And sued to all the Achaeans, Twin marshals of the people:— And all well-greaved Achaeans! That hold Olympian dwellings, And reach your homes in safety. And take my proffer'd ransom,

Apollo the far-darting."

Much as we admire this article, we think, nevertheless, that it labours under what may become a serious obstacle to the magazine, in effecting all the good it proposes. We think it in parts too classical, too scientific, too full of Trochees, Iambics, Anapaests, and other terms, totally without meaning to the uninitiated. Now, although a college magazine should always possess sufficient classical and scientific matter, to preserve in modern phraseology "the individuality of the individual," still it should always be treated in such a way that the mass may be able to feel an interest in it—we say "may become," because, in the present instance, an unlearned reader might skip all that he does not understand, without failing, nevertheless, to appreciate the value of the result.

Among other articles, we may particularize an interesting notice of the late Professor Liston, evidently written by one who was intimate with that gentleman during his distinguished professional career, and naturally, therefore, possessed of an insight into his private character, to which the daily papers were unable to attain;

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as well as a spirited, well-written description of the pilgrimages

performed by the inhabitants of Bavaria.

However creditable we consider this February number, we cannot disguise the fact, that the number of its 'pages will' be generally considered as rather few for the whole contents of a shilling magazine; doubtless this is the effect of a prudential policy, erring, perhaps, but on the right side, since we hear of valuable articles postponed through want of room. We shall, therefore, look forward to the advent of the second number with confident expectation of seeing it enlarged in size, and more various in matter.

Ideas or Outlines of a New System of Philosophy. By Antoine Claude Gabriel Jobert, author of "The Philosophy of Geology." London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co., Stationers' Hall Court.

This is the work of a clear-headed man, and deserves to be carefully read by all who take an interest in metaphysical science. This essay is devoted to a consideration of the doctrine of causation and fundamental ideas, and unsparingly attacks the Kantian, Berkeleyan, Scottish, and Whewellian doctrines on that subject. Our author has begun well. We shall be glad to meet him again in the same field.

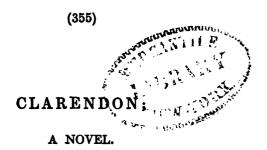
The Table Talk: or, Familiar Discourses of Martin Luther. Translated by William Hazlitt, Esq. London: David Bogue, Fleet-street.

This is one of the most valuable republications that has appeared for some time. Luther's "Table Talk" describes accurately the man; it gives a life-like picture of him in his weakness and strength. "Herein," we quote from a letter to the translator, prefixed to the folio edition of 1652, "herein is a full character of the free and zealous spirit of Martin Luther, who was a man of God, raised, in his generation, with invincible courage to beat down the strongest holds of Satan, wherein for manie generations he had captivated the spirits of our forefathers under poperie. The depth and soliditie of his judgment may be discovered in the writings which he himself did publish in his life-time; but in this collection of his extemporary discourses, published since his death,

the fullness of his affection, and genuine readiness of his spirit may be seen, which did incline him to advance the truth of the gospel, and manifest the testimonie of Jesus upon all occasions." We are much indebted to Mr. Bogue for his seasonable republication. We trust it may have, as it deserves, an extensive sale.

A Glance at the Globe and at the Worlds around us. By Jeffreys Taylor, author of "Æsop in Rhyme," "The Young Islanders," &c., &c. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

"MANY young persons of considerable natural intelligence, and who are able to give a correct school answer to a prescribed question, have not in reality mastered the plain fact to which that question refers; so that, if required to frame the reply by their own reasoning powers, they are perplexed or silent. If, for instance, the size, figure, distance from the sun, and so on, of the earth be demanded, such will, perhaps, with scarcely a moment's hesitation, recover from memory the exact words and figures by which the particulars are given in the key to the astronomical exercises. And yet they will be without any available idea of the grand scheme of the solar system; or they will be wholly unable to describe it." To remedy this evil—to put the understanding as well as the memory in possession of the facts belonging to the world around us, is the aim of our author-an aim in which he has succeeded. His book we recommend to parents and tutors, and all interested in the instruction of the young.



BY WILLIAM DODSWORTH, ESQ.

CHAPTER IX. *

A Night's Peril.

"To-morrow," said Cecil, looking up and smiling on Linden, as he grasped his riding-whip, and extended his really well-knit chest, with a yawn, "to-morrow, Linden, we will take the road

again."

Linden smiled, too; it was a singular trait in the intercourse of these two oddly assorted friends, that the younger had already so far outstepped the usual diffidence of boyhood as to address the cold and haughty Linden in the familiar style he now commonly used; but nothing could withstand the charming and seductive air of simplicity with which this singular being invested his most trifling actions. The very simplest words he uttered, were they but monosyllables in brevity, seemed to carry with them a meaning whole sentences of ordinary conversation fail to suggest; and yet when Cecil attempted to analyse the sensation he experienced after any of these conversations, he never could satisfy himself as to the cause of this charm: so much was voice, and physiognomy, and the calm, quiet, decisive air of knowledge and gentleness, mingled with the whole.

"And where, pray, Cecil, shall we go?" demanded Linden, quietly.
"Go! anywhere, to be sure," cried Cecil, rapping the heel of
his boot with his whip, "anywhere, so that we only do get away
from this dull hole." Cecil was still pale from his accident, and not
over strong even yet, with all Mrs. Tipperley's and Linden's nursing.

"Will you go to London?"

"If you choose," rejoined Cecil, with less animation than he had previously used; "certainly, if you have business in London—"
"Me! oh, no, my dear Cecil, I have no business of any kind to

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transact. I am quite untrammelled; and we have no tie upon us, so that we can roam wherever we please."

"We won't go to London, then," said Cecil, decisively; "

don't like London, sir."

"There you are wrong. London is peerless at certain seasons;

but we won't discuss that now. What say you to Paris?"

"Ah, I should like to see Paris. I have been twice in London, for a fortnight each time; but Paris—the seat of every thing gay and amusing, and seductive—"

Linden smiled. Twice in London, for a fortnight, and vet Cecil talked as if he had ransacked the mighty metropolis of the world, and exhausted all its countless sights. "And what do you expect to see in Paris, Cecil?" he demanded, abruptly.

"What a question! every thing, in a word. The gayest and

most brilliant court in Europe—"

"Graced by a monarch as unprincipled as his great ancestor, Louis xI., and as selfish as Mazarin himself," rejoined Linden,

"The most splendid palaces," continued the youth, eagerly; "the noblest public buildings; the most learned men in science and art; authors whose names and works are as household words even with us; poets whose lyrics deserve to be written in letters of gold; painters whose compositions are only second to the Raphaels, and Rubenses, and Vandykes of former days; patriots whose apo-

strophes to liberty-"

"My dear Cecil," said Linden, laughing heartily, "pray say no more until you return, lest you should be tempted to unsay all you have just uttered. The great men of France, like many others, in too many instances only employ the credit of their fame for their own emolument, by taking places under the government. Their poets are but false priests at the altar of liberty, and offer up the sacrifice of Cain at her shrine. The novelists pander only to the vilest and worst passions of human nature. Her patriots sell their merchandise for silver. But enough of all this: tomorrow we will commence our journey, and seek for adventures wherever they are likely to be met with."

Cecil felt not a little piqued at this rough annihilation of all his heated oratory; but he had the good sense to keep it to himself. Nothing, however, could exceed the delight he experienced on knowing that within a few days, at the farthest, they would be in Paris; and he went to bed, and slept with a light heart, and

slept very sound indeed, notwithstanding his arm.

How long he slept he did not know, for he was abruptly aroused from a happy dream by a startled scream, closely followed by a pistol shot, evidently discharged in the house; and hurriedly leaping out of bed, and flinging his dressing-gown around him, he made the best of his way to the door. All was dark on the little

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landing; but there was a confused sound of many voices near at hand, and, guided by these, the young man groped his way down stairs, and the next moment beheld a scene which, brave as he was by nature, made him involuntarily retreat a step, as he came upon it.

Linden, with his stern features rendered terrific by the absolute absence of all colour, stood with flashing eyes, and a form that seemed to swell and dilate with every breath, with one pistol pointed at the head of a sinister-looking fellow whom he grasped tightly with the remaining hand. The window of the little room was open, and a second pistol lay, with a crowbar and a handspike, at his feet. He looked up when Cecil approached, and said in his usual quiet, imperturbable way,—

"My dear Cecil, I'm afraid I've disturbed your dreams. Go back to bed again, and forget that you saw me in such a melodra-

matic attitude as this, by the morning."

"A likely idea! and you're in danger of being robbed, or, perhaps, of having your throat cut," rejoined Cecil, wondering more at the astonishing self-command Linden displayed at such a moment than at the singular situation in which he found him. "But what is the matter? for whatever it is, you take it very coolly."

"Certainly. This gentleman, whom I shall introduce to-morrow morning to a magistrate, and a friend who has unluckily escaped, took it into their heads to pay me a midnight visit; and, as I have a decided objection to such unseasonable calls, I have detained this rascal to answer for his conduct elsewhere. There now; you

have the riddle expounded to you."

Linden said all this with the easiest air in the world. Had he been in his own box at the opera, delivering a critique on Grisi or Lablache, he could not have been less impassioned. His voice was cold, and even measured in its tones, and his proud, beautifully chiselled lip curled as if in disdain of the explanation he was making to a boy.

"What shall we do? Does any one live near here? Where is the landlady? perhaps she can tell," cried Cecil, all in a breath.

"Where did the robbers break in? were there only two?"

"No more—this cut-throat, and another huge rascal—they were

standing at my bedside when I awoke."

Cecil rubbed his eyes—could he be in a dream?—Linden seemed to be reading out of a book, and yet the man was there, and the pistols, and Mrs. Tipperley was screaming murder behind the door, and groaning, and shricking, and yelling, as if the robbers had discharged the contents of fifty pistols into her; and then, fairly giving way to the terrors of her situation, fainted clean away, and was forgotten in the confusion; until she thought it necessary to come to life again, and straightway became quite cool and collected, and even volunteered to keep guard over the prisoner, armed with

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one of Linden's pistols and a warming-pan, provided he was properly bound, hand and foot, and quite incapable of doing the

slightest mischief to any one.

"We'll sit up till daylight, now, Cecil," said Linden, after the housebreaker was properly secured, and given over to the care of the shock-headed groom and a jolly, red-faced, pimpled, broadshouldered miller, whom he had summoned from the mill on the other side of the ford; "Mrs. Tipperlev can make us some broiled ham and coffee, perhaps, and after that we can go to sleep in an arm chair, if possible."

"That I will, and welcome, sir," said Mrs. Tipperley, who was quite herself again, now, and not at all nervous or staggered by having a real live burglar in her house; "Bess will have the fire as bright as diamonds in a crack, and if you would like a few

poached eggs-"

"No, no; that's too much, Mrs. Tipperley," said Linden, laugh-

ing; "the ham and coffee will do famously."

"Only to think," said the poor woman, as she descended the narrow stairs, two steps at a time, "that if it hadn't been for that comely gentleman being here, I might have been murdered clean away by two such ruffians, and all o' that dear, sweet young man a-breaking his precious arm a week or two ago. Well! well! there's a Providence above us, after all!" and with this pious ejaculation the grateful creature turned into her bright, cheery kitchen, which, despite the assurance of the cuckoo-clock over the dresser that it was only two o'clock, and the drowsy looking figure of her red-headed servant, with an undeniably sleepy nightcap on her head, already displayed most portentous preparations for a pretty extensive meal.

"Here's a pretty mischief, John Sibbett, to befall a poor, lone woman like me," cried she, striking her arms akimbo, as her eye encountered the portly form of her neighbour, the miller, stretched on the settle; "pretty times, indeed, when honest folks cannot sleep easy in their beds for fear of getting their throats cut, and their pockets picked, into the bargain, for them."

John Sibbett smiled,—he was a good-tempered man, was John, as all stout men should be, and the gossips (but this is all scandal) said that John was rather sweet at times on the thriving, bustling widow,—and said they were precious times indeed, "he really did not know what to make of them; they were far too pretty for

him."

"Make of them, indeed!" cried Mrs. Tipperley, who enjoyed in a very great degree the common failing of starting off at a tangent with something that had been said before; "what can we make of them, when all the great folks, kings and commons, are 'bolishing executions and such like? We'll all be clean killed outright by'n by, John,—that's my opinion,"

John scratched his head, and began to smoke his pipe. "Times really were getting fearful: he didn't know what to make on them."

"And then to say," cried Mrs. Tipperley, warming with her theme, "that 'bolishing hanging and transporting 'ill make all the thieves and murderers take quietly to work, to earn an honest livelihood! No, no, John; take my word for it, there'll never be any good done in England as long as there isn't executions, and gibbetting, and such like."

"Yes, missus, quite right there," assented the shock-headed hostler, giving the prisoner a kick with one foot; "cutions are main fine things, and make one feel quite bold and savage like,

after one sees one."

"Hold your tongue, Rafe!" cried Mrs. Tipperley, in a putting-down tone, "what should a natural like you know of such things? You're a fool, Rafe, as I've told you scores of times afore."

Rafe scratched his shaggy head, and scowled down upon his manacled victim; he felt that he was a natural, and as such had no right to speak about such things. And yet the poor, half-

witted fool had more than half hit the truth, after all.

"Lor! I wish you'd only a-seen the gentleman upstairs, John," said Mrs. Tipperley, fanning herself with her apron, as she stood in front of the blazing fire, cutting the ham into thin, crisp, dainty slices; "he didn't look fierce, and blaze up, as you'd a-done, John, nor swear like a trooper, and rave like a play-actor. He was as cool and quiet as a young girl at her confirmation; and yet there was a terrible fire in his eyes that almost dazzled one, and his face was awfully white."

"Humph! frightened, praps," growled John, who did not half admire the widow's admiration of her guest; "these fine quality

folks, Phœbe, are often arrant cowards at bottom."

"He's not, John," retorted Mrs. Tipperley, warmly; "he's as brave as a lion, John. But, lor a massy! what's that?"

John laughed outright, now; "What did she hear?" he asked,

in a half taunting tone.

"Really, John, it's not half kind like of you," said Mrs. Tipperley, pettishly, as she drew back from the window at which she had been standing: "getting frightened out of one's sleep so, and having such company as that cut-throat in one's house at such hours, is like to make one feel nervous like; and it's not kind of you, John, to laugh at one so, and I don't feel obliged to you for it, at all."

She looked so cheery, and loveable, and plump, and cosy, as she said this, and her neat, well-rigged figure was so temptingly seductive, that John couldn't refrain from flinging his arms round her waist, although it was a thing he had never done before.

"I know you don't mean it, Phœbe. A kind heart like yours

never could teach such ripe, cherry lips to pout and look sulky, even if it tried; and even when you scold ever so, and look a very termagant, there's always a bright blink in that wicked black eye that lets me into the secret, and tells one it's all sham."

"For shame, John Sibbet!" cried Mrs. Tipperley; "you really

grow quite audacious; you get really worse and worse."

"Missus," said Rafe, in something between a grunt and a whine, for he had been properly snubbed at the commencement of the night, and wasn't likely to get too bold now; "missus, did you hear any thing anow?"

"Where, Rafe? John Sibbett, be done. Speak, you natural,"

to Rafe, who seemed to be dozing over again.

"A minute or two ago, missus," rejoined Rafe, rousing up again;

"just aneath the porch, missus."

John Sibbett glanced over to the prisoner, whose keen eye glittered on the hostler, though his small, mean frame still kept its lounging posture; he didn't leave go of Mrs. Tipperley, though, for she was trembling like a willow in his arms.

"There's somebody a creeping round to the window, missus," said Rafe, who had wonderfully quick hearing; "hist! there's two

-three-"

The prisoner sprang up, chained as he was: Rafe was upon him in a moment, and grappling him in his wiry arms, flung him on the floor again.

"We'll all be murdered! oh lor! I'm sure we will!" groaned

Mrs. Tipperley, turning very white.

"Cheer up, Phœbe," said John Sibbett, venturing to steal a kiss, in the agitation of the moment! "if they're only two, or three, or four, or half a dozen, we'll be a match for them."

"Oh, John! I'm a poor, lone woman," groaned Mrs. Tipperley,

wringing her hands."

"And whose fault is that, honey? isn't it your own?" quoth honest John, boldly; "isn't it quite a-tempting of Providence, with so much bonny looks and winning ways, living all alone and unprotected, like, at any one's mercy? Isn't it?"

"Missus, they're trying the milkus window," burst in Rafe,

fixing his great goggle-eyes on the pair.

"Oh, Rafe! Rafe!" cried the servant-girl, digging a pair of red, knobby, frosty-looking hands into the bony neck of poor Rafe, whilst her short, squat, dumpy figure came with a heavy thump into his open arms; "oh, lor a massy, Rafe!"

"Was there ever such a born idiot?" growled Rafe, laying his sentient burden, petticoats, clogs, and all, upon the settle; "who'ds

touch such a-?"

He did not finish the sentence; for at that moment a heavy blow, deadened rather by the intervening door, burst upon the massy barrier: another and another succeeded, which made it

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quiver, and rend, and split, as if the sturdy oak of which it was

made had been as frail and yielding as an ashen plank.

"Watch the prisoner, Rafe," shouted John Sibbett, springing ferociously towards the door, with his gun ready cocked; "give a call upstairs, Bess, lass, to the gentlefolks—Phæbe, honey, be quiet and don't be afeard,—and now, my hearties, I'm ready for them."

There was something inspiriting in the very actions with which he accompanied his manly words; John had good, round, honest, English shoulders, a sturdy chest, ruddy cheeks, with some short, brown, crisp locks of hair parted over his forehead, and a strong, sinewy, well-knit frame, that looked quite capable of carrying out the determination that flashed from his eyes: and now as Mrs. Tipperley saw him throw off his coat, and tuck up his shirt sleeves, baring his arms to the elbow, as if there was work to do, she neither fainted, nor screamed out; nay, she didn't even give herself time to feel frightened, but sate with her apron raised to her mouth, very white, certainly, but no more; and even when Linden and Cecil came down she found tongue enough to explain what had happened, and even began to scold the short, frowsy, dumpy, pugnosed, servant girl, for her hysterics, although at the very moment, the door shook and quivered upon its hinges, more fearfully than ever.

"Stand up, John—give the first rascal that enters, the contents of your shoulder-piece, and leave the second to me," cried Linden, with more eagerness than Cecil had ever seen him display during the whole of their intercourse; "Now then!" and as he spoke, the door was shattered to splinters, and one,—two—a perfect legion of wild, fierce, murderous-looking villains flew in

upon them.

"Fire, John, fire!" cried Linden, in a calm, resolute voice; and John fired, and retreated a step, as the man he had singled out,

staggered, and fell.

"Stand aside, it is my turn now," muttered Linden, raising his pistol, with, what to Cecil appeared most diabolical coolness, at a man who by his stature seemed to challenge his antagonist's attention; and Linden, steadying his weapon, fired; the fatal bullet, true to its mark, hit the man, who swerved rather from the position he had for a moment assumed, in the shoulder, and who with a cry of rage and pain sprang boldly forward, and grappling Linden in his arms, the strangely assorted pair for a moment seemed to stand almost motionless in the centre of the floor; and then with a volley of oaths and imprecations the burglar suddenly relaxed his grasp, strove wildly for a brief space to preserve his equilibrium, and then with a spasmodic convulsion of the jaws, fell on the floor, insensible.

"You are hurt, Linden," said Cecil, approaching him, after a

time, during which, Linden, as if held by some strange enchantment, had hung over the prostrate form of the man with whom he had been contesting; "there is blood trickling from your neckerchief,—the villain cannot surely have stabbed you in the throat."

"Oh, it is nothing, my boy! a mere flesh wound," rejoined his protector; Sibbett, send down to the mill for assistance, and have these two rascals properly secured, together with our friend of the bed-room, until the morning; their associates, I see, have taken

the opportunity to decamp."

As if to give the lie to his last speculation the glass of the small lattice window, immediately behind him, was shivered to pieces, and a couple of bullets fell into the room. Cecil, who had in vain looked for any symptom of terror in Linden's demeanour, heretofore, fancied at this moment that the jaws quivered, as he laughed and said,—"If our friends don't take better aim in future, they might as well save their powder and shot for a fitter purpose."

A dead silence fell on the little party after this speech. Even John Sibbett, sturdy, and brave, and fearless, as he was, looked grave, and wished in his heart, that they were all well out of the

business.

"It is useless thinking of going to bed again, now," said Linden, after a dreary pause; "If Mrs. Tipperley will make a good rousing fire, we can very well finish the night on the settles,—I don't think we need apprehend another attack, and in that case, all may as well get as much sleep as possible before

morning."

Linden, as he spoke, curled himself up into his corner, and arranging his plaid over his head and shoulders set the example of repose. One by one the little party, inspired with confidence by his exhortation, dropped asleep; even Cecil, who had felt more wakeful and suspicious than any of them, began to feel the drowsy god laying his leaden influence upon his faculties, and in a short time, everything within the house was as hushed, and still, and silent as the grave.

CHAPTER X.

Lady Susan Clarendon turns Matchmaker.

Whatever other faults Lady Susan Clarendon was chargeable with, no one could deny that her high birth, and even more than this, her high breeding, when she chose, by expelling the eccentricities that at times obscured it, to exhibit it, were more than sufficient to make Eleanor's all-dreaded sojourn at Leven much less formidable, than she could ever before have anticipated.

"I'm going quite to forget that I'm an old woman, Eleanor," said she, as they were seated at breakfast one morning: "and although it would not be becoming to grow dissipated all at once, there is not the slightest occasion, love, to mew ourselves up

like a couple of enchanted ogresses in this old castle."

Eleanor sighed and her beautiful eyes filled with tears; Lady Susan laughed at the half imploring look her companion cast upon her, as she continued, "We must really do a little bit of popularity down here, my love, if only for the sake of keeping up our dignity with our neighbours,—now don't pout that ruby lip, child,—I must introduce you to the county; you're a Clarendon, Eleanor, and as such, must make your debût in a new neighbourhood with Clarendon eclat,—reach my portfeuille, love, and then leave me for an hour or two,—I have a great many letters to write."

"Ought we not to live as privately as possible, for the present, dear Lady Susan?" said Eleanor, as she reached the old-fashioned, massively ornamented writing-case to the eccentric old woman; "our recent bereavement, the fatigue you must have suffered from

your journey, ----."

"Nonsense, love, — I am never fatigued," burst in Lady Susan, fearful of being diverted from her purpose; "I really am very strong indeed, for seventy-two, and never felt a jolt all the way down, thanks to Robert's driving, — there now, love, vanish like Ariel, and if you can pick me up a Ferdinand to play to your Miranda, by your return, I shall be all the better pleased."

Eleanor would have lingered longer, but Lady Susan had already began to write, and with a foreboding sigh she left the room, and arraying herself in a close straw bonnet, a thick shawl and stout

shoes, set out upon her walk, determined to explore the romantic beauties of the walks surrounding Lady Susan's residence; the few scattered glimpses she had already obtained in a long drive with her ladyship, the previous week, having only raised her curiosity still further.

Leven was, in sooth, fairyland itself for a young girl with a highsouled and romantic imagination. The Castle, for such it in reality was, with its light and graceful cupolas, and colonnades, and terraces, built of stone, bleached almost white with age, seemed like some lonely star set in the dark larchwoods beyond; whilst beneath it, or rather before it, its odd fantastic gardens laid out in the Italian style, made one half expect to descry some of Boccacio's stately dames and gallant cavaliers threading its bewildering mazes. There were high hills in the distance, which, to Eleanor, who had lived all her life in a flat country, looked like mountains, and beyond all, and yet within sight, lay the open sea; there were no end of adventures ready to start up in Eleanor's mind, when she pursued her solitary walk, whenever she paused for a moment to gaze her fill at all these by turns; but they were soon put to flight, when she beheld, on her return, the formidable pile of letters Lady Susan gave to the footman for the post.

"There now, Eleanor, I have done with business for to-day, and

now tell me what adventures you have had."

"None, Lady Susan; from Dan to Beersheba all is barren," said Eleanor, smiling, "I saw a wood cutter down in a coppice, and started a hare from a farm, and heard a horse galloping over the carriage road, but unfortunately I could not see from the walk I was in, whether a gentleman or a ploughboy."

Lady Susan's hard lips relaxed into a smile. "Ah, Eleanor, what a pity you had not the curiosity to give chase to the cavalier! you would have had a perfect adventure had you done so, and

such an unexceptionable hero, too!

"I'm really quite curious," said Eleanor, laughing; "have I

missed a real adventure, Lady Susan?"

"You have indeed, child, I can tell you such a young man as Norman Macdonald is not often met with."

"What a euphonious name! but I dare say, nay, I am more than certain," and the young girl's beautiful face grew as brilliant as a carnation, as she spoke, "that your ladyship's hero does not come within an immeasurable distance of Cecil, of my brother."

"Pish, child," retorted Lady Susan, struggling to conceal the anger the very name of Cecil Clarendon created in her mind; "Cecil is all very well, but Norman Macdonald is immeasurably his

superior, you have not seen Norman yet."

"Nor wish to see him, if he should make me think Cecil inferior to him," said Eleanor, with an odd feeling of pique against Lady Susan; "no one can surpass Cecil," added she, smiling, "and so,

Lady Susan, you can keep your hero, and I will keep mine,—Cecil

against Norman Macdonald."

"Ah, ah, you have not seen Norman yet, Eleanor; he will be our member some of these days, he has good principles, and is a tory; he hates the whigs, child, and is rich and of an old family, and very, very handsome."

"The last qualification is quite enough to redeem all the rest," said the young girl, proudly, "even to excuse his being rich, but

still I defy Mr. Norman Macdonald ---"

"Well, well, child, wait and see," said Lady Susan, as she marched with the dignity of old Queen Bess out of the room.

Eleanor strove for the rest of the day to put Lady Susan and Norman Macdonald out of her head, but could not; whenever she thought of Cecil it was always Norman Macdonald whose name trembled on her tongue, and then she remembered Lady Susan with her bright eyes gleaming with spite, the sternness with which she debated upon his qualifications, his wealth, and position, and prospects; until, at last, she grew quite to hate this Mr. Norman Macdonald, and to wish him hundreds of leagues off, and anywhere in fact but in his own country, with his handsome person, and his old priory, and his matchless pack of harriers, and his preserves, and parks, and unencumbered estate; he hadn't even a dowagered mother, or half-a-dozen portionless sisters to detract from his merits, nothing but a younger brother, and he was, heaven knows where, said Lady Susan, when Eleanor asked her once, with an extraordinary fit of confidence.

"Nobody knows any thing of Mr. Harold Macdonald."

Lady Susan, as if she was sensible that she had slightly out-witted herself, did not during the rest of the day allude to Mr. Norman Macdonald, and when they met again at dinner, nothing could exceed the playful tenderness of her manner to her protegé: all was sunshine and fair weather, where late there had been the prelude to a storm; she told Border anecdotes, and raked up legends of byegone times with an enthusiasm that equalled her auditor's; made her bullfinch pipe Eleanor's favourite tune, and ordered her beautiful King Charles's spaniel, Tiny, eat her biscuits out of Eleanor's lap; even went so far as to bring out from its hiding place, in which it had laid entombed for ages, a huge volume of caricatures and oddities of a byegone period, in which statesmen of the time of the Bute regency, and the Grenville opposition, figured with all the breadth of colouring and grotesqueness, which few but a Gilray or our own inimitable H. B. could excel.

By the morrow Eleanor had quite forgotten the very existence of Mr. Norman Macdonald, and when on their return from an early drive, the groom of the chambers announced that there was company waiting Lady Susan in the blue drawing room, Eleanor suffered herself to be led thither by her companion, without even.

for one moment, speculating upon the chances of the obnoxious

gentleman's proving to be of the party.

"Come, love, no drawing back," cried Lady Susan, patting her cheek, as the footman with officious zeal flinging wide open the door, there rushed out upon them a confused Babel of tongues, which at once confused and disconcerted our heroine; "these are nothing but simple country folks, Eleanor, like ourselves;" and then relaxing the grimness of her features into a withered smile, Lady Susan advanced up the room with the stride of a grenadier, exclaiming as she extended one arm, "Sir Price, how d'ye do? Lady Hunter, I'm glad to see you; young ladies, you all look charming. Any weddings, aye, since I left Scotland?" and then, with an ironical smile, the provoking old woman turned to their lady mamma and said, "I always did say, Lady Hunter never would keep her daughters a twelvemonth, after they got up to be the height of her shoulder."

Poor Lady Hunter, who was a perfect giant, bridled and tried to laugh off the ironical joke of her merciless hostess, who saw nevertheless that the iron rankled in her soul; the four Miss Hunters, poor things, were neither spiritual, nor handsome, nor witty, although they were abundantly good-natured and officious, in their zeal to make themselves agreeable in the world. They had all come packed in the old, rumbling, family coach from Hunter Lodge—an abominably dull, dreary, monotonous brick house, standing in a great bare field with a dismal sweep straight up to the door, flanked by gaunt poplars; the moment they heard of her ladyship's arrival, there they were all talking, and chattering, and disputing amongst themselves, the moment the door was opened, like a nest of noisy daws or clattering jays.

And there was Mr. Price Blackwood too, the only son, tall, and solemn, and grave as an obelisk, with just about as much life in his unmeaning face as a marble tablet; he would be Sir Price, in time, with an estate of two thousand a year saddled by the deceased Sir Price with jointures to his widow, and fortunes to the four red-armed, lanky, silly looking Misses Price Hunters. Eleanor bit her lips in her attempt to keep from laughing when he accosted her, though she saw that Lady Susan was watching her, and was

on her guard accordingly.

"What a time you have been away, Lady Susan!" cried Lady Hunter in a familiar tone, as she settled herself in her seat again, when all the compliments had been paid. "I declare I thought

you never would come back. Did I not, Sir Price?

"You did indeed, Lady Hunter," said Sir Price, solemnly, "it was only Monday week, no it was Tuesday week, I think, I really can't be certain, but it might be Monday, after all," and poor Sir Price, who had a habit of contradicting himself, and who consequently was always in a state of semi-bewilderment, went flounder,

ing on, whilst Lady Hunter with a smile she intended to be vastly winning, glanced over to Eleanor and begged that her dear Lady

Susan would introduce her to her young guest.

"Eleanor, love, this is Lady Price Hunter," said Lady Susan, with a smile that Eleanor perfectly understood; and thereupon Lady Hunter kissed her on both cheeks, and pressed her high, sharp, bony nose upon her forehead, having undershot her mark with that feature, and straightway fell into a perfect ecstacy with her charming Miss Clarendon, whom she hoped at an early day to see at Hunter Lodge; and thereupon the four Miss Hunters smiled and tried to say something polite in imitation of their mamma, the only trace of which was, a husky rattle in those four interesting young ladies' throats; and Sir Price bowed, and smiled, and nodded his head, and tried not to look bewildered; and Mr. Price stretched his crane-like neck and manufactured a withering simper, and thereupon the whole family rose to go.

"I hope we shall have some charming re-unions, dear Lady Susan," said Lady Hunter, as they descended the stairs; for poor Lady Hunter strove with all her might to fancy herself on confidential terms with the highborn and lofty Lady Susan Clarendon; "we shall be delighted to see you, my dear Miss Clarendon: always at home you know, and my four girls are very little older——"

"Miss Baby's only twenty-six," cried Lady Susan, in a high cracked voice, which she always assumed when she had anything bitter to say, tapping the youngest born of the fair Hunteresses, as

she spoke, with her Indian fan.

"Ha, ha, how malicious, Lady Susan!" laughed Lady Hunter, striving not to look disconcerted at the look with which her hostess accompanied the words: "but Barbara is only twenty-three, as you very well know. Good morning, good morning," and Sir Price handed his cara sposa into the old chocolate-coloured coach, and then the daughters followed, the son taking his place on the box beside the little withered, mountebank-looking coachman, whose little pigtail, and saffron-coloured skin made Lady Susan once observe that he looked, for all the world, like a well dried ape, endowed with vital motion again.

"How I hate those people!" cried her ladyship with a grimace, expressive of the deepest disgust, as she took Eleanor's arm in her own, as she ascended the steps of the vestibule; "from such inroads upon one's time and patience, merciful heaven preserve us; the stupid husband, the bustling, impudent, officious wife, wishing to be hailfellow well met even with me, who am the very créme de la creme in comparison; the four red armed, scraggy, old maidish girls, and the gander-looking hopeful, are enough to give me a fit of the blues for a twelvemonth! The only good they do me is, they give you a capital opportunity to get rid of a fit of the spleen."

CHAPTER XI.

Norman Macdonald makes his debut.

For a week Mr. Norman Macdonald's name was never mentioned between Lady Susan and Eleanor; her eccentric ladyship seemed in fact to have forgotten his existence in the business-like bustle and excitement of her own. Once there was a public day at Leven, when every place from the kitchen to my ladyship's chamber, was literally overran with a wild, tumultuous, well-bred mob of fashionables and their attendants, who came to see her ladyship's last acquisition, and to discuss the thousand and one never ending, interminable topics which people who vegetate the one half or more of their existence in the country invariably fly to, to dispetennui, or disgust, or the spleen.

And still Mr. Norman Macdonald did not come; Lady Susan at first was mysterious, then grew peevish, and shut herself up a whole evening in her own dressing room, and then began to rail at all the world and at Mr. Norman Macdonald in particular, for a

false hearted, unconscionable renegade.

"Why really, Eleanor, you're quite delighted at the defection of Norman," said she, laughing gaily for the first time that day, as they sat together after tea one delicious night in April. "Open the window, love, and let us have a breath of the fresh air. Ah, what a delicious perfume! I must have Mackie to put a stand of heliotrope and musk under this window, my dear, it will smell so sweet when we sit here in the evenings."

"I doat upon heliotrope," said Eleanor, as she lingered at the window for a moment, watching the golden-tinted sunset; "dear

Lady Susan, do come here for one moment ---"

"Why, child? I really can't leave my chair if it is only for a star or a stray sunbeam; but what is that, Eleanor, the sound of carriage wheels?"

"Yes, I wanted you to look at one of the oddest, most outlandish looking vehicles I ever saw in my life," said Eleanor, turning away.

"Where, child? why didn't you tell me so? surely it's not coming here; a carriage, an outlandish carriage, child?" and Lady Susan jumped up with great agillity and rang for lights. "Eleanor help me on with my shawl; there, there, now then my stick,—so! what a figure I am to see company, eh, child, am I not? who in the name of wonder can it be? send for Mc'Craw, Janet," addressing her maid: "come child and help me to receive my company whoever they be, ghost, or goblin, or howdie, they're all welcome;"

and chattering as she strode forward, in a high key, Lady Susan hurried Eleanor towards the front entrance, evidently in no very good humour at the prospect of her peace and privacy being broken

in upon by any uninvited set of guests.

There was a carriage at the door, the steps of which were already down; an odd-looking, mottled face, white headed, old gentleman, with his short, squat, stumpy figure dressed in a blue surtout, a striped waistcoat, leather breeches, and top boots, a quen sticking bolt out from the back of his neck, and a black leather belt to show where waist there was none, was standing in front, busily engaged in disentangling from the meshes of a perfect forest of band boxes, small leather trunks, obstreperous baskets, and a nondescript collection of cloaks, and plaids, and overalls something that, by the contortions it made in the process, was evidently a human being; which being at last happily accomplished, there stood disclosed to view, as well as the numerous shawls and etceteras would permit, a little old lady, with a chevaux de frize of black, wirylooking curls, embattled over a very high, narrow brow, a pair of piercing black eyes, and a sharp angular nose, and even that was wrinkled like everything else about her; more than this, nothing was visible.

"And what brings you here, Sir Duncan, at such a pretty hour as this?" demanded Lady Susan, in no very gracious tone; "who

told you, I would like to know, that I was at home, eh?"

"Nobody, Lady Susan," rejoined the old gentleman, taking off his hat to Eleanor, whom he honoured with a very gallant bow. "I really did'nt know you were here; Jacobina and myself set off from Dimoon yesterday, and here we are for to-day and part of tomorrow."

"And what if I was to say, Sir Duncan Mackay, Lady Susan Clarendon does not see company just now, and order you to pack off again, eh?" retorted his courteous hostess; "what would you do then?"

"I would say what I'm going to say to Humphrey, "drive the carriage round into the yard, my lad, and see that the horses are well baited. No, no, Lady Susan, I'm not be taken in at this time of day," and Sir Duncan, who jerked out his words as if every syllable threatened to strangle him, chuckled and pinched Lady Susan's withered cheek, and poked out his arm for his wife to waddle into the house by; nothing could disturb his equanimity.

Eleanor thought, with this new importation of eccentricities, that she must have got into a travelling museum of lunatics, everyone of whom seemed to strive only how outrageous, and absurd, and laughable he or she could become; but she had still further occasion to think so before she had been many months domiciled at Leven, and by that time Sir Duncan's originality and brusqueness, and his lady's interminable habit of story telling, and dilating upon all

she saw, did, felt, or thought, were well nigh obliterated from her

memory.

It was quite evident that Lady Susan hated poor Sir Duncan, but he did'nt care one rush for that. Dimoon, where he resided, lay far away to the east of the Lothian's, and Leven was just a convenient resting place when they made their annual pilgrimage to the south. There was some old family connexion between Lady Susan and himself, and he was so well accustomed to her peevish vagaries that he invariably paid her off in her own coin: to Eleanor he was very polite, and more than once waddled after her when she left the breakfast room for her usual early morning walk, and would come back again by the time he had gained the door, and throw himself down in his chair again with a shrug and a growl, like a pampered lazy spaniel, which he in many things resembled.

Lady Mackay, or Jacobina, as Sir Duncan invariably styled her, sate bolt upright on her sofa all day, talking away, whether any one listened or not, drawing her own inferences from everything she saw or heard; nothing escaped her lynx-like imagination, and

she even excelled Lady Susan in spite and spleen.

"Mrs. Thrift's dead, Lady Susan," cried Sir Duncan, looking over his newspaper, spectacles on nose, as the three old oddities, looking like three china monsters, sate round Lady Susan's worktable; "poor woman, she's gone at last!"

"And time enough too," retorted Lady Susan; "some folks

seem as if they never would die, I fancy."

"Heigho," yawned Jacobina, "I wonder when it will be our turn?"

Sir Duncan laughed. "Thrift must have died rich."

"Not very, I suspect," rejoined Lady Dinah; "he was an extra-

vagant man and had odd ways of frittering away his money."

"Ah, ah! money's easy to spend," babbled Sir Duncan's better half; "Duncan, reach me my bobbin. Sure now, and to think that the Thrifts wern't rich after all, for sure your ladyship knows everything, and you must know whether they were or not."

"Hold your tongue, simpleton," cried Lady Susan, sternly;

"who told you, pray, that I said the Thrifts were poor?"

"Oh lauk, I'm sure I don't know; didn't you say so, Lady Susan?" and then she muttered in a very audible whisper to herself, "humph! some folks blow hot and cold in the same breath."

Sir Duncan chuckled, and Lady Susan looked

"Fierce as ten furies,-terrible as hell,"

whilst the impenetrable Jacobina went on, with her sharp eyes "xed on Lady Susan, "Hit her there, I fancy;" this was spoken

as an aside, and then she added, aloud, "Were you thinking of driving, Lady Susan?"

"No, I don't drive to day," rejoined her ladyship, sourly.

"Afraid of her complexion, perhaps," muttered her guest; "will

you drive, Sir Duncan?"

"I'm not afraid of my complexion; ha! ha!" tittered Lady Susan, "an old woman like poor me! Sir Duncan, do take that poor simpleton of a wife of yours out an airing, and rid me of

her company for a while."

Fortunately for Lady Susan's imperturbability, the three days of the Mackay's probation expired; and then the old rumbling, creaking chariot was brought out once more, and Jacobina, encased like an Egyptian mummy, with nothing visible but her eyes, nose, and forehead, surmounted by the double row of knobby curls, was safely stowed away in its sacred interior, with Sir Duncan by her side; and then, with—

"Becks, and bows, and wreathed smiles"-

from Lady Susan, not for their visit but for their departure, the worthy pair set forward, southward ho! leaving their splenetic hostess in no slight degree relieved by their absence of a very serious tax on her own patience and sang-froid. Even such fools as Jacobina can make themselves obnoxious at times.

"I will take you to see a very different character, child, to that horrid Lady Mackay," said Lady Susan, as she despatched a footman to order the pony phaeton out for twelve o'clock; "it is always a red-letter day in my calendar when I turn towards

Fernilee."

"And who lives at Fernilee?" demanded Eleanor, who had never even heard the place mentioned before; "am I not to have a sketch of the people we are going to visit, before I set foot in their house? You know, Lady Susan, how apt I am to build castles in the air, and if in the present instance you leave my fancy maiden free,' it will certainly tumble down with a terrific crash ere long, and bury us both in its ruins."

"Had not that atrocious Lady Mackay put all my pity to flight, I would have related to you the singular history of the family at Fernilee, as we drove thither; her antagonism has however brought me a fit of the spleen, child, so that for the present you must live in ignorance of it; at some future time, perhaps, I may relent,

and enlighten you on the subject."

And then, with the aid of her gold-headed cane and Eleanor's arm, her ladyship descended the stairs, a task with her of some difficulty, owing to an accident she had once suffered when running down stairs late at night, when some lumber had been placed upon them for removal in the morning. As she reached the

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lowest landing place, where a picture of singular beauty hung, representing a beautiful girl hanging over the senseless form of a youth, on whose rigid, marble features the cold, clammy hand of death seemed already to hover; her face for a moment flushed over with the deepest crimson, and a heavy sigh broke from her.

"Go on, go on, love, I—I cannot breathe whenever I look at that picture;" and tottering, and trembling, and gasping for breath, Lady Susan's lips quivered with a ghastly smile, as she felt

Eleanor's terrified gaze fixed upon her.

"Why do you look so frightened, child? it was only a spasm,"

said she the next moment, in an irritable tone.

"I thought the sight of that picture affected you," said Eleanor, with soothing tenderness; "do, dear Lady Susan, let Mr. McGraw

remove it to some other place."

"Not for worlds, child—I would almost as soon part with life itself," said she, almost sternly; and then with an altered bitterness of tone she added, "and what is life, that an old woman like me should cling to it so tenaciously?—a gilded cheat; a farce at which all the company have left, and the lamps are going out, and the curtain ready to fall. No, no, child, don't remove that picture, and don't question me about it—I hate interrogatories; and now let us get into the pony carriage, for a breath of fresh air, and the sight of the woods and green fields, and the birds singing around me, will revive me."

The emotion she had recently felt seemed to have subdued Lady Susan more than was her wont. She threw the reins to her companion as soon as ever she was out of sight of the groom, and then sinking back, she drew her shawl over her head, and remained

for many minutes without speaking.

Eleanor did not venture to disturb her. Even in Lady Susan's wayward and violent griefs, there was something that in Eleanor's mind made the object of them sacred; and so when Lady Susan aroused herself again, and threw aside her shawl, Eleanor did not look towards her to see the tears which she knew were standing in those cold, grey, icy eyes, but smacked her whip, and cheered on the two fairy ponies with her voice; and then Lady Susan spoke.

"I'm not using you well, Eleanor; I am sulky, and wayward, and peevish, when I ought to be witty, and kind, and entertaining."

There was a truth—a deep-searching, earnest truth in Eleanor Clarendon's silent gaze, that made her shrink back upon herself, and try to laugh at her own words. Eleanor smiled, as she said, "I did not think you either sulky or peevish."

"No, no, I know you are too good to have such a bad feeling against me; but I feel, nevertheless, Eleanor, that I am—but I cannot always rise above these imperfections. We all have our

faults, I fear, and those are some of mine."

"I do not think that to be silent, and even sad, when you are

disturbed or out of spirits, is a crime," said Eleanor, seriously; "we all are liable to such attacks, and they, in all probability, are sent by our good geniuses to purge away the very imperfections you so feelingly bewail."

"Eleanor, you should have been a man; a moralist in petticoats is an odious character," cried Lady Susan, abruptly. "Pray now, don't you think that a great deal of good sermonising has been

lost in your being a woman?"

"Oh no; I never would be able to scrape theology enough to be a parson," said Eleanor, laughing. "But we grow quite prosy this morning; how charmingly the wood violets smell! and hark! there is a cuckoo."

"Ah! I have not heard one this year, yet," said Lady Susan, quietly. "Eleanor, do you not love our Scottish scenery, with its wild variety of heath, and hill, and dale, and forest? Look down there, to the south, just where there's a glimpse of sunlight over you hill,—did you ever see anything more glorious? the purple bloom of the heather; the ground broken into a thousand fantastic shapes; the silvery stems of the firs, that look like feathers in the distance; you solitary heron, wheeling away to some distant cairn, where some poor lamb has perchance sobbed its last sigh; the little loch in the foreground, lying like molten silver in the sun-

say, my love?"

Eleanor's breath came thick and rapid; she could not stay to analyze her feelings, for, in one word, she felt transported. Lady

light; and above all, the bright, blue sky, flecked with golden clouds. Is not this all beautiful, exceedingly, as Coleridge would

Susan went on, without seeming to notice that she remained silent. "When I was a girl, Eleanor, I had the same rapture for everything that bore nature's impress upon it, that you have now. Ah! age dulls one's love of the beautiful. To be old and passionless, to outlive every enthusiastic feeling of one's youth,—it is like gazing upon a beautiful landscape when the sunset has fled,—the dark shadows are gathering over all, and then the night comes."

"Oh, do not talk so sadly, Lady Susan," said Eleanor, catching her hand, as she finished the sentence; "even in old age there is,

I should fancy, so much to make life dear to us."

"Eleanor, when you have outlived all that you have loved,"

rejoined her companion, bitterly, "you will feel like me."

She turned her head away, and did not resume the conversation. Eleanor felt chilled and rebuffed, she scarcely knew why, and suffered the two graceful ponies to go on at their own easy pace, unnoticed, until a sudden turn of the road recalled her wandering thoughts, and at the same moment, Lady Susan turned her face upon her again. It wore the same cold, stern, impenetrable expression it had so often done before, and there was a measured

dryness in the tones of the sharp voice, that seemed to repulse her auditor's sympathy, as she said, with a movement of her hand,

"Below you, a little to the right, child, is Fernilee."

Eleanor looked in the direction pointed out: a low, many-windowed cottage, with its gable ends clad with rose and jessamine, and its rustic porch embowered with creepers, stood on a broad, flat terrace, in front of which a small stream, like a silver thread, kept its winding way; two noble elm trees flanked the rude, yet not inelegant, gateway that led to this rural abode of peaceful wealth; the turf that stretched away from the long-sashed windows was as smooth as velvet, and now in its budding beauty, with its orchard of apple and pear trees, just bursting into luxuriant bloom, Eleanor thought that she had never beheld any scene that more attracted her admiration.

There was a long, perilous lane to be traversed before they reached this sylvan paradise, however, which threatened very serious damage to Lady Susan's elegant fairy vehicle; a lane where the hazel-bushes were bursting into leaf, and wood-violets and primroses grew in gigantic clusters from the root of every tree; and where the active robin and the sooty blackbird were hopping from twig to twig, nowise scared by human intruders. It was a work of some difficulty and no little nice charioteering on Eleanor's part, to get through all this without accident; and when the carriage was at last drawn up in front of the gate, she turned to Lady Susan with a flushed yet smiling countenance, and her ladyship said,

"Bravo, Eleanor! your first essay in driving is not so bad. Older hands than yours have made a worse exhibition here, I can

tell you."

"What an imposing looking old man!" whispered Eleanor, as the door opened, and an old gentleman came down the long, beautifully kept garden; "how venerable that mass of white hair makes him!"

"Ah, child! Eric Dennison's mind makes him ten times more venerable than his white hairs," said Lady Susan, quietly; "and yet, philosopher though he be, I must own he is quite a patriarch in his appearance. He has a complexion like winter berries; eyes with all the dark fire of youth still burning in them; and, though his face has many a wrinkle that time and sorrow have ploughed in it, his brow is smooth as alabaster. He is an old man,—older than me,—and yet how erect he walks!"

Lady Susan would have said more, but Mr. Dennison was now

very near them.

"You have stolen a march upon me, Lady Susan," said he, extending both hands, on gaining their side; "had I known you were at Leven again, I would have ridden over to pay my devoirs."

"Ah, Eric, that is always your excuse," said Lady Susan, smiling; "but this time I don't regret you were ignorant of my I have brought my niece, Miss Eleanor Clarendon, to see

vou."

Eric bowed with all the exploded gallantry of the times of his youth, as he turned from Lady Susan to our heroine. It became his silvery locks, and his knee-breeches and buckles; and Eleanor felt that she could love him. His simplicity was that of a wise man condescending to be a child; and Eleanor reverenced him for it.

"You will get out and see Lucy," said he, with another bow; and Lady Susan said they would, it was so long since she had seen Miss Dennison, that she never could forgive herself if she left

Fernilee without doing so now.

Eric tendered his arm to his antiquated friend, apologising to Eleanor at the same time, that his walks were so narrow as to prevent them all walking abreast. Eleanor did not regret this, as it gave her an opportunity of observing him more at her ease; and as they moved slowly up the garden, lingering every here and there, to give Eric an opportunity to point out some favourite plant just bursting into bloom, to Lady Susan's notice, Eleanor could not but feel struck at the difference between Lady Susan's tall bony figure, arrayed in a costume at once grotesque and unbecoming her age, and the simple and modest attire of her host.

At the arbor-embowered door they were met by Eric's housekeeper, his last surviving child, Lucy Dennison. Lucy's hair was grey already; and there was a solemnity, not to say a sadness, in features that must once have been eminently handsome, which at once won Eleanor's sympathy. But alas! Lucy was an old maid: one of that honoured, and abused, and maligned army of martyrs who, from the time that David danced before the ark, or earlier, have been the objects of scorn and contempt to their more happily mated neighbours.

Poor, poor Lucy! who could have known that beneath that white muslin kerchief throbbed a heart so earnest and faithful in its love !--that that meek, gentle-looking woman had braved the contumely and contempt of the world for one who was lying many

a fathom deep in the Indian seas!

But Lady Susan Clarendon is much too important a personage to keep waiting, and Lucy is now ushering her into the large, roomy parlour, the cushioned bay-window of which commands a

glorious prospect of the surrounding country.

"It is almost a sin to go near the fire such a day as this," cried her ladyship, appropriating to herself, nevertheless, the warmest corner of the couch; "and now, Eric, come and sit by me. You are a capital listener, and Lucy can show all the lions to Eleanor."

"I will only order lunch, and then Miss Clarendon and I will

leave you," said Lucy, ringing a handbell.

"I never eat lunch, child," rejoined Lady Susan, peevishly; "go, get away immediately, for I've a great deal to say to your father."

Thus addressed, Lucy rose to lead the way; but unfortunately, as she opened the door, a lovely, merry, arch little elf burst into the room, hugging in her arms a sharp, wiry-looking, cross-grained terrier, exclaiming, with the lisping naiveté of childhood,

"Luthey! Luthey! Whisk — nauthy dog — Whisk almosth

knothed Maggy down. Nauthy whisk!"

"Oh fie, Maggy! run away again, love," said Lucy, patting her

upon the head.

"Maggy not go away," cried the child, pouting her cherry lip; "me go to papa," and then setting down the dog, which ran towards the couch, she flung her fat, chubby arms round Eleanor's neck, and offered her dimpling mouth to be kissed.

"Whose child is that, Eric?" demanded Lady Susan, peering through her glass at the lovely little fairy; "what a picture! Don't stir, Eleanor,—your dark hair mixing with those golden

curls—"

But the golden curls did not hear the adjuration, for the next moment they were swept over Eleanor's neck, and Maggy flew to

the old man, with a cry of delighted recognition.

"Who is that horrible, nathy old woman, papa? Whath you come here for?" demanded the little monkey, eyeing Lady Susan's wrinkled, cross-looking, peaked visage, with a stare of astonishment; "Maggy don't love you,—no."

"If I had you, my little lady," cried her ladyship, with a stern

smile, "I should teach you how to designate your elders."

"Maggy don't love you," reiterated the child.

"Maggy, go to aunt Lucy," said Eric Dennison, putting the child away from him; and poor Maggy, in tearful silence, com-

phed.

"That is my poor boy's little one," said he, with a sigh, as Lucy and her companions left the room. "We had not heard tidings from him for years, and now we have but just heard that he was alive to receive his last farewell, and to protect the tender years

of his little girl."

Eric had many and bitter griefs lying heavy at his heart. He had been wealthy, and honoured, and happy; he had been courted for his matchless talents, and reverenced for his piety and wisdom; he had seen his table crowded with seven noble sons and daughters, and had heard the voices of many children—that sweetest of sounds, to a parent's heart—in his mansion; and yet one short year had robbed him of all,—wealth, and station, and children,—the wife of his bosom, and the homage of the world; and yet there was the same sweet smile on his venerable countenance, the same earnest hopefulness in his cheery voice, the same flashing

fire in his dark eye. Sorrow, and age, and neglect, could not

extinguish the light within, and he was happy still.

"Will you come sometimes to Fernilee?" said Lucy, as soon as they were in the fragrant garden once more; "I feel that I shall love you already."

"Why?" demanded Eleanor, smiling.

"It would require a philosopher like my father to answer such a question; perhaps, because Maggy has singled you out for one of her favourites;" and the gentle-hearted Lucy looked towards Miss Maggy, who was running races with her dog.

"Does Lady Susan come often to Fernilee?" demanded Eleanor.

"I must answer yes and no to that query," rejoined her companion, smiling. "Lady Susan is in nothing more capricious than in her visits. Sometimes she will drive over every other day for a month; and then she will never come near for a very long time."

Eleanor did not look surprised, for she began to understand her ladyship's freaks, now; "I hope we shall meet very frequently," said she, turning towards the house.

"Thank you for that," said Lucy, pressing her hand; "there is Mabel looking out to say luncheon is ready," and she walked

towards the house at a rapid pace.

They found Lady Susan ready shawled to go; and it was in vain that Lucy implored, and Eric entreated, that they would take some refreshment after their long drive. Eleanor was pained at Lady Susan's obstinacy; but her ladyship was invincible, and marched off, humming an old Rul-tune, without once noticing Lucy's air of chagrin, nor Eric's offended dignity of manner.

"I shall see you both on Tuesday," said she, in a tone that plainly enough betokened that a refusal was quite out of the question; "I have a whole menagerie full of wild beasts to let

loose in my den."

"And poor Lucy and myself are to be thrown amongst them,

to fill their hungry maws," rejoined Eric, smiling.

"No, no; you're more decent folks, and, in the main, Eric, deserve a better fate," said Lady Susan, patting him on the shoulder. "Lucy must come up early in the day to help me. I will send the pony-pheton for you, child. You, Eric, prefer walking, as I very well know. Good-bye, all good folks. Mind you come soon, child. Whip that little minx, Eric, if you're wise; spare the rod, you know. Come, Eleanor, are you in a dream?" and, with a gesture expressive of leave-taking, Lady Susan closed her eyes, and lay back, with her hands crossed over her knees, until they were half way back to Leven again.

THE FRIENDS WHO REMAIN WITH US STILL

BY MRS. ABDY.

The friends, the loved friends, who have gone from our view,
By memory are fondly pourtrayed,
And oft the dim scenes of the past we renew,
Till the heart seems to live in its shade;
Yet heaven, who ordains that awhile we should mourn,
Sends, kindly, a balm to each ill,
And the cloud softly breaks from our eyes, when we turn
To the friends who remain with us still.

Life seldom can wholly unhappy appear;
In the desert there still is a spring;
A few scattered sunbeams the darkness will cheer;
Soft flowers round the ruin will cling:
And even, as the foliage returns to the tree,
And the frost melts away from the rill,
The mourners will smile through their tears, when they see
They have friends who remain with them still.

That circle, alas! may grow bounded and small;
Loved ties may be often unlinked;
Yet grant, gracious heaven, that we part not from all:
May our friends never quite be extinct.
Let one gentle voice bid us sorrow no more,
But meekly submit to Thy will,
And the heart its full tide of affection shall pour
On the friend who remains with us still.

PROSPECT AND RETROSPECT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EVELYN STUART."

"The refuge of our youth and age, The first from Hope, the last from Vacancy."—Byron.

HE stood by the sea shore, and looked out upon the ocean. He was young, and the future was before him-happy home-glorious prospect! His eye rested on the sun-lit waters, but he saw them not. His mind's eye surveyed an expanse more extended than the ocean, and more gorgeous than the sunshine. He mentally glanced over the long vista of coming years, his heart exulted in a contemplation of the visionary world of youth. So enchanting was that ideal region, that he heeded not the actual loveliness which surrounded him; yet the scene amid which he stood was beautiful almost beyond belief—only a dreamer or a lover could have viewed it without admiration—canopied over by an Italian sky, and perfumed with the incense of a thousand flowers. One of those favoured spots, where ever bountiful nature seems prodigal of her treasures, and scatters them around with an unsparing hand. was the hour of sunrise. The golden rays of the newly risen orb bathed the landscape in a glorious flood of light. A fresh breeze played over the surface of the waters, a myriad tiny waves danced joyfully in the sunshine, and broke with a merry music along the pebbly beach. By the borders of the sea stretched an undulating expanse of verdant tapestry, jewelled with blossoms of every hue. A gentle acclivity, crowned with wild flowering shrubberies, filled up the background; and fragrant briars and blooming trees grew profusely all around, scenting the air with their perfume and gladdening the eye with their beauty. Here were the graceful almondtree, loaded with delicate blossoms, scattering fragrance on the gale; the gorgeous cactus, with prickly foliage and brilliant flowers; the wild olive of dark glittering green; the odoriferous clematis, the beautiful acacia, and the slender laburnum "dropping gold:" while innumerable wild vines turned their delicate tendrils in all directions, and added to the luxuriant negligence of the scene.

At a little distance from the shore, stood a fragmentary tock of April, 1848.—vol. xli.—no. cciv.

granite,* half hidden by the luxuriant foliage of a fig-tree, growing Brightly the granite sparkled, touched by the sunat its base. shine, and the figleaves rustled musically in the wind. The whole scene was most exhilirating, now "perfumed with fresh fragrance and glittering with dew," fanned by the rising breezes, and harmonious with the voice of birds carolling their morning song, and the gentle dashing of the water breaking upon the beach; a spectacle every way calculated to charm the senses of the beholder. Such was the spot on which he stood, in the early morning of his life, looking forth upon the future. His slight, graceful figure reclined against the granite rock, sheltered from the sunshine by the overhanging fig-leaves. But ever and anon, as the breezes swaved aside the Loughs, a solitary sunbeam would gleam with transient brightness upon his calm, pale face, upon his thoughtful brow, upon the long, dark hair flowing down upon his shoulders; and ever and anon, as glad thoughts glanced across his mind, rays of internal sunshine would beam in his darkly flashing eyes, and the bright, intermittent smiles which flitted across his face.

What were his visions? In that illimitable region on which he gazed, was "the side the sun's upon" the only one which met his

glances?

Whither did fancy lead him? Was the laurel wreath or the olive, the bay garland or the myrtle the crowning guerdon of his eager aspirations? Whither did fancy lead him?

How bright and beautiful are the visionary hopes of youth!

"They come like truth, they disappear like dreams."

In that happy hour, when "the world is all before him, where to choose;" when the fancy is fresh, and vivid, and the heart is warm; when the spirits are bouyant, and the intellect unclouded; fond are the imaginings of the youthful dreamer, and glorious is the fairy fabric his ardent fancy weaves. Hope then assumes her most attractive garb, and whispers delusive flatteries in most dulcet tones. Imagination essays her boldest flight, while reason is as yet too feeble to assume the directing power, and experience too insignificant to destroy the glad illusion. Bright and beautiful visions of youth!—never realised, rarely repented of—fresh and ever green, they flourish in the garden of memory. Enshrined in the heart of

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[•] Going along the sea-shore, from Ajaccio to the Isle Sanquimère, about a mile from the town, occur two stone pillars, the remains of a door-way, leading up to a dilapidated villa. This was the summer residence of Madame Bonaparte and her family. Almost enclosed by the wild olive, etc., is a very singular and isolated granite rock, called Napoleon's Grotto, which seems to have resisted the decomposition which has taken place around. This was Bonaparte's frequent retreat, when the vacation at which he studied permitted him to visit home.—Sir Walter Scott's Life of Napoleon.

hearts, treasured side by side with the dearest and sweetest recollections, the innocent reminiscences of childhood, the tender remembrance of the dead, and the sad, sweet memories of unhappy love.

Bright and beautiful are his visions, standing by the granite rock. Youthful dreamer! But justly may he anticipate great things in the coming time, for his whole appearance declares him one of "Plutarch's men." The finely moulded head and well developed brow, the quick, intelligent glance, and deeply contemplative air betoken an intellect of extended capacity, and rapid conception; while the determination expressed by the closely compressed lips, and the dauntless resolution evinced by his whole demeanour declares him possessed of a firm and courageous spirit: capable of achieving successfully, as well as conceiving skilfully.

What were his dreams? It were difficult to define them. There are some imaginings so purely and entirely ideal, it is impossible to embody them in palpable materials. Like the variegated hues of the rainbow, or the tinted clouds of sunset, which appear all radiant and beautiful to the beholder, but to him only; they cannot be portrayed or even described. So it is with some of the fairest creations of fancy. What pencil could depict Paradise or Fairyland? What pen describe the visionary dreams of youth?

Scenes undefinable and yet evident, gleamed before his sight, difficulties seemed to rise only to be surmounted, and dangers but to be eluded. Yet, variable and fleeting as were the scenes which he surveyed, indefinite as was the goal at which he aimed, one vision reappeared oftener than the rest, till gradually dissipating or absorbing all others, it became alone the object of his thoughts, and the sole aim of all his aspirations. His future must be glorious, and he sought a field for his career. He turned not to the proud, fair country which claimed his fealty, of which his native isle was but a conquered province. He turned not to the once glorious and ever lovely land of his forefathers. He passed them over; his eager ambition sought a more distant and yet more glorious region; he turned to the land of the rising sun—"the clime of the East."

The shadowy glimpses of his vision now assumed a more definable aspect, and all were gorgeous and magnificent beyond belief. Combining the most attractive elements of reality and romance, they rivalled the fabled splendours of the kingdom of the "thousand and one nights," and the marvellous prowess of the champions of ancient chivalry.

Rapidly his glance surveyed lofty mountains and flowing rivers, wide-spread deserts and crowded cities.

[&]quot;Dreams of voyage, on, yet onwards, Where enchanted sleeps Byzance."

The fair city of the thousand minarets dazzled his sight, before him passed a gorgeous diorama of spacious domes and glittering spires, baths magnificent as the dwellings of princes, bazaars loaded with costly merchandise, and thronged with veiled houris and turbaned Turks. His fancy contemplated them admiringly, a brief moment, and then turned to the peopled deserts and battle plains. His heart exulted in the wild shouts of "Allah, allah, allah!" and the sight of waving scimitars and turbaned foes. He was there, in spirit he was there, in the thickest of the carnage, leading on his Christian band till the desperate valour of the children of the desert, gave way before the superior skill of the civilized soldiers of Frankistan. He was there triumphant, the conquering chief of Franks and Moslems both, his arms invincible and the deserts re-echoing with his fame; and not the deserts only! Now could he fulfil the audacious wish of a northern warrior, of former times, and "go to Constantinople and beard the Pacha on his throne."

As his fancy listened to the rejoicing shouts of his conquering legions; as he beheld hostile armies flying before his face, and powerful chieftains prostrate at his feet; as he surveyed the wealth and magnificence of which he was to be possessed, and the mighty nations over which he was to rule; brightly played the proud smiles over his glowing face, darkly flashed the eyes contemplating such scenes. "Yes," he cried, exultingly, "the East is the theatre for great deeds. Alexander, and Tamerlane, and all the heroes of antiquity, achieved their glory in the East. Europe is too insignificant, and besides, too firmly established to afford free scope for a grand career. Yes, the East is the place!" and again he pursued his visions. The battles over, the conquest achieved; was all accomplished? Not so. A new empire arose, gigantic in dimensions, and marvellous in glory. And here, (as it ever does in the world of youth,) virtue reigned paramount; all was great and glorious, but also, all was good. True, his armies had overrun vast regions, and conquered powerful kingdoms, but civilization followed in their train. The science, the wisdom, the learning, and the sublime religion of Europe were diffused throughout the vast domains of the Infidel. From the camp of the conqueror, those inestimable blessings streamed forth with resistless power and universal efficacy into the crowded city, into the desert encampment, into the wandering caravan, into the guarded harem, into the gilded mosque. And he was to bring about all this! truth, delicious were those dreamings, enchanting was that "prospect." But where should be the capital of this new empire of the East? The fairest cities of the Orient were before him, "where to choose." He passed them by, he passed by the stately splendours of Stamboul, and many a rival beauty. The ancient glories of the Crusaders stirred his imagination, the glowing pictures of Jerusalem's poet were vivid in his memory, and his heart burned to

realise them; to see the holy city, indeed "liberata," himself a new De Bouillon, and his kingdom the capital of the world.

Audacious as were these visions, in his soul he believed them To him there seemed nothing impossible or even improb-Already he looked upon all as assured. Yet as the last and greatest triumph appeared achieved, for the first time he was struck with its contrast to his then position. The change was indeed startling, yet not the less to be! Again the bright smile passed across his face, he pushed back the long hair from his brow. "It would be strange, indeed," he cried, "It would be strange, indeed, were a little Corsican to become king of Jerusalem." Merry voices disturbed his meditation, voices of children shouting gaily in their mirth, as, breaking through the shrubberies, they call upon him, their musing brother. What know they of his thoughts? What care they for his projects? Again and again they shout his name; he hears them, he turns to them, but he heeds them not. His mind is far away in his imaginary world; the crown of Jerusalem is resting on his brow. Dreams of conquest and empire engross his thoughts, as he seems to listen to that merry childish prattle. They point to a new comer appearing in the distance; he turns, he sees her—his mother! Where is now the crown of Jerusalem? Springing up the hill side and hastily breaking through the bushes, he is at her side, in her arms; and the dreamer is forgotten in the child.

RETROSPECT.

The scene is changed—all is changed! Again he stands by the sea shore, and looks upon the sun; but the sun is setting! The sun of the heavens is going down in the water, and his sun too is sinking beneath the horizon. Gone is the freshness of that early morning, changed is the ardour of that youthful heart. Again he stands upon an island's shore, again the broad ocean flows before him; but no fresh breezes stir the rippling waters, no light clouds float in a sky of azure, no melodious murmur comes from the breaking waves. Gone are the rustling foliage, the fragrant shrubs, the fruitful trees. No enamelled herbage strews the ground, no scented flowers shed perfume on the gale. Gone s the verdure and the freshness, the beauty and the bloom—all is arid, and desolate, and bare. Nothing is to be seen but an unsightly heap of

barren rocks, with a sandy pathway winding in among them and leading to a rugged expanse, washed by the still, deep waters and surrounded by steep acclivities. No verdure of any kind blooms here, the scorching rays of the tropic sun have spread around a desolation as complete as in the parched-up desert. The weary eye seeks in vain refreshment or repose. On this bare platform, so different from the fertile beauty of his native isle, he stands contemplating the sun-lit ocean. He gazes on the setting sun; he is busy with the past. The same, yet different. The long hair is gone which floated down his shoulders, the joyous glance is gone that lighted up his eye. His finely moulded head, and classically chiselled features are beautifully developed and matured. bearing is as dauntless, but more dignified; his glance as quick, yet more penetrating. The thoughtful brow is more thoughtful, and somewhat saddened. With what anxieties has it ached, even to agony, since the light breeze fanned it by the granite rock!

He stands by the sea shore, buried in contemplation—his arms folded across his breast. The past is spread out before him, and what a past! Never, perchance, has mortal memory glanced over such a retrospect. Never, perchance, has the most fertile fancy pictured events so marvellous, or vicissitudes so appalling. Never were boyhood's golden dreams, so more than realised, so gloriously outdone, and never were golden dreams eclipsed by darker

shadows.

The past is spread out before him. If the records of that past seem marvellous or moving to others, when lightly scanned on the page of history, what were they not to him? To him, to whom they recalled, not only actions long passed, but emotions long for-Perished hopes re-animate his heart, success once more fills him with exultation, and misfortunes overpower him with grief. Again many a happy spot looks radiant, as the light of memory falls upon it; those spots of evergreen which flourish the oases of dreary hearts. The past is spread out before him. fresh mountain breezes play upon his cheek, the glowing Ausonian plains extend before his eye. Again his heart beats with the rapturous eagerness of youth and expectant hope. Again his soldiers are pressing round him, seeming to borrow his enthusiasm, as pointing to the glorious fields below, "Hannibal crossed the Alps, but we have turned them!" he exclaims. Rapidly and vividly, as if invoked by a magician's wand, the glorious campaign passes before his view. Once more he heads the victorious movement descending from the mountain heights, like an overwhelming torrent. Exultingly he reviews that brief and stirring period, that rapid alternation of dangers, difficulties and triumphs. The bridge of Lodi spans the abyss before him; he recalls that passage which he had surnamed "the terrible;" he recalls it well, for there had the "first spark of high ambition" been kindled in his breast.

The visionary aspirations of his native isle had there assumed the

tangible appearance of reality.

The scene melts away; another bridge is before him, another stirring action repasses in his mind. The shots whistle around him; again he stands where the boldest had shrunk back, and the foremost had fallen. Again his clenched hand grasps the standard and waves it in daring desperation; that terrible moment is vivid, as if now present; he sees before him the very soldier, from whose grasp he had seized the banner; again he seems almost to tear it from his hand. Alas! that action calls up another scene, fresher traced upon his memory, and deeper graven in his heart. The taking of the standard from the soldier at Arcala, recalls the receiving of the "eagle" from the old guardsman at Fontainbleau, in that hour of agony when he bade it a last farewell. Similar were those actions, but how dissimilar the circumstances! How amazing was the difference between those scenes, the before and after of his career! In the heyday of youth, in the fulness of hope he had first taken the French banner on a foreign and conquered soil, surrounded by his own troops, the conquerors. He had taken it literally and figuratively to raise it victoriously aloft, and to bear it in triumph over the proudest kingdoms of the world. In his own land, in the kingdom over which he had rule, he took that banner for the last time, to bid it farewell for ever. Gallant veterans were gathered round him-his soldiers, his comrades, and his friends. What wonder if cheeks were pale that had never blanched in danger, if eyes were moist that had gazed on scenes of blood unmoved? What wonder that martial cuirasses heaved with deep emotion, and plumed cosques were bowed in silent grief, as he, their dearly beloved master and constant companion, who had led them in so great victories, and shared with them so great perils, for the last time surveyed them with his kindly glance, for the last time addressed them with a faltering voice? Above all, as the three-coloured banner, the venerated "eagle," which had fluttered over him triumphantly in so many a stirring scene, now pressed with fond affection to his heart and to his lips, received his last farewell! Have they forgot that parting? Even the bare record left on historic annals draws tears from the eyes of strangers. his distant rock, he thinks upon that scene; it forms a sad and bitter retrospection.

The past is spread out before him! The planks of a vessel are heaving beneath his feet, sails are flapping in the breeze, he is hastening from one field of glory to another, in another world. He approaches the land of his dreams and the goal of his frequent desires. Perfectly does he now recall the high hopes which there inspired him, and the daring projects there conceived, but unrevealed. Vividly does memory bring back the forms of his companions, men of science, and philosophers, and heroes, many of

whose names are already blazoned on the page of fame, and also, alas. already inscribed in the records of death. But now they live again, they are once more by his side, he seems to hear their earnest and animated converse. One scene especially rises before his view. Would that some painter witnessing it, had transmitted that scene to us! The darkness of night enshrouded the vessel, the starry firmament shone above it, and the silent waters flowed At one extremity of the deck, standing, or sitting, or reclining against the guns, was assembled that remarkable group, their thoughtful and intellectual countenances solemn with contemplation, or lighted up with enthusiam. A young child slumbered near, happier than them all. His long, fair hair, hid his sleeping features, his soft cheek was pillowed against a cannon; the child of the captain, young Casa Bianca, too insignificant to be neticed near such a group; yet his name is become immortal as any there, and his fame is perhaps purer than that of the wisest or bravest among Grave and earnest was the discourse that dark night, on that vessel's deck. Learnedly and logically they argued, those wise men and those sages, and they said there was no God! Plausible were their premises, unanswerable their deductions, it were useless to oppose and vain to attempt to confute their arguments. Right excellently they discoursed, most admirably they reasoned— Philosophers!—He had stood at a little distance, unobserved, but observing all, and he recalled it all vividly before him now. sublime reasoning instantaneously checked, and the self-complacency of triumphant wisdom suddenly changed to dumfounded consternation, as approaching the group he exclaimed, in his own abrupt and emphatic manner, "Very fine, Messieurs, very fine; but," pointing upwards to the starry sky, "but, who made all that?"

The past is spread out before him!

He breathes the hot desert air, the dry sand is burning beneath his feet. Again, it is "Victory! Victory!" and again a proud glow mantles his cheek, as stirring scenes re-live in his memory. His clenched hand is half raised, exultingly, his parted lips almost seem to exclaim, "Soldats! du haut de ces pyramides quarante siècles vous contemplent!" That retrospect accords well with the pictures of his early dreamings. He sees again before him flashing scymitars and turbanded foes, and again the gallant daring of the Infidel gives way to equal bravery and superior skill—again it is victory, victory! triumph upon triumph,—and the wandering Moslems in awe and admiration have hailed him "Sultan Kabia," chief of fire.

The past is spread out before him.

He sits in the turbaned conclave, a civil governor; and the warriors of Islam are not more astounded by his triumphs in the battle field, than are an enslaved and unhappy people amazed and

enraptured by the regenerating influence of his laws. How effectually he had swayed that council, hostile though many of its members were! How he had awed them, not alone by his brief and authoritative advice, but also by the truth and wisdom apparent in all his words! How he had startled and electrified them at times! One scene more especially, he recollected well. comparatively trivial matter was the subject of consultation, when intelligence was brought of the commission of a ruthless act of murder and spoliation, and he, disregarding the interest of the debaters, interrupted the council and dispatched troops in instant pursuit of the assassins. On his return to the assembly, he was greeted with ill concealed displeasure, and was asked with a covert sneer, "if the murdered man were his cousin, that he was so interested in his fate?" But the sneering ceased instantaneously, on his hasty and impassioned answer, "He was more! He was one of those whose lives Providence has intrusted to my care!" "Wonderful!" exclaimed the admiring Sheiks; "he speaks the words of one inspired by Allah;" and confounded and convinced, they thenceforward readily and willingly submitted to his sway.

The past is spread out before him.

Another quarter of the globe re-echoes with his name, and the triumphant shouts of his victorious legions. Happy now is his heart; he approaches the goal of his long desires. Already the Holy Land darkens the far horizon; the throne of Jerusalem is not so distant now. Alas for the visionary hopes of man! Clouded over is the retrospect, and mid the gathering darkness, sadly arose thy battlements, City of St. John! the wreck of a fairy temple, than which loftier never was raised. Sadly arose those battlements, the ruin of his hopes, the scene of his first repulse! Much of mortal agony is contained in those brief, but bitter words. Sweet, passing sweet, is first success, whether in war, or love, or letters, no matter what; sweet is the first success, no after one can equal or compare with it; but even a first success is not so sweet as a first failure is bitter and heart-rending—no after triumph can efface that sting. Sadly arose those battlements, they stood across his path, they cut him off from the goal of his desires—he must turn back! Farewell, Jerusalem! Farewell, hopes of empire! Vanish, ideal world! The brilliant career is closed—the high destiny is "missed!"

Even now, after so long a lapse of years, despite the stirring scenes and proud achievements that had since occurred—even now, in this hour of retrospection, that memory is heavy on his heart. Sadly rose those battlements, in the dim twilight of the past, vivid in the light of their own peculiar grief—even now his heart bled for the ruin of his early dream. However marvellous and glorious had been the destiny vouchsafed him, he yet turned with fonder musings to contemplate what night have been. Among the many

agonizing remembrances of that hour, no "retrospect" was more bitter than the failure of his "prospect."

The past is spread out before him.

The scenes shift, but all are gloomy now—at least to him. others the march appeared a triumphant one, but to him it was most grievous; was he not turning back? Yet another calamity was to afflict him: the weapons of his soldiers so formidable to the Moslems, were powerless against a deadlier and more insidious foethe brave expire and not in the battle field. Mingled the lazarhouse of Jaffa with the solemn memories of that hour?—if so, well might a smile of scorn curl his lip and flash in his eye at a remembrance of the calumnies that have risen even from the scene of his greatest magnanimity. Awful was the sight that now rose before his view! The best and the bravest were prostrate and powerless, writhing in agony of body from the ravages of the terrible disease, but even more affected by agony of mind at the thought of its desperate nature and afflicting consequences; for they found themselves objects of dread and even of horror to their nearest and dearest friends and comrades—pariahs of the once social band.

Well he remembered those mournful times, and the awful sight that met his view when he went to console and cheer. The long gallery crowded with sick and dying, stretched on their beds of anguish, filling the air with shrieks and groans and curses. tures disfigured by sickness, rendered yet more terrible by rage and yet more pallid by fear. Some were wild and furious in loud complaints and fierce revilings; others more heart-rending to behold, mute and motionless, in despair. Such were the occupants of the wretched couches, but even more revolting appeared the gestures of those attending them. Sad, indeed, was it to mark the fear and horror painted on their countenance. Friends and relations watching those near and dear to them—but afar off. shrinking and trembling was the cup of medicine proffered. Reluctantly was the least service paid. Such was the scene which on entering struck his eye and appalled his heart; but he was come to cheer, he must not evince emotion. Slowly he traversed the dismal galleries, pausing at many a couch—in genial, kindly accents, soothing and encouraging as only he could encourage. His keen eye marked the effect produced on the sufferers by his words, but it also marked the fear and horror evinced by the bystanders—they too must receive a lesson. He stood by the couch of one of the plague-stricken sufferers, with a fearless hand he pushed aside the covering from the sick man; all recoiled in horror from the revolting sight revealed; but he, while they beheld him, amazed and even appalled, with a firm yet tender touch laid his hand even on the plague spot, speaking to them, meanwhile, in a cheerful, expostulating strain. It is told in a beautiful legend, how St. Francis of Assisi, overcoming the dread and re-

luctance of his nature, pressed his lips upon the diseased flesh of a leper, and history adds, at the touch of that kiss the sickness fled, the leper was cleansed. So at the sight of this fearless and sublime action, fled the wild alarm and hopeless terror of the sick; fled the selfish fear and shunning horror of those surrounding them. Hope once more animated many a suffering frame, and renewed confidence stilled the anxious beating of many a troubled heart. "Ah! General, you are right," cried one, a grenadier, lately the loudest in his murmurings; "you are right! your grenadiers were never made to die in a hospital!"

The past is spread out before him. The harbour of Fréjus rises beside him now. He sees it as he had seen it twice, amid circumstances, perhaps, unparalleled in the whole history of man. A youthful conqueror, crowned with eastern laurels, he had there been hailed as the saviour of a distracted and almost despairing people, and the road to glory and power thence opened freely before him. Again he had landed there, a returning exile, a throneless king, a general without soldiers. Without soldiers! Hardly had the breezes wafted abroad one whisper of his voice, than they echoed back the exulting shouts of his glad returning legions. Hardly had his foot pressed again the soil of France, than a vast adoring multitude waited obedient on his word. Even now the memory of that hour brings gladness to his heart.

The past revolves before him. Again he takes part in the terrible scenes of the "dix-neuf Brumaire," one of the turning points, and one of the most momentous of his whole career. attempt on that day had been most audacious and well nigh desperate. He had had a battle then to fight, more arduous and important than any he had as yet engaged in, and to be fought with unaccustomed arms. He recalls those moments of anxiety, when all appeared hopeless; he sees again the fearful glances of his friends, and hears the despairing words of Angereau soon checked however, by his own resolute hopefulness, "Remember Arcola. Angereau; matters appeared more desperate then." And here. as he had done at Arcola, he advanced alone to confront the difficulty; but this was to him a more arduous undertaking. Easier far, were it for him to advance on the quaking bridge, amid the continual cannonade, than, laying aside the general, to defend himself before a civil tribunal—the hostile Council of the Five Hundred. He went.

Forcibly the scene dwells on his memory. "The winds suddenly escaping from the caves of Eolus, can give but a faint idea of the tempest that ensued." As he advanced up the crowded chamber, half the assembly rose, and rushing towards him, surrounded him, uttering threats, and reproaches, and imprecations. How those faces yet close upon his memory! He sees his friends vainly battling with the storm, endeavouring to obtain a hearing for

him—for him, so used to speak in words of command. He meets his brother's anxious glance; he sees the envy, and rage, and hate, kindled into fury in the faces pressing round him. That day was to bear a stronger analogy to Arcola than he had deemed; again, as in that battle, he had advanced alone into danger, which had nearly overwhelmed him; again, as then, his grenadiers, alarmed, rushing forward, drew him back; and again, as then, the danger ended in triumph. The goal was won! The slippery rocks which surround the approach of power had nearly precipitated him, but his foot had touched the summit—he was safe! None but himself at that time knew the import of the conquest he had achieved—none surmised what vistas of glory had opened before his view, or what exultant emotions then agitated his heart. The recollection of that day calls a gleam of triumph to his kindling cheek, and gives new lustre to his flashing eye.

The past is spread out before him. Glorious is the page on which his eye now dwells—the brightest in his history—the years of the Consulate! His was then the sublime and almost divine employment of reducing anarchy to order, and of arresting the sufferings of an unhappy country, torn with internal discord, and faint with internal wounds. Necromancer's wand never effected a transformation so marvellous or so complete. Contrast France in 1800 and 1804!—The wrecked fragments of a noble vessel scattered along the shore, and that vessel in battle-array—"a thing of life," proudly walking the waters. Arduous was the task of re-organization, but great were his capacities. He succeeded, and "the success which attended his efforts," says an historian, not generally his admirer, "is a more glorious monument to his memory than all the victories which he won." The past is spread out before him. Peaceful triumphs are not enough, unprecedented though they be; the laurels of victory must crown those memories

The passage of St. Bernard—the field of Marengo—rise before his sight. Marengo, that double battle, a defeat and a victory, on the same spot, in the same day, and almost in the same hour! But mingled with that memory—everlastingly mingled—is thy name, Desaix! Alas, thy blood tarnished the triumph—tears stain Marengo's hard-won laurels. Sweet and sad to him in his lonely exile, sweet and sad was the memory of the dead. He loved to conjure their spirits from the silent tomb, to cheer his desolation. In his heart glory had not withered human affection. He had had servants and subjects; but also, happily, he had had friends—friends dear in life, and cherished after death. The glorious band of marshals, and others as well beloved, who had died too soon, like Desaix, cut off in his early spring-time—Desaix, who had shared his eastern dangers, who greatly contributed to his eastern victories, and who, as governor of Lower Egypt, had earned from the admiring

Moslems the glorious title of "Sultan the Just." His zeal and intrepidity had assured the victory of Marengo. Arriving when all seemed over, and meeting the First Consul, he took out his watch,—"The battle is lost," he said; "but it is only three o'clock—there is time to win another!"—and that other was won. Yet Desaix, expiring on the field of victory, lamented—he thus glories in peace and war. "Sultan the Just," and conqueror of Marengo, lamented that he "had not lived long enough to live to posterity!" A shade passed over the exile's brow as these memories crossed his heart. The past is spread out before him—the years of the Consulate! The triumphs of war are far excelled by the peaceful glories of that retrospect. Higher achievements hallow those times, and shed over them—

"——— a purer fame
Than gathers round Marengo's name."

Religion—the religion of an entire people—restored. worship re-established. Once more the Sabbath become a day of rest. Once more the sacred edifices resound with the loud Te Deum—a Te Deum re-echoed by a million grateful hearts! France, beautiful and glorious, yet agitated by a thousand terrible emotions—tears, drawn by her people's sufferings, staining her cheeks, glowing with exultation at her soldiers' victories—crowns of laurel woven in her dishevelled tresses. France, overpowered with conflicting emotions, now found a panacea for her troubles, and a last addition to her glories—she clasped her trembling hands in supplication—she bowed her crowned head in prayer! Sublime spectacle, full of consolation to the Christian nations of the earth. With one accord they hailed the illustrious penitent. With one accord, forgetting all animosity, they blessed him to whom, under heaven, this glorious event was due. The nations of earth rejoiced in this new baptism, in this returning of the prodigal. The nations of earth! and shall we not say the angels of heaven rejoiced also?

Did the memory of these things visit him in that far isle? Assuredly such a retrospect—the thought of having effected such a work—were enough to make a paradise of the most hopeless

rock, and render sweet an exile of a thousand years!

The past revolves before him—the years of the Consulate! Passed before him the stately interior of Notre Dame, when the swelling anthem filled the air with melody; when the fragrant incense scattered perfume round; when waving plumes, and broidered robes, and sparkling gems, dazzled the eye, as heroes, and senators, and lovely dames—the best and brightest in the land—princes and nobles of nature's own noblest stock—assembled there. Externally, the scene was gorgeous beyond description;

nation."

but the outward grandeur and magnificence disappeared before the majesty of the meaning of that assembly. They were met—the highest and noblest in the land—they were met, both for themselves and for their country, to bow before their God, after, alas!

ten years of alienation.

The past revolves before him—the years of the Consulate! Passed before him that glorious conclave where the civil code was framed; where, indefatigable in his endeavours, he passed hours daily in debating with the wisest statesmen and legislators of the kingdom, astonishing them by the manifestation of a wisdom, as well adapted to the council-chamber as the battle-field. "Here," says Alison, "it is no longer the conqueror of Rivoli or Austerlitz whom we recognize. It is Solon legislating for a distracted people. It is Justinian digesting the treasures of ancient juris-prudence."

The years of the Consulate! crowded with great events. Public works tending to ameliorate the condition of the country, or add to the comfort and prosperity of the people, are commenced in all directions; great roads and numerous canals are constructed, facilitating communication throughout the kingdom; harbours projected or improved at Cherbourg, Rochelle, Marseilles, Antwerp, Ostend, Boulogne, and Havre—a new city erected in La Vendée; Paris adorned by magnificent edifices, and beautified by a free supply of water, adding to the daily comfort of its inhabitants, and falling in graceful fountains at the Tuileries and Versailles. The Hotel des Invalides rendered a worthy refuge for an army of heroes. In a word, an universal system of construction and reform in the place of the devastation and destruction of the Revolution, and the culpable neglect and gross abuses of the old monarchy, alike fatal to the true prosperity and happiness of the people.

The past revolves before him—the years of empire! The meridian sunshine dazzles not the actual eye more than that gorgeous epoch amazes the mind contemplating it. Passed before him that interview when the Senate anounced their decree, conferring the imperial title on him and his posterity, and he for himself and his posterity swore to merit the approbation of France. "Come what may, my spirit will be no longer with my descendants when they cease to merit the love and the confidence of the great

The past revolves before him, magnificent beyond description is the scene, now. He is again by a sea-shore, but he looks not towards the ocean, every thought is concentrated by the marvellous sight upon its coast. He stands upon an elevated platform raised in the midst of a wide expanse, a theatre built by nature for great scenes. He is placed on a lofty and magnificent throne, from which, like rays emanating from the sun, diverge the various ranks of that mighty and glorious body famed as "la Grande Armée." Cavalry

and artillery close in the circle, and countless spectators crowd the heights beyond.—

"To warrior bound for martial strife,
Or bard for martial lay,
"Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
One glance at that array."

The scene now gleamed before his sight, the brilliant accourrements, the polished arms, the waving plumes of the countless concourse dazzling the eye, and the melody of a thousand instruments, the flourish of trumpets, and the thunder of glad voices deafening the ear as he ascends that gorgeous platform and stands in the centre of the brilliant scene, the object of every gaze. him is a glorious circle of marshals and ministers in their glittering vestments of state. By his side are the coveted badges of glory, —the revered insignia of the Legion of Honour, held in a receptacle, worthy of containing such emblems—in the helmet of Bayard, the fearless and reproachless. Now mid the stirring melody of martial music, his hand dispenses the priceless gift,—a crimson riband and an ivory cross,—more precious to the possessor than diamonds or rubies,—dear almost as his own heart's blood. by one, the chosen ones advance, ascend the lofty steps and stand before their emperor, dividing with him the attention of the assembled throng. Veterans, young heroes, marshals, soldiers fighting only in the ranks,—men of all grades, all characters, all ages,—are of that "honourable" band; but all are alike overpowered with glad emotion, as the revered decoration is awarded, and by him! A joy is theirs, too deep for smiles, too full for words: tears are in many a veteran eye "and a quiver plays on the lips of pride," till the emotion which overwhelms them finds vent in acclamations,—acclamations caught up and re-echoed and returned, the "Vive l'Empereur!" of ten thousand joyful hearts.

The coronation in Notre Dame:—

"Lui qu'un Pape a couronné,"-

when amid all the external paraphernalia of glory, the high powers of the church consecrated and ratified the authority conferred upon him, by the will of the people: the similar but even more imposing ceremony in the stately Cathedral of Milan, when the Iron Crown of the Lombards which had once pressed the brows of Charlemagne—disturbed from a repose of ages, to crown the head of a far greater one than Charlemagne,—was placed upon his brow, investing him with the sovereignty of Italy, as he exclaims in the words of the legend which surrounds it, "Dio me la diede: guai a chi la tocca."

Yet it is not those scenes invested with most external pomp, which are best cherished by the memory; the heart is her treasure's store-house. Passing events dazzle and delight the eye, but their reflection disappears, and only a faint shadow can be afterwards recalled; but the heart's impressions are never wholly effaced, and they live again in all their pristine beauty, when memory turns to contemplate them. It is so in every retrospection, it is so in this. The recollected splendours of his imperial coronation, affect him not so greatly as the remembrance of its first anniversary,—the eye of Austerlitz!

It needs no effort to conjure that scene before him.—His "redingote grise" wrapped closely about him, he again issues from his tent, on that dark December's night, to reconnoitre his position, as was his custom before every battle. The silence of death pervades the extensive encampment, and the darkness of night enshrouds it. His eager eye gazes anxiously around, but little can be discerned in the impenetrable gloom. He pauses for an instant, buried in thought, then raises his head in sudden astonishment. The darkness is illumined by a thousand vivid fires. In all directions blazing meteors hang suspended in mid air, rendering the scene as light as day. While, half startled, he looks round in amazement, a loud thunder of applause and congratulation saluting his ear informs him that this is the anniversary of his coronation-day! He can now reconnoitre the camp at his ease, and glorious is the scene which presents itself to his view. The whole army is drawn up, rank after rank, in imposing array, and at frequent intervals a soldier, raising his arm high above his head, holds suspended a bundle of flaming straw. The regular arrangement, and countless multitude of these brilliant lights produce a most powerful and astonishing effect—the soldiers' simple illumination to celebrate the return of his coronation-day! yet, although the coronation of an emperor is commemorated, here is no emperor or no subjects it is a soldier and his comrades, it is a father and his children! his eyes are dimmed as he witnesses these signs of heartfelt devotion. Loud rise the soldiers' rejoicing shouts, earnest their prayers invoking blessings on his head. They press near him,—nearer and yet nearer as their enthusiasm increases. A band of grenadiers who had shared with him the dangers of many a campaign are gathered round him-some venturing to clasp his hand-some pressing the venerated great coat to their lips, as they tender their rude congratulations and hearty assurances of victory to-morrow. "But you must not expose yourself!" say they, "We will win the battle for you! promise, you will not expose yourself unnecessarily to danger!"

Is not this a memory to cheer a lonely exile? In his youthful aspirations he had dreamed of no greater reward than this.

The past revolves before him. Political triumphs amazing and

unequalled; powerful nations bending before his will; mighty sovereigns courting his favouring smile; crowns and coronets at his free disposal, and kings and princes doffing or assuming them at his bidding.

The past revolves before him. He presides in a court of kings. He is seated once more in that unprecedentedly magnificent assembly, with kingly courtiers around him, and an emperor by his side, contemplating the performances of the stage,—looking on the stage, while his own experience may furnish greater marvels than fiction or history can there display, and while he is himself

even then surrounded with finer acting.

He recalls that scene, he recalls the smiling glance of Alexandre as, an actor of the Œdipe observing "L'amitié d'un grand homme est un bienfait des dieux," he turned towards his companions, and seemed to appropriate the "blessing" to himself. He recalls, too, another scene when he had startled his royal brothers: when he, addressing emperors and kings, and princes, and dukes innumerable, began, "When I was an under-lieutenant in the regiment of la Père," he stopped, for an electric shock had struck the whole assembly: a chill of horror ran through those royal veins. What I were they—absolute monarchs, and hereditary rulers—the companions, the inferiors of a man who had been an under lieutenant?

The past revolves before him. He dwells on a prouder and happier moment than any external pomp or grandeur could afford him, perhaps the proudest and happiest moment of his whole existence, when the prayer of his heart and of millions of hearts was heard, and an heir of his glory vouchsafed him. But it was a happiness not unpurchased with anxieties and alarm; hours of mortal agony passed while its certainty was unassured. The lives of mother and child were in the balance, and the awful alternative was propounded to him, "Which?" Unlike an English monarch, of former times, who on a similar occasion had thought only of his heir, "for other wives were to be had," he heeded no personal or political considerations, but followed only the plain line of duty: "Save the mother; it is her right. Forget she is an empress; treat her like a citizen's wife." They obeyed him; as though she had been indeed a citizen's wife, all care was bestowed upon the mother, while, as though only a citizen's offspring, the lifeless infant was laid upon the ground, uncared for and unnoticed in that moment, save by him, -by him whose whole soul was wrapped up in him,—whose heart now ceases to beat at the memory of that The scene is indeed before him: no other so well rememhour. bered. Never was so much hope and so much dread condensed into such a moment of agonised suspense. He looked upon that motionless, lifeless form, demanding vainly of himself if it were indeed only dust, fit to consign to the dust from which it was taken; or whether it enshrined the long desired idol of his heart, April, 1848. VOL. LI.—NO. CCIV. FF C

the heir of his name and his power, his glory and his love, aye, and the heir of greater things than these,—the heir of immortal glory, in an imperishable kingdom. While he gazed in that intolerable agony of suspense, the loud cannons proclaimed to France that her fondest prayers were heard. Loudly boomed the cannon, resounding through the capital. Loudly boomed the cannon, shaking the houses to their base, shaking even the mighty foundations of the palace. Loudly resounded the cannon, even in that royal chamber, and startled by the sound, startled by the thundering cannon, the soldier's son awoke to life. Proudly beat the father's heart in that hour of joy. Proudly beat his heart when he first held him in his arms, and, presenting him to his ministers and his marshals, "C'est un roi de Rome!" he exultingly exclaimed. And proudly. yet sadly, beats that father's heart now, as he thinks upon his son. Never shall he behold him more,—the child so dearly beloved with more than a father's ordinary affection.

The past revolves before him, but that childish face is ever present. He thinks on the last sad hour when he pressed him fondly to his heart, when he bade him farewell for ever, when he tore the clinging arms from round his neck, as though he had broken his very heart-strings. He passes his hand across his brow; he compresses his quivering lips; he impatiently turns away, and paces the rocky path. What fond emotions are melting his heart! what remembered agony overpowers his soul! But he resumes his self-command; he checks the rising grief. Again his arms are folded across his breast; again he turns to look upon the sea. The sun has sunk into the waters: only the golden rim is visible. He thinks upon his own setting sun. Yet one last glimpse of his unparalleled power is before him. He surveys that amazing multitude at his command when he entered upon that audacious campaign where—

"Winter barricades The realms of frost."

He recals those terrible times when the elements battled against him; when cold frosts mowed down his soldiers by his side; when the awful flames of Moscow arose before his view. Terrible indeed

to him is that retrospection.

The past revolves before him:—the days of adversity; the crumbling away of the glorious fabric of his power; the appalling defeats of his armies; the heart-rending desertions of his friends; the desperate return to Paris; the mortal agonies of Fontainebleau: the abdication; the departure; the phænix glory of his funeral pyre; the hundred days—last gleam of consolation in the darkness. He recalls the transport and enthusiasm of Grenoble; the triumphal return to the capital; the glories of the Champ de Mai; and

the final catastrophe. The plain of Waterloo arises before that memory which has contemplated so many fields of glory. He sees them again as he had seen them when, with the critical eye of a practised general, he watched the fight, and commended even the movements of an enemy, exclaiming, as he marked the gallantry of the English troops, "très bien, braves troupes! très bien!"

He sees that field again as he had seen it when the last effort was essayed, and his glorious imperial guard advanced. He saw them fail, and he knew that all was over, and the casting die was thrown. He turned his horse's head; hope was gone; his career was closed. The remaining pages of his retrospect were blotted out by tears; yet one moment was ineffaced,—when he looked his last on France; when he stood a captive on the deck of an enemy's vessel, and, uncovering his head, bade farewell to the beloved land: "Adieu, France! Je te salue, terre des braves!" The fading shore yet glimmered before his eyes, in imperishable beauty. Not so lovely did it look as he remembered it first, one of the vivid recollections of his youthful days. He thought now of that hour, of his mother.—that mother who had boasted that he had never given her a moment's pain. He thought of the past; he was again a little Corsican. Memory transported him to his granite rock; the recollections of youth engrossed his heart. Hastily he paced to and fro in his lonely walk. The present was forgotten; he was again a child. As these tender thoughts subdued his soul, his brow became serene, a smile—now rarely seen—played around his lips. Quicker he walked; he turned from the sea; buried in thought, he wandered on. In spirit he is leaning now by the granite rock;but loud voices disturb his meditations. Are they voices of brothers and sisters come to summon him to their sports? Is it his mother come to chide his long abstraction? No. He pauses: he looks up: foreign soldiers arrest his way. He has passed his apportioned limits, and must at once retrace his steps. He hears them; he turns back; the retrospect is over. The present weighs heavily on his heart, and he feels he is a prisoner!

WHARFDALE;*

OR,

THE ROSERY.

BOOK IV.

CHAPTER X.

As Matteo had reported, they found in Pierre Cataneo a ready customer for the costly jewels of the countess; like most other members of his calling, however, he was determined to buy them at his own price, which it is scarcely necessary to add, was little more than half their real value. The count had no alternative, and was glad, therefore, at any cost to rid himself of his burden. Their business being completed, the count and his companion again retraced their steps towards the Rue de Richelieu, and were in the act of crossing to the Rue, when they observed, for the first time, that they were closely followed by two men, both so closely muffled in their capacious cloaks and dark sable boas, as to render futile every attempt at recognition. This circumstance caused but little apprehension to either for the moment; but finding as they continued their course that their pursuers still kept in the same direction, a suspicion that they were designedly dogging their steps, flashed across the mind of the count. His heart beat violently - his cheek became deadly pale - and his whole frame trembled with agitation. Matteo, many as had been his crimes, was by nature a great coward, and seeing the excitement of his companion, he readily acquiesced in his suspicions. They quickened their pace, then relaxed; then crossed to the opposite side of the street; and then again recrossed, and pursued their path as before. All, however, was to no purpose; do what they would, their pursuers did likewise, and seemed evidently bent on following wherever they might lead.

"Depend upon it, Matteo," exclaimed the count in a low

whisper, "we are known. Our steps are watched, and nothing

now but stratagem can save us."

"And this is the end of assisting others," growled Matteo, half aloud to himself, without noticing the remark of his companion, "I must be dragged up, too, by the police—charged as an accomplice—and—"

"What are you prating about?" said the count, angrily, pressing the arm of the affrighted Italian fiercely in his hand,

"What are you prating about?"

"You are right," replied Matteo, recovering for the moment his usual self-possession; "nothing but stratagem can save us.' Our pursuers are two policemen in disguise, I would swear it."

"We must quicken our pace, and get in advance, if possible," replied the count, at the same moment hurrying on at the top of

his speed.

"Tush, tush—'tis of no use to dash on at that rate; I'll venture to say these blood hounds are swifter on the foot than you may give them credit for. Stand—stand for a moment; we must see them a little nearer before we attempt to escape."

Matteo seized his companion by the arm, and for an instant

they made a complete halt. Their pursuers did the same.

"I see the game they are after," growled the Italian. "They are afraid to grapple with us single handed."

Again they pursued their course, and presently the sound of

approaching footsteps was heard in advance.

"Now," said Matteo, "we must of necessity trust to our heels. Quickly to the opposite side of the street, there you will'find a dark passage to the right that will lead you to the Rue de ——, which will conduct you straight down to the Tuilleries; you must then work your way as quickly as possible across the river, and meet me at Fearons, (the tapis Franc), down by the church of Notre Dame."

"But how will you ----?"

"We have no time for questions. See, already they are advancing upon us. Away, quickly to the right—to the right—

yonder."

And at that instant, Matteo, with the swiftness of an antelope, shot off, down a dark little by-street, at the corner of which they had just arrived; while the count as quickly as his agitation would permit, ran off in the contrary direction, towards the passage already alluded to. A lighted lamp suspended from a building at a short distance, directed him to the spot, and entering at once he redoubled, notwithstanding the darkness which suddenly surrounded him, his former speed. Scarcely, however, had he proceeded more than a hundred or a hundred and fifty paces, when he found himself in a large open area or yard, surrounded on every side by a dense pile of building. In vain did he search

for an outlet; the passage by which he had entered was the only avenue where it was possible to obtain either ingress or egress. His heart sank within him, and in despair he resigned himself to his fate. The first thought that flashed across his mind was, that he had in his haste mistaken his course,—but no—that was impossible. Could it be that Matteo had played him false? The very thought drove him to madness. Retiring to the most remote and secluded corner of the yard, he placed his back against the wall of the surrounding building, and deliberately drew the pistol, which he had received of Matteo the previous evening, from his pocket. "Now," mentally ejaculated he, as he grasped the fearful instrument of death nervously in his hand, "now let them take me if they dare." It was a moment of intense excitement, and even of deep agony to the abandoned man. breeze as it swept past, slightly disturbed his cloak; he started with terror and affright, then all was again still—so still indeed, that the rapid beating of his own heart became distinctly audible. Minute after minute passed away, yet his enemies approached He dared not, however, to venture forth again into the street, lest they should (having mistaken his course) still be on The sound of a distant church clock striking the hour at length fell upon his ears; he counted the chimes, and his heart beat with joy to find that the night was so far advanced. Already he must have been nearly an hour in his present position; yet, such had been the agitated state of his feelings, that he had been utterly incapable of giving a thought to anything beyond his perilous situation. Summoning all his courage, he now determined once more to venture forth. Pulling his cloak still closer around his throat, and grasping the pistol more firmly in his hand, he slowly retraced his steps through the dark and lonely passage. Again in the street, he found it still and quiet as the grave; not a creature was in sight, not a sound, save the low echo of his own footstep on the pavement, could be heard. He gazed around him for a moment, with a look of suspicion, but finding no cause for further apprehension or alarm, he walked fearlessly away towards the Rue de ----.

The two men who had dogged the steps of the Count d'Almaviva and Matteo were, as the latter had predicted, policemen in disguise. A large reward had that day been offered by the young nobleman for the apprehension of the count, and there was not a policeman throughout the metropolis who would not have put himself to more than ordinary risk to obtain the prize. The policemen in question chanced to be passing the shop of Pierre Cataneo, at the very moment the Count d'Almaviva and his companion were retiring, after having disposed of the jewels. They at once recognized the bravo, whose frequent delinquencies were well known; and their suspicions being awakened, they entered the shop of

Pierre Cataneo, (whose fame as a frequent receiver of stolen property had been more than once all but clearly established,) and boldly accused him with a repetition of his misconduct. affrighted silversmith, thrown for the moment off his guard, indignantly repelled the charge, and pointing to the jewels which were still resting on the counter, desired them to examine them for themselves, and see if there was any mark or token by which they could identify them as having been stolen either from one party or another. The elder of the policemen eagerly seized upon the case, and minutely examined the ornaments one by one, until taking up a lady's ring, set with a row of costly diamonds, he detected engraved on the inside of the gold setting, the following inscription: - "To the Countess d'Almaviva, Venice, 18-." This was sufficient for his purpose. Closing the box, he begged the astonished Pierre a thousand pardons, assured him it was all a mistake, and together with his companion hurried into the street. Not a moment was to be lost, the count and his companion were already out of sight. They at once started off at the top of their speed, and succeeded in coming close upon their victims just as they were about crossing from the Rue de Richelieu to the Rue Fearing, however, to grapple with them at once, they determined to dog them to their quarters, and there to secure In this design, however, as we have already seen, they were suddenly frustrated by the unexpected flight of the count and his watchful bravo. They had noticed the direction each had taken, but being too far distant to distinguish between the two, it at once flashed across the mind of the elder of the policemen, that Matteo, for the sake of drawing their attention from his companion. had purposely made his exit through the passage into the yard, where he was sure of being taken; thinking, doubtless, that their pursuers, rather than undertake a long, and it might be an unprofitable, chase, after all, would direct their joint efforts to secure the unfortunate wretch who had run, as it were, into the lion's mouth. Acting on this supposition, the acute guardians of the peace set off at their full speed down the little by-street we have before alluded to, in hot pursuit of the disappointed Matteo, leaving the Count d'Almaviva to pursue his way at pleasure. Thus far, at all events, had the stratagem of the deceitful Italian-who hoped. by sending the count in the direction he had done, to have lured the policeman to have followed him, while he, taking advantage of the circumstance, might have been able to have affected his escape—been entirely frustrated.

"Palsy seize them!" shrieked Matteo, on perceiving his pursuers coming rapidly upon him, "I shall be taken in my own

trap."

Hot and hotter became the chase; a second and a third street was passed, and the pursued was evidently gaining advantage over

his pursuers. On, on, they went, and again the vantage ground was changed. The strength of the Italian was worn out—his legs trembled—his brain began to reel—a mist was before his eyes—and, after making a last desperate effort, he sank exhausted on the pavement.



CHAPTER XI.

Wearied and worn out by continued excitement and anxiety, the Countess d'Almaviva was reclining languidly in an old armchair, that was standing in front of the cheerless-looking fire, lost for the time in sad and gloomy retrospection; when the distant sound of the church clock, (which we have already seen had been the signal for her husband to leave his hiding place) aroused her from her reverie. Starting from her seat, she rushed to the window, pulled back the tattered curtain, and gazed anxiously into the street. All was dark and gloomy, not a sound save the low whistling of the wind could be heard. "Has he abandoned me?" mentally ejaculated she, and the thought drove her to desperation. Approaching the door she placed her ear against the lock, and listened for a moment, breathless with anxiety. All was still. Even the gruff voice of the old porter, which had frequently jarred upon her ears so discordantly during the day, would now have been a welcome—ay, she could have thought almost a musical sound. She again sank back upon her chair, and the fearful conjective of her abandonment, assuming for an instant the startling appearance of a reality, caused her to weep bitterly. She had not, however, been long thus, when the noise occasioned by the closing of an outer door caught her ear, and immediately afterwards the sound of an approaching footstep was distinctly heard upon the "No, no," exclaimed she, half aloud, her heart beating with joyous anticipation, "bad as he has been, he would not desert me. It was cruel, it was unjust to wrong him by such a thought."

The door opened, and the Count d'Almaviva, pale and breathless, entered the apartment. His dress was in disorder, and his whole appearance was indicative of unusual agitation and alarm. Quickly closing the door upon the old porter who had lighted him up stairs, he turned the key within the lock, and made secure the one ricketty bolt which time and dilapidation had still left in its place.

Then, throwing aside his hat and cloak, he seated himself in a chair by the fire, beckoning his wife who had risen to receive him, to follow his example.

"Pray, pray, tell me, Almaviva," exclaimed the affrighted woman, on observing the strange excitement of her husband, "what

new trouble can have happened to have agitated you thus?"

"Signora," replied the count, and he turned his dark eyes, now burning with unusual brightness, tenderly towards her own, "I am in danger. That villian Matteo, to save himself will doubtless play me false. The police are already on our track, to-night have our steps been dogged, and it is to good fortune alone that I am indebted for being here at this moment."

"I doubt not from his manner—and his position, too, in life—that there is no villainy however black or horrible, he would not

readily stoop to."

"But how," (and the gentle countess placed her hand tenderly upon the arm of her husband,) "how came you to trust this man—how came you to place your safety in such disreputable custody?"

"Nay, signora, tax me not now with questions such as these. In a few words, I have been a *great*, bad man: and like all such, to whom money is of comparatively little object, I have readily found villains, bad as, it may be worse than, myself, who were ever willing for a trifling remuneration, to abet and carry out my darkest villany."

"And now, you have seen the error of your ways—you—you will for ever forsake them?" The Count d'Almaviva spoke not, but his heart beat violently. "Yes, yes, I see, Almaviva, you are at length awakened to a true sense of your wickedness; and sin once admitted is half atoned for."

Never had the countess spoken thus boldly before, never had she once hitherto dared to allude to the faults or the follies of her husband; and yet, never had her voice sounded to his ears so sweet, so musical as at this moment. Bitter, indeed, as gall and wormwood, were her words to his heart; but such had been the revulsion of his feelings, within the last half hour, that he who had hitherto been totally reckless and regardless of every principle of justice and honesty, felt that those words were stamped with the insignia of truth, and that they were spoken in all kindness and affection.

"No, signora, my conviction has come too late. I am caught, (and why should I grumble, 'tis but the just merit of my deserts?) in the web of my own wickedness. The taunt, the sneer, the scoff of the meanest criminal will be against me. Me, who have had no inducement but the natural depravity of my own heart to lead me astray; while he, poor wretch, may have been driven into crime, from the strong temptations of poverty and starvation. Even that foul villian, Matteo—oh, this it is that galls me!" The count rose

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from his chair, and walked to and fro the apartment, continuing in a fierce, though subdued voice, "Would, would, that his babbling tongue had been silenced long ago—would that even now, provided he have escaped the talons of the harpies, I could but seal his lips for ever."

"Nay, nay, Almaviva," interposed the gentle countess, as he again resumed his seat by her side, "talk not thus, relapse not again into your former dark and uncontrollable humor. That Matteo is, indeed, a bad and an abandoned man, I doubt not, and that he may well merit your displeasure I can readily believe; but, let no one so totally beneath you ——"

"Signora," exclaimed the count, interrupting her, "great crimes like great virtues make their possessors equal; or if, indeed, there be inequality at all in such cases, the rich and educated villain is more to be despised than his poor and illiterate bravo. And yet, there can be no excuse ——" The count suddenly stopped, and

again a dark cloud gathered on his brow.

"Excuse for what, Almaviva?" inquired his wife.

"For that despicable wretch, who, with hands dyed in a thousand crimes, with heart black as the blackest shades of night, coldly and cruelly for the sake of shielding himself, sacrifices his fellow criminal to justice. No, signora, the worst men have generally some trait of honour in which they pride themselves; indomitable secrecy is one."

"But why not frustrate the designs of your betrayer at once, Almaviva? Why not, now that you are convinced of your guilt, surrender yourself to the court? Why not confess in deep sorrow and humiliation the commission of your crimes? True, true it is, you must then pay the penalty—but, oh, do this, Almaviva, and on my bended knees I will beseech your judges to have mercy on

you."

"What, signora!" exclaimed the count, starting for a moment from her side, "would you have me openly avow my guilt? would you have me court that punishment the very thought of which strikes unconquerable terror to my heart? No, no, much as I may regret my past wickedness and folly, I am not sufficiently a penitent for that."

A bitter sigh, she struggled but in vain to repress, burst from the bosom of the countess. Alas! her hopes had been too san-

guine.

"Think you, signora," continued the count, "you could ever again respect or honour the man who had suffered the degradation of a public trial, who had been gazed upon by the plebeian crowd as a disreputable criminal; who had been branded with the indelible finger-mark of guilt; and more than this, who had endured (for if once tried, rest assured, I must endure) the ignominy of incarceration in the public prison? Think of this for a moment,

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signora, and then answer me. But, no—no, it is folly thus to reason. It is not in the nature of woman, to be so truly merciful and generous."

The countess fixed her bright eyes on his face. One glance was sufficient to convince her, that the struggle between good and evil was going on within his heart, and, gathering courage from his look, she replied in a voice imbued with tenderness and affection:

"Almaviva, if you think thus, you much mistake the nature of our feeble sex. A guilty man, so long as he remains dead in his trespasses and sins, can no virtuous woman either honour or respect; but a penitent man—one who in deep and bitter humiliation mourns over his past errors and misdeeds, while at the same time he strives by his present conduct to wipe away the memory of his former shame—few, few women, indeed, will have the heart to withstand. Oh, Almaviva, would that we were now separated, would that even at this moment you were suffering the penalty of your crime, so that I might only hope to have you restored to me again: a reformed, a good man. The more the world shrank from you, the closer would I twine myself around your heart."

The penitent man was deeply moved. A tear, the only one he

had shed for many years, trickled slowly down his cheek.

"No,—no,—a husband's public shame and condemnation is too terrible a trial for a woman's heart to bear. It is one, signora,

you shall not suffer."

At this moment the noise of several footsteps was distinctly heard on the stairs, and immediately a loud knocking commenced upon the door. The count started from his seat, while the countess, petrified with alarm, fixed her eyes stedfastly on the door and remained motionless as a statue. Some one from without, in a loud and imperious voice, demanded instant admittance; but finding his order disregarded, a heavy blow was levelled against the thin partition that shut out the pursuers from their Blow rapidly succeeded blow, and at length the efforts of the assailants were successful. The door flew back upon its hinges and, headed by Matteo, an armed body of policemen entered the apartment. With his arms resolutely folded across his breast, his tall figure drawn to its fullest height, and a fierce scowl on his dark and clouded brow, the Count d'Almaviva boldly confronted his assailants. After gazing on the policemen for a moment, his eye rested on the pallid face of his betrayer. Matteo quailed beneath his glance, and shrank tremblingly back, as though the bright eye of a basilisk had been upon him.

"Count d'Almaviva," exclaimed one of the policemen, who stood somewhat in advance of his companions, "by virtue of this warrant

you are our prisoner."

"Permit me, monsieur, to inspect the document," demanded the count, coolly.

"By all means," replied the legal functionary, handing over the

paper.

The Count d'Almaviva cast his eyes over the warrant; but, as it appeared from the deep workings of his countenance, he did so rather for the purpose of collecting his own thoughts than for any desire to become acquainted with its contents.

"It is sufficient, monsieur," exclaimed he, at length; "your authority seems unquestionably legal, and this being so, I shall not attempt to gainsay it. But why, may I ask, come you armed in this manner? The Count d'Almaviva is neither accused of treason, nor of murder. Surely, monsieur, you might have executed your commission with a little more courtesy!"

"Were it not that we had been led to anticipate violence at

your hands, we might, perhaps, have done so."

"Violence! Who dared to insinuate that the Count d'Almaviva would meet the accusation of an enemy by violence?" demanded the count, in a loud and fierce voice.

"One," replied the policeman, somewhat ironically, "who has too long claimed friendship with the count, not to have become acquainted with his humor—a fellow countryman, Mattee!"

The count again fixed his dark, penetrating eye, on the trembling betrayer, and deliberately drawing the pistol from his pocket, and grasping it nervously in his hand, he addressed him in a firm,

though subdued voice:

"Matteo, thou art a base villain, and were I at this moment to lay thee prostrate at my feet, thou would'st but receive the just merit of all thy villany. But—but I will spare thee. Ay, tremble, craven; thou hast good cause. One word from my lips would send thee to the hulks,—a prisoner for life! Look here,—I say," and the count turned the hilt of the pistol towards the affrighted Italian, "Look here, dost thou not remember this blood-spot,—'tis a black spot against thee. A long life of bitter repentance will scarcely suffice to wash out the stain of that one crime."

Matteo became pale as death, his lips quivered, his eyes stared wildly from their sockets, and his whole frame shook with agitation.

The Count d'Almaviva turned towards his wife. She threw herself wildly on her knees at his feet, and grasped his extended hand

convulsively within her own.

"Signora," said he, in a softened and trembling voice, "I have bitterly wronged you—I have been a base, bad man—but—but as I have told you before, I will not, I have not the heart—oh heavens! my brain is on fire!" Suddenly raising his disengaged hand from his side, in which he still firmly grasped the pistol, he carried it towards his mouth.

"For mercy's sake," screamed the countess, observing his movement and anticipating his resolve, "forbare, Almaviva, forbare!" It was too late. The pistol was at his mouth, his hand upon the

trigger, and already the shrill, sharp echo of its report resounded through the apartment.

There was a loud shriek—a heavy groan—then, for a moment, all was again silent as the grave.

The Count d'Almaviva was no more.

BOOK V.

CHAPTER I.

IT was a bright, sunny morning. The first frost of the approaching winter was upon the ground. The huge branches of the venerable trees and the variegated evergreens of the gardens of the Tuilleries were fringed with icicles, and, as they stood glittering beneath the first rays of the golden sun, one might almost have fancied them ornamented with wreaths of diamonds. A heavy fog had enshrouded the horizon since day-break, and laid closely upon the ground. Gradually dispersing, however, it had now entirely passed away, leaving the clear, gay sky like one unbroken sheet of glass, save here and there, where it caught the glittering reflection of a brilliant sunbeam. Who that has ever witnessed such a morning in the south can be insensible to its influence on the feelings of the busy swarm of human beings around him? Already was there a greater number of pedestrians than usual on the move: already did the most frequented promenades in the Tuilleries and Champs Elysée present an unusually gay and animated appearance. The young cavalier, as he pulled his cloak closely about his throat. stepped out with an alacrity that does not ordinarily distinguish his walk, while the merry little gipsy at his side, with her face almost buried in her ermine boa, her hands securely shielded in a small must of the same material, set her tiny feet upon the cracking gravel as though she were more inclined for a merry galop than a sober ramble.—"What a glorious day!" exclaimed one; "How delightful for a promenade!" re-echoed another; "Oh! is it not bewitching?" recapitulated a third; — but suffice it to say, all seemed satisfied, all were happy, and every one appeared to vie with his fellow in making the most of the opportunity. Even the little grisette could not withstand the temptation; she had

cast aside her da'ly work, and, closely enveloped in her homely cashmere shawl, had come out to enjoy herself amongst her neighbours. Her gleesome voice was heard on every side, chattering like a noisy little magpie, or singing with the light-heartedness of a wild-bird in summer. Poor child! for this one hour of stolen pleasure, she must strain her bright eyes over the midnight lamp, for the needy grisette is dependent on her labours for her support. No matter, no matter; she is very happy, and we will not be the

first to mar her happiness by our gloomy reflections.

To one who has paid but little attention to the peculiar characteristics of our continental neighbours, the above picture will doubtless seem overdrawn; but to one who has studied those characteristics closely, to one who has spent any portion of his life in their country, we venture to think it will readily recall to his recollection many such scenes which he himself may have witnessed. The French are of all others the most susceptible of external influences, their passions being more active (though it may be, less intense,) and their impressions more evanescent. To the physiological reader, however, to whom, by the way, such reflections will doubtless be more familiar than to ourselves, we here leave the solution of

the question, and proceed at once with our narrative.

Lisette Melville, on the morning we have mentioned, was standing by the window of her apartment in the Hotel —, gazing on the motley crowd that had assembled in the gardens of the Tuille-She was still suffering severely from the effects of her journey, and was unable even at this moment to support herself without resting her thin, attenuated arm upon the frame of an old-fashioned chair that was standing near her, for assistance. Weak and feeble, however, as she was, she could not avoid in some slight degree partaking of the feelings of those happy beings who flitted merrily before her eyes. She attempted to walk across the room; her frame trembled, her steps reeled, and awed by a chilling sense of her own weakness, she struggled to the nearest couch. A cloud of deep sorrow and dejection settled upon her brow, but an instant, and it was supplanted by a soft, sweet smile of calmness and resig-Her eyes rested upon a book that was laying open on the table, and seizing it eagerly in her hand, she turned to some verses of poetry which had been written beneath others of her own. These were the verses which her doating and now almost heartbroken husband had so hurriedly composed on the night when we last took a cursory glance of this devoted couple. She read them again and again, notwithstanding every word was already engraven deeply on her memory. Her eye brightened, a roseate hue stole across her cheek, and her countenance beamed with a smile of comparative happiness and contentment.

"Yes, yes," mentally ejaculated she, "I am wrong—very wrong, in surrendering myself to this gloomy depression. It may be that

I am destined for an early grave, it may be that even my last hour is now close at hand, -yet, why should I repine? Hard, indeed, is it to contemplate a separation from all who have been so near and dear to me,—from all who have so kindly and tenderly watched over me, administering to my wants and necessities, ever alive to my slightest wish, but ever blind to my most unreasonable caprice. And Melville—dear, dear, Melville, how shall I take my farewell of him? I could almost wish at this moment, we had never met,— His love—oh, 'tis the one link that still binds me to the world, 'tis the one earthly feeling my heart cannot give up. Others—dear, devoted, to me as they have been, I have courage, I have strength to resign,—but Melville, no, no, I can never resign him." paused for a moment, again overcome by her feelings. promised we shall be buried in one grave, and not here, not here in a foreign land, but in our own quiet churchyard in Wharfdale, Oh, how I love him for that promise! it has taken a sad weight from my heart, it has robbed even death of one, at least, of its dark terrors, and fearful as it is to contemplate the moment of our separation, black and impenetrable as seems the cloud that overshadows me at this thought, there is still a fair and never-fading hope beyond. We shall meet again in a brighter and a better country we shall meet again."

As this thought occupied the mind of the gentle invalid, a more than earthly beauty seemed to settle upon her face. Her look was placid and serene, as the fair countenance of innocent childhood in

its first happy dream.

A footstep was heard at the door, and Leicester Melville immediately entered the apartment. His look was haggard and careworn, and, notwithstanding the forced smile with which he approached his beloved one, it required but little penetration to discover the real state of his feelings. A cloud of deep sorrow had settled on his heart. His hopes, at first bright and cheering, were fast fading away, and he was now daily becoming more and more convinced of the near approach of that sad event which would at once and for ever make total shipwreck of his earthly happiness.

"And do you yet feel inclined for a drive this morning, Lisette?" inquired he, seating himself by her side.

"Oh, yes, Melville! if you do not object,—it is so beautiful."

"Nevertheless, dear, the air is exceedingly cold an l piercing!"

"True, Melville, but I will put on an extra cloak, and take
every precaution. Beside, dear, it is now almost time we began
to think of continuing our journey southward, and is it not advisable that I should test my strength and capability for travelling
by gentle exercise before we set out?" And the sweet girl looked
anxiously in hisface, as though she would have read his inmost
thought.

With asevere struggle Melville succeeded in subduing the sigh that suddenly agitated his bosom; for more than once during the last few days had he found himself overwhelmed by the impression that their journey to Naples was entirely hopeless; more than once, indeed, within that period had he felt strongly inclined to question the propriety of their venturing further in Lisette's present weak and emaciated condition. Could this thought also have seized upon the mind of Lisette? The painful intensity of that inquiring gaze was sufficient of itself to confirm his suspicions. With an assumed smile, therefore, and an air of but ill-affected gaiety he replied.

"Yes, dear Lisette, you are right. I will ring the bell for your maid, and order the carriage at once to the door." And Melville,

with difficulty concealing his agitation, executed his task.

In a little while the carriage was announced, and the fragile girl, closely muffled in a large ermine cloak, supported between her

husband and her maid, was conducted to the street.

Lisette, since the morning of her visit to Père la Chaise, had imbibed a strong desire to behold its diminutive, though, perhaps, little less beautiful rival, the Cemetrie of Mont Martre. Thither, therefore, at her request, they were now driven. The fresh breeze and the bright sun seemed to inspire her with new life. By degrees the settled melancholy which had latterly, (in spite of her best endeavours) fixed upon her countenance passed away; a faint smile illumined her transparent cheek, and her clear, dark eves were lighted with the brightness of former days. Melville failed not to observe the change. His heart beat quicker, and he breathed more freely than he had done for several days. Hope was again rekindled in his bosom; and, grasping the hand of his wife in his silent transport, within his own, he mentally ejaculated, "Yes, there is still hope, she will be restored to us again!"

Hope on, hope ever! 'tis to weave Deception's web, and still believe It very truth: it is to steal A pang from every grief we feel.

CHAPTER II.

On arriving at the entrance to the cemetery, they descended from the carriage, and an invalid's chair which happened at that moment to be standing by the gates, disengaged, being secured for Lisette,

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they proceeded at once to an inspection of the grounds. at Père la Chaise, are innumerable mementos of affection, distinguishable on every hand. The fresh strewn flowers, the neatly trimmed evergreens, and the wreaths of "everlasting" surrounding the many-fashioned tombstones erected to the memory of those who calmly slumber in the dust below, bear unimpeachable evidence that there still exists a sacred link of affection between the living and the dead. Though but few, perhaps, of the tombs here may be compared with those in the cemetery of Père la Chaise, either for costliness or elegance; yet, there are many that may boast a simplicity of design, and a neatness of execution, that can scarcely fail to be less pleasing to the eye of a stranger. There is, too, an air of calm seclusion amidst the fair acacia trees, which are found flourishing in rich luxuriance on every side, that well accords with the sombre and serious feelings such a scene is ever calculated to inspire. Lisette looked better, and conversed with more cheerfulness than she had done for some time past. The hopes which were already rekindled in the heart of her husband gathered fresh strength at every turn, and he stept along by the side of her little carriage with an unusual air of joyousness and alacrity. Alas, could he at that moment have looked into the heart—could he have traced her well-spring of cheerfulness to its source, how different would have been his feelings! They had passed together through the mazy avenues of Père la Chaise, and Lisette had been very sad and sorrowful, its very remembrance had seemed to haunt her for days afterwards, and to overcast her every thought with melancholy. They were again together, in the last resting place of poor mortality—the dead were calmly slumbering on every side, and yet no trace of sadness was visible on her brow, no tone of melancholy was distinguishable in her voice—on the contrary, her countenance was mantled with a sweet and child-like smile, and her every word seemed freighted with joyousness. Well might Melville be deceived! True it is, the young invalid would now and then venture to encourage an almost expiring hope that she might be restored to her former health—true it is that at the moment of which we write, something at least of that feeling had taken possession of her heart. It was not this, however, that gave such calm serenity to her countenance, and inspired her, as she gazed on the sad scene by which she was surrounded, with comparative happiness and contentment. It was the bright picture she drew of her own quiet churchyard, in Wharfdale, when placed in comparison with the costly cemeteries of Paris; it was the conviction that die when she might, old or young, her own little grave would be made in that churchyard. She would not sleep in the land of the stranger! This was the powerful and mysterious talisman that held such influence over her feelings.

After having made the circuit of the grounds, they were again Digitized la GOOSIG

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advancing by a shorter path towards the principal entrance, where

the carriage was awaiting their return.

At some distance from the path, and standing beneath the shade of a solitary acacia tree, they discovered a young female. She was dressed in deep mourning, and her face (had not even the distance between them precluded the discovery of her features,) was too closely concealed by a thick veil for human eye to recognize. At her feet there was a common grave, and the soil which was heaped in a little mound above the level of the ground, shewed by its freshness that it could not have been inhabited many days. There was not a tablet nor even a head-stone to mark the spot. A number of fresh strewn flowers around the place showed, however, beyond question, that the tenant of that humble grave was not forgotten. The noise occasioned by the approach of our little party, startled the solitary mourner from her reverie. lingered for a moment, as though she was taking a last, fond look, and then quickly turning to a small by-path, that suddenly lost itself in a cluster of luxuriant evergreens, she vanished from their sight.

"Do you know, Paul," inquired Lisette of the man who was

drawing her chair, "whose grave that is?"

"The one to the left, there, madame, from which you young female has just departed?"

"The same, Paul."

"Ah, madame, 'tis an unhallowed grave, that!" replied the old man, mournfully shaking his head.

"Why so?"

"It is the grave of a suicide, madame—a bad man, and a wicked one too, if report speaks correctly. But no matter—no matter, now, madame; he is gone, and I would not add a word against him." And the old man seemed desirous of saying nothing further on the subject.

Lisette's curiosity, however, had been excited, and she determined to hear all her informant might be able to communicate.

"And the lady," continued she—" was she his wife or daughter,

-eh, my good Paul?"

"People say she was his wife, madame; and if I may judge from her grief, whenever she comes to look on his grave, I should think they say truly. Poor lady, my heart bleeds for her! she seems so good, and so gentle——"

"And her name," interrupted Lisette; "have you heard her

name, Paul?"

"I did hear it, madame; but I cannot remember it at this moment."

"Nor yet the cause of her husband's committing the fatal act?"

"Yes, madame; that I remember well. He was a gamester,—a nobleman and an Italian,—and they tell me that in Italy the

noblemen are greater gamesters than in France; and of a truth, madame, if all one hears concerning the houses in the Rue de——and the Palais Royale be correct, that is indeed needless."

"He was unfortunate then?" exclaimed Melville, who began to

feel an interest in the old man's recital.

"No, no, monsieur, worse,—far worse than that," replied the old man with great warmth.

"How, what mean you, Paul?"

"He was dishonorable, or perhaps, I should rather say, dishonest. He played with cogged dice."

"And was detected?"

"Yes, and on being apprehended by the police, (in a small apartment to which he had fled with his wife, within a short time after the discovery of his villany,) he placed a pistol to his mouth, and discharged its contents through his brain."

"But how comes he to be buried here?" inquired Melville,

"surely by the law of France his body was forfeited?"

"Truly, monsieur, that is so; but his wife, who is an English woman (or so runs the story,) besought the grace of the English ambassador, through whose influence the body was given up, and allowed to be buried within the precincts of the cemetery, on condition that no stone or tablet shall ever mark the spot where it is laid."

They had now arrived at the gates, and their conversation was consequently brought to a close. The services of the honest Paul were liberally rewarded, and as the old man looked with an air of astonishment and gratitude at the franc pieces, as they clinked in the palm of his hand, he bent down his grey head lower than usual, and with an air of truly Parisian courtesy bade a kind bon four to his noble patrons. "I was sure," said he, to himself, as the carriage passed slowly down the street, "they were no common people, and their liberality confirms my suspicions."

CHAPTER III.

On arriving at the hotel, Lisette became unusually thoughtful and reflective. The recital of Paul respecting the suicide had made

a strong impression on her feelings, and raised a harrowing sus-

picion in her mind.

"I know not how it is, Melville," said she to her husband, "the story of that old man has much affected me. I have had a strange presentiment ever since. It may be childish; nevertheless, I cannot divest myself of it."

"Well, and what is this wise presentiment of yours, my dear

Lisette, eh?" playfully inquired Melville.

"Nay, do not laugh at me, Melville. Should it prove true, you will be scrious, and, perhaps, even more sorrowful than myself. Have you no suspicion who that suicide was?"

"Lisette!" exclaimed Melville, in astonishment at the question,

"how is it possible I can have even the most remote idea?"

"What would you say should it prove to be the Count d'Almaviva, my sister's husband?"

"Impossible, dear, impossible!" ejaculated Melville, warmly.

"I wish, indeed, it may prove so, Melville," calmly replied Lisette, and then continued; "did not Paul tell us that he was an Italian, and a nobleman?"

"He did so."

"And a dishonest gamester?"

"Yes. But what of this?"

"All these, Melville, was the Count d'Almaviva. And tell me, even should I prove incorrect, am I not at this moment, and under these circumstances, justified in harbouring these painful suspicions? Remember, too, Melville, I have not heard from my sister for some months; but her last letter was dated from Paris. Did she not tell me that she expected the count would remain here for some time? that for particular reasons he had laid aside his own name, and assumed a French one? That assumed name, however, she never mentioned; neither did she add one word of their place of residence. Doubtless, Melville, these omissions were made by the desire of her husband, who, I can readily conceive, had strong motives for breaking off all communication between us."

Melville, as he attentively listened to the words of his wife, became more serious, for he saw, as she developed the ground of her suspicions, that they were based on a more reasonable founda-

tion than he had at first anticipated.

"Indeed, Lisette," at length replied he, "there is a strange coincidence of circumstances which, at first sight, would certainly seem to favour your conclusion. Let us hope, however, you may be deceived."

"But how are we to gain the requisite information, Melville?" eagerly inquired Lisette; "how am I to learn if that wretched woman of whom we had so brief a sight this morning is indeed my poor sister, Sophia?"

"Fear not, Lisette; I will leave no means untired to discover

the whole truth, before we quit Paris. Even this very day, this very moment, if you desire it, I will set about the task."

"But how, or where, will you prosecute your inquiries?"

"Did not Paul tell us that some days have elapsed since the fatal occurrence took place? This being so, surely some mention must have been made of this affair in one or other of the public journals."

"Right, Melville, right," replied Lisette, her eyes brightening as she spoke; "in the Messenger, or the Débats, you may probably

find the whole story."

Suddenly bringing their conversation to a close, Melville, now no less curious, and, perhaps, little less suspicious, even than Lisette, hastened down to the salle-à-manger. There, while searching carefully over the file of newspapers, his attention was struck by a brief paragraph in the Messenger. Brief, however, as it was, its contents were sufficient to satisfy his inquiries. He there found a short narration of all the circumstances attending the apprehension and the untimely death of the Count d'Almaviva, and with which the reader is already acquainted. He sat for some minutes, dumb with horror, and it was only when the thought of Lisette flashed suddenly across his mind, that he seemed entirely to recover his self-possession. How will she receive the sad intelligence? how will she bear the certain confirmation of her dark suspicions? He sat for some time, uncertain how to act. "It is of no use," at length ejaculated he to himself; "sooner or later, the truth must be told!"

He entered the room. Lisette was seated on a settee near the hearth, gazing mournfully on the fire. Placing himself by her side, and taking her hand within his own, he determined at once

to communicate the melancholy intelligence.

"Melville," said she, while her dark eyes rested mournfully on his face, "your sad, sad countenance has told me all. My worst suspicions are confirmed. Is not the suicide the Count d'Almaviva?"

"Alas, dear, it is too true," replied Melville, struggling with his

feelings.

Lisette became pale as death; her lips quivered; her eyes stared wildly from their sockets; and she seemed, for an instant, as though she would have been overpowered by the shock. Placing her hands tightly across her chest, she uttered a faint shriek, and then burst into tears. Oh! had Melville, who stood petrified with affright, known the worth of those precious tears, he would at once have fallen upon his knees, and poured forth his heart in earnest adoration and thanksgiving. Had the floodgates of nature remained closed; had the well-springs of sorrow refused to flow; Lisette Melville must have died on the spot.

In all the strength of manhood, in all the vigour of rosy health, we little know on how fragile a string is human life dependent:

And far, far less are we apt to estimate the fragility of that string in a frame where disease (and, above all, consumption, the most deceptive and insidious,) has long been at work. The rosebud trembling on its stem, now bowed upon the ground, now reeling to and fro, while the rude blast at every breath threatens it with instant destruction, is not more fragile, nor is its existence more precarious, than the life of the far-worn victim of this ruthless and devastating scourge.

At an early hour in the evening Melville was on his way to the Rue de ——, where, as he had gathered from the report in the Messenger, the Count and Countess d'Almaviva were residing, at the time when the fatal occurrence took place. On arriving at the house, he stood for a moment in hesitation how to proceed, startled by its appearance of extreme poverty and wretchedness.

In an instant, however, his foot was on the threshold, the huge door knocker in his hand, and a loud "ran-tan-tan" summoned

the old porter to his side.

"Well, monsieur," said the old man, raising the lamp which he carried in his hand, so as to cast its light full on the face of the stranger, "what may be your business to night, eh?"

"I would speak with you privately for a few moments," replied

Melville.

"Indeed, monsieur; then let me tell you, you must be very brief. My time is too valuable to be squandered in answering

idle and unimportant inquiries."

"Pardon me," exclaimed Melville, interrupting the ill-natured reply of the surly porter; "the inquiries I have to make are neither idle nor unimportant. And as for any loss of time I may occasion you, you shall have no reason to grumble. I will take

care your services shall be rewarded."

"Monsieur!" exclaimed the porter, suddenly changing his tone, "do not think I am so ill-natured as to refuse answering a civil question without first being paid for it," and the old man laid a peculiar emphasis on the word "first," which Melville could not fail to understand. "But," continued he, "perhaps you will walk into the lodge and sit down for a few minutes, monsieur. The accommodation is none of the best, truly; but to such as it is you are welcome."

"Thank you, I will do so," was Melville's answer, as he followed the porter into a miserable little room, scarcely large enough to accommodate two persons at once. There was but one chair to be seen, and this the porter handed over to Melville, while he himself took his seat on the side of a low bed that occupied one end of the apartment. He placed the lamp on the ground between himself and his interrogator, and then, coolly folding his arms across his breast, he fixed his dark grey eyes on his face, and seemed anxiously awaiting his inquiries.

"Now tell me," said Melville, handing over a napoleon to his companion, was it not in this house that the Count d'Almaviva shot himself?"

"It was, monsieur," readily replied the porter, as he gazed with delight on the piece of coin in his hand; "on the left-hand room, on the third landing. But, perhaps, monsieur, you are a novelist or a play-writer, and would like to see the apartment, ch?"

"No, I thank you," replied Melville, half inclined to smile at

the effect produced by the little napoleon.

"Well, well, pardon me, monsieur, if I am mistaken; but let me tell you, I have had more than one such request since I became porter to this establishment. There is scarcely a room in this house, monsieur, that has not been represented on the stage. There is scarcely a piece of furniture, either, that has not been made notorious by some writer or another. And as for myself, (you will scarcely believe it) Monsieur S——once spent a whole day closeted with me in this little bit of a kennel, all for the sake of making himself acquainted with my originalities and eccentricities, that he might be able to draw me to the life in that famous book of his, called the 'Mysteries.' Capital book that, monsieur; it makes even the most abandoned wretch, a man whom you would think had no feeling, cry like a baby. A capital book, monsieur."

"No doubt it is a most delightful book," replied Melville, feeling that he now stood as good a chance of being foiled by the old man's loquacity as he had hitherto done by his taciturnity.

"Ay, will you credit it, monsieur? there's that little rascal, Villebelle (you've heard of him, I suppose), he's the most accomplished pick-pocket in all Paris. He does his work as smartly, and with as much coolness, as though he were doing the most polite thing in the world. And will you credit it, I say, monsieur? Villebelle declares he never thought of picking a pocket until he read the 'Mysteries,' and since that time his whole heart and soul has been in his new avocation. Bless you, monsieur, half the swell 'cracksters' one reads about now-a-days are mere fools compared to Villebelle."

"Very likely so," replied Melville, growing impatient, "very

But come, let us return at once to our subject."

"Pardon me, monsieur; in my admiration of little Villebelle I had quite forgotten your business. It was of the Count d'Almaviva you came to speak with me, was it not?"

"It was," replied Melville.

"Ah, poor man!" exclaimed the garrulous porter, before his interrogator had time to proceed with the question that was at that moment on his lips, "it was a sad end, after all, to come to, very sad! But he was too proud, monsieur, to be dragged away as a criminal: that was the whole truth of the matter."

"And his wife, the countess," exclaimed Melville, with in-Digitized by GOOGIC

creased impatience.

"Ay, monsieur, my old heart bleeds to think of her. I could not have thought that, after all the scenes I've witnessed, I could have had so much feeling left. She clung to his neck, monsieur, after he was dead, and called on his name with a thousand terms of endearment; she shrieked as though her own life were at stake; she—she—"

"Pray, pray," interrupted Melville, "do not repeat all these things. I have no wish, whatever, to hear them. Answer my questions without comment, and I will at once add another napo-

leon to the one I have already given you."

The old porter, raising his eyes in astonishment, was about commencing an apology for his volubility, when Melville, with an imperative sign, subdued him to silence.

"The Countess d'Almaviva, you say, was here when her husband

shot himself?"

"She was, monsieur."
"Did she reside here?"
"She did, monsieur."

"And does she still occupy apartments in this house? Now answer me, old man, at once, does she or does she not?"

"She does not, monsieur. She left here the very day following,"

replied the porter.

"And have you not seen her since?"

"I have not, monsieur."

"And know you not where she went to? in short, know you

not, old man, where she is now to be found?"

"No, no, no, monsieur, I do not. She left here at nightfall in a voiture, which was driven away in the direction of the Rue St. Honore."

"And this is all the information you are able to give me respecting her?" eagerly inquired Melville.

"It is, monsieur."

Melville rose hastily from his chair, threw the promised reward into the hand of the old porter, and then hurried from the house.

CHAPTER IV.

Anxiety and disappointment soon wrought a startling change on the fragile constitution of the gentle invalid. She passed a sleepless and restless night; and on entering the sitting room, the following morning, the feverish hectic on her cheek, and the dull, heavy shade which hupg over her usually bright and star-like eyes, bore unequivocal evidence of the war that was raging within her bosom. To the anxious inquiries, the gentle solicitations of her husband, she replied, however, with a well-feigned smile and an assumed air of indifference, that served for the moment to banish his alarm. In her anxiety for the welfare, in her sympathy for the distress of her unfortunate sister, Lisette Melville thought not for a moment of her own sufferings. The idea of leaving Paris without having discovered that sister, without having done something at least, to soften and ameliorate her distress, was at once abandoned. Rather, indeed, would Lisette Melville have hazarded a thousand chances of her own recovery, than she would have failed in even one, that might have contributed comfort and consolation to the Countess d'Almaviva. And what so likely to administer consolation to her wounded spirit, what so likely to seduce her mind from gloomy retrospection, and to inspire her with fresh hopes, as the heart-felt sympathy of a sister? As we have long ago told the reader, Lisette Melville and the Countess d'Almaviva when children were influenced much by the same spirit, and possessed much the same meekness and amiability of character. They had then been constant companions, faithful playmates, sharing each other's pleasures and lamenting each other's pains; and were they nearer and dearer to each other as children than now?

"Poor Sophia," mentally ejaculated Lisette, "how different have been our destinies! How calm, how bright and summer-like my own; how dark and fearful hers! To me, indeed, marriage has been one continual feast of harmony and love, a sky without a cloud, a sea without a storm. No matter, however dark and threatening the tempest might be without, in sickness or in health, in prosperity or adversity, there has ever been one heart open to receive me, one heart that beat responsive to my own. To her, poor What has it been to her? One black, unbroken page of misery and despair. Where she should have found love and adoration, she has been met with coolness and indifference. The arm that should have protected, has been raised against her; the heart that should have been as one with her own-warm, fervent, and devoted—was cold and passionless. Affections blighted, hopes overthrown, smiles changed into tears; such, such, alas! have been the sad results of her brief experience of human life." Lisette paused, for a moment overcome by her feelings; then, with a look of deep and unutterable anguish she continued, "Oh! mother, mother, what hast thou to answer for?"

At an early hour of the morning Melville again set out on his gloomy errand, determined to leave no means untried by which there might be the slightest possibility of meeting with the Countess

d'Almaviva. Doubting not for a moment, but she would again visit the grave of her husband, he directed his steps to the Cemetery of Mont Martre, determined there to await her arrival. Hour after hour passed away, and the sun had long passed his noon day meridian, yet she came not. His heart sank within him, and he gave himself up to despair. Paul at that moment happened to cross his path, and at once recognized his employer of the former day. proaching Melville, who was gazing abstractedly on the untableted grave at his feet, he wished him a bon jour, and trusted the lady whom he had had the honour to serve, was none the worse for her Melville started on hearing a voice, and his face for a moment became radiant with hope; but no sooner had his eyes rested on Paul than, with an evident look of disappointment and chagrin, he coldly replied to the old man's courtesy. There was something so entirely different in his manners, that caused the old man for an instant to doubt whether he was not mistaken in the person; a second glance, however, was sufficient to confirm his first impression.

"Pray tell me, my good man," exclaimed Melville, suddenly recovering his usual urbanity, "have you seen the widowed Countess

d'Almaviva here to-day?"

"No, I have not, monsieur, but there is time enough yet," replied Paul.

"How? does she not usually come so early as this?"

"She does not, monsieur. Never except yesterday, have I seen her here before sunset."

Melville hastily pulled out his pocket book and scribbled a few words in Italian on the back of an old letter, then carefully folding

it up he turned to Paul and said:-

"I have been here for some hours, anxiously awaiting her arrival, but must now hasten back to my hotel. It is already past the hour of my return; may I engage your services during my absence?"

"Most readily, monsieur," replied Paul, "I shall be proud of

your confidence."

"You must remain then, within sight of this spot until nightfall, unless the mourner should make her appearance in the mean time, in which case you must instantly convey to her this letter and urge her to lose no time in repairing to the Hotel——. It is of the utmost importance I should see her immediately."

"You may depend on my fidelity," replied Paul, carefully plac-

ing the letter in his pocket.

"And you, my good old man, may as safely depend on my

liberality."

Leicester Melville had not long departed from the cemetery before the Countess d'Almaviva made her appearance at the grave of her husband. Paul, faithful to his promise, was stationed at a

short distance from the spot, and with bounding heart witnessed her approach. His first impulse was to rush forward, and at once to place in her hands the communication with which he had been entrusted. But scarcely had he proceeded half a dozen paces when he suddenly stopped, irresolute how to proceed. There was an air of deep dejection and melancholy about the young mourner, that made a strange impression on the old man's heart. To have broken in upon her meditations at such a moment, to have rushed thoughtlessly and recklessly upon her path, would have been alike cruel and unkind. That old man had known in his time many of the bitter trials of human life, his heart had been schooled in the bitter furnace of affliction. The mourner's grief for the dead is a sacred and hallowed grief. Paul knew this from experience.

Drawing back to his hiding place, he kept his eyes intently fixed on the young countess, but it was only when she turned from the grave and was retracing her steps towards the gate of the ceme-

try, that he ventured to present himself before her.

The countess started at his approach, and hesitated before she ventured to accept the letter. The instant, however, she had done so, her whole frame shook with agitation, and it was with difficulty she held the paper steadily in her hand, while her eyes ran hastily over its contents. She was too well acquainted with the writing of Melville to doubt for a moment the genuineness of the communication. Paul taking advantage of her agitation urged her at once, as he had been commanded, to hasten to the Hotel _____. She nodded an assent, and slipping a franc piece into his hand, walked

quickly away.

On arriving at the hotel, Leicester Melville found his young wife very much worse than when he had left her in the morning. had passed a restless and anxious day, and despite the endeavours of her faithful attendant, she had been overpowered by dark and melancholy forebodings. Rarely, or perhaps, indeed, never before had Melville found her so totally dispirited and melancholy; never before had he witnessed so gloomy a cloud overshadow her peerless She listened with deep attention to his recital, and seemed for a moment to participate his hopes. Yes, the thought of again meeting her sister, the dear companion of her early childhood, shed for an instant a bright halo of joy over her countenance, and drove the tear-drop from her eye. Alas! the sense of what she was, the memory of what she once had been, flashed like an electric light across her mind; and again all was dark—dark—and sorrowful. She surrendered herself, for a moment, to an outburst of deep and soul piercing anguish.

"Melville, dear Melville," said she, "support me to the window,—let me—oh, let me take one more look of the bright world, clothed in the fair light of the golden sunset; see, see, Melville, it

is sinking, sinking fast: and oh! perhaps, perhaps, I may never

look upon it again."

Raising the gentle sufferer carefully in his arms, the heartstricken husband conveyed her to a couch that was standing by the window. Lisette pressed her burning lips on his cheek, and faintly whispered, in a voice full of deep and unutterable tenderness and affection, "Dear Melville, you are very kind to me."

Never, perhaps, do the gardens of the Tuileries look more lovely than when clothed in the last bright rays of departing day; and never, perhaps, did they present a more exquisite appearance than on the evening in question. Lisette gazed on them for some minutes in silence, then turning to her husband, she placed her thin, transparent hand within his own and mournfully said:—

"Melville, it is hard to leave this bright world so young."

This was the first, the only murmur that ever escaped the lips of Lisette Melville.

Poor Melville! he stood dumb, motionless as a statue. The very life-blood at his heart was chill and frozen. Words, they would not have expressed his feelings; tears, they would have been but a mockery of his bitter grief!

Presently a carriage was heard in the street; it stopped in front of the hotel, and a lady habited in deep mourning alighted and

hastily entered the court yard.

"Melville," exclaimed Lisette, who was still looking from the window, "she has come, she has come, my dear sister! Oh, hasten to welcome her."

Almost mechanically obeying the wish of his wife, Leicester Melville rushed hurriedly from the apartment. In a few minutes a familiar voice—may we not say a familiar footstep too—was heard on the stairs.

"Yes, yes," exclaimed Lisette, "I was right, it is indeed Sophia!" and forgetting, in the first outgust of her feelings, her own weak and feeble situation, she sprang wildly to her feet and staggered across the room. The door opened; but, at that instant Lisette fell senseless on the floor.

Melville raised her quickly in his arms, and pushing back the long streaming ringlets from her face he bore her to the nearest couch. She uttered a faint convulsive groan:

A vein had burst, and her sweet lip's pure dyes
Were dabbled with the deep blood which ran o'er;
And her head dropp'd as when the lily lies
O'er charged with rain."—

BYBON.

CHAPTER V.

For several hours Lisette Melville remained perfectly unconscious, scarcely moving hand or foot. At intervals her breathing became so soft and inaudible, that it seemed doubtful, indeed, to her anxious attendants, whether life was not already extinct. The heart, however—the last index of human existence—still continued to beat. Often, very often, had the medical man (who had been called in immediately after the rupture of the vessel) found difficulty in noting its pulsation. As, however, the night advanced, the sufferer seemed gradually to revive; her breathing became easier and much more audible, while the calm serenity of her brow showed that she experienced little internal suffering. At a late hour the physician, somewhat better satisfied with the symptoms of his patient than those symptoms justified, took his departure.

Through the silent course of the weary night did Leicester Melville and the Countess d'Almaviva remain seated by the bed-side of Lisette, anxiously watching every change that came over her countenance, attentively listening to her every breath. Hour after hour passed away, and the dark gloom of midnight was fast fading away before the first grey tints of the early morn, ere the gentle invalid recovered from her lethargy. Slowly opening her yet soft, bright eyes, she looked inquiringly at her husband, then at her sister. Memory resumed her office, and the truth at once flashed across her mind. "Yes, yes," faintly whispered she; "I recollect now:" then turning to the Countess d'Almaviva, she exclaimed, "Sophia, I am glad we have found you; glad for your

sake, as well as for my own. You will not leave me?"

"Not until you are better, dear Lisette," replied the countess, with much tenderness.

"Better, Sophia; think you I shall ever be better? No, no."

"Do not speak thus sorrowfully, Lisette; we will hope, we will pray that you may recover," said Melville, as he ventured for the first time since her shock, to imprint a fervent kiss upon her brow.

Lisette smiled faintly.

"Melville, dear Melville," said she, in a tone of melancholy sweetness, "we must not deceive ourselves longer. I feel that we must soon separate, it may be ere this day's sun has reached his meridian; yet let us not repine. You have loved me very dearly, you will mourn for me very sadly; yet, yet mourn not as one without hope. Remember, dear Melville, though we may be

parted for ever in this world, there is, beyond the dark valley of death, a brighter and a better country. There we may meet again! yes, Melville, there, I say, we may meet; there, my heart tells me, at this moment, we shall meet."

"Oh! Lisette," exclaimed Melville, as the tears started to his eyes, "I would that we might pass the dark portals of the grave

together. I would that---'

"No, no, dear Melville," replied she, suddenly interrupting him, "your time has not yet come. You have much to live for; much that may contribute to your own happiness and well-being, both here and hereafter; much, too, that may render comfort and contentment to your fellow-creatures. Go—when the green grass grows above my grave,—go, Melville, mix with your fellow-men: let those deep and holy feelings which inspire your heart, and which have hitherto so closely concentrated on one frail object, be brought into active and general operation. In a word, dear Melville, henceforth, let not your love be individual but universal! Let whatever is good, beautiful, and holy, elicit your attention and command your respect. Then, indeed, will you live to God; then, indeed, will you go down, be it in youth or in age, with honour to the grave."

There was a stern seriousness in the tone in which these few words, so bold, so unlike what Lisette usually uttered, was spoken, that rendered Melville, for the moment, mute with awe

and adoration. After a brief pause she again resumed:

"But why—why should I speak to you, dear Melville, in words like these? No, no; warnings are not for the virtuous, but for the vicious." A faint smile stole slowly over her face—a smile of exquisite tenderness. "Melville," said she, "you have borne with

me long, you will bear with me to the end."

Wearied and exhausted, the gentle sufferer at length sank back on the pillow, and a deep sleep fell upon her. Not long, however, had she been thus, when a convulsive sob burst from her lips, and a faint, gurgling sound was distinctly heard in her throat. Melville raised her in his arms, and pressed her hand within his own. It was cold, damp, death-like. She slowly opened her eyes, those eyes once so full of light and eloquence, now, alas! dim and clouded, and fixing them passionately on his face, she inarticulately murmured, "Melville, I—I am dying,—God—God bless you. I have been yours in life, I will be yours in death; more, more, dear Melville,—I will be yours in eternity!"

Her pale lips were again crimsoned with blood—her limbs quivered—her eye-lids trembled,—and for a moment she struggled—struggled, oh! how hardly—but that struggle was her last!

CHAPTER VI.

Ir was upwards of an hour turned midnight. A thin covering of snow (the first earnest of the approaching winter) lay upon the ground, and the cold blast, as it swept through naked woodlands. froze up the mountain streamlets on their course. The young moon was rapidly passing from the heavens; but her last faint, lingering beams, which still shone lovingly on the scene, served rather to increase than to dissipate the first inclemency of the season. Never, perhaps, is the lovely valley of Wharfdale seen to more advantage than by moonlight; never are its varied characteristics so startling and enchanting. At all times, and in all seasons, it is clothed with an air of witchery; but if there should seem one charm wanting, if the beholder should imagine, even, there is still something further required to stamp it with perfection. let him gaze upon it when clothed in the silver moonlight. To the painter and the poet it will need no recommendation. Both will at one glance readily recognize the realization of their brightest dreams of fairy-land. Even to them, however, the moonlight may Mebrose, pregnant with a thousand be no slight attraction. charms, a thousand memories, if we are to believe the gentle minstrelsy of Scott, is never seen to such advantage, nay, indeed, is never seen "aright," save when it is bathed in the sparkling radiance of the midnight orb. Bidding adieu, however, to Mebrose and its minstrel, we will now confine ourselves to the immediate scene of our story.

A solitary and mournful little cavalcade were slowly winding their way down the precipitous bank that leads to the small and insignificant hamlet of Pool, and from thence, after crossing the river, to our village—that village in which we have passed so many gay, so many melancholy hours. A hearse drawn by two jet black horses, followed by a single mourning coach, formed the procession. It had passed down the hill and by the few straggling cottages that skirt one side of the principal street of the hamlet, unnoticed by any human eye. The sober husbandman had long been a-bed and asleep, and even the half-aroused mastiff in his kennel was too drowsy to salute them with more than a suppressed

growl.

On the northern side of the bridge, however, a small and melancholy party had been anxiously waiting its arrival since the first hour of night-fall, and no sooner was the sound of the approaching carriages heard in the distance, than a procession was formed to precede the hearse to its appointed destination. First

went three couples of rustics, habited in deep mourning, each bearing a lighted flambeau in his hand; and to these succeeded three couple of young girls, all clothed in garments of pure white, and walking arm in arm; then came two other females, one in the spring, the other in the December of life. Both were robed in deepest mourning, and such was the intensity of their feelings, that it were difficult almost to say whether youth or old age walked with most decrepid pace. Last of the crowd and immediately preceding the hearse, with feeble and tottering step, came an old man, a minister of the church, a faithful servant of the living God. He was habited in his robes of office, and his long, white locks, which fell unrestrained over his shoulders, added much to the venerableness of his appearance.

Slowly and mournfully the procession moved on through the village over which that old man had long presided, until it arrived

at the entrance of the church-yard.

Who that has witnessed the burial of the dead, who that has looked upon the uncovered coffin, as it lay within the grave at the mournful hour of saddest night, while the dim rays of the waning moon and the flickering flames of a few expiring flambeaux were the only light that made visible the scene,—who, who that has witnessed these things, has not felt his breast heave with a sadness and a sorrow unspeakable? When we gaze on a sight like this, we must feel, in spite even of ourselves, the very bitterness of deepest grief! It were worse than mockery to summons at such a moment human philosophy to our aid: better, far better is it to let the unbound feelings have their flow.

There was not one in that mournful crowd who did not sorrow with deep and bitter wail. Even the voice of the poor old clergyman became at times almost inaudible; once, indeed, did it appear as though the intensity of his feelings would have prevented the completion of his duty. "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes," repeated he, and for some minutes all was silence; his lips moved, but the

old man uttered not a word.

At length the service was concluded. The mourners turned weeping from the grave. One, one alone remained, rivetted for the moment to the spot. That one was the bereaved husband, the heart-stricken Melville. No tear started to his eye; the current of his feelings was bound up. Nature staggered beneath the blow! That kind old man, Miles Stapleton, approached him, addressed him, beseeched him to leave the place; but his endeavours were long fruitless. To Melville the whole scene was like a dream, shadowy and indistinct. His brain grew giddy, his steps reeled, and he was at last born senseless from the spot. Oh, that the fragile thread of Leicester Melville's life had snapped in that struggle! oh, that he had never awoke to find his life a dreary and unbroken blank!

CHAPTER VII.

"Wharfdale! Welcome, my own lovely valley, right welcome!" As the reader will doubtless remember, such were the words that involuntarily escaped my lips, on returning after many years' absence to the scene of my early childhood; and now, should he have had the patience to follow me through the course of this narrative, he will have some slight idea how many tender collections these scenes were calculated to inspire. It is, perhaps, one of the chief pleasures of an old man to recall the memories of the past; such, at all events, has long been mine. True it is, there are many dark clouds to cast their gloom across the horizon, but none so totally dark as to exclude every ray of hope and consolation. The dreariest day has had its sun, the bitterest affliction its halm.

The hours I spent in company with old Giles Coverley, the master of the village hostelry, the first evening after my return, were sweet, yet melancholy hours. From his lips I heard the varied destinies of my earliest and dearest friends. True it was, all save one had passed away; some to that better country beyond the grave; others to different and distant lands. Yet they had one and all left gentle memories behind. I thought deeply of them then! I often think of them now! and lonely and desolate as I am, I rarely contemplate the bright scenery around me, so pregnant with their memories, that I do not feel tempted to repeat my first heartfelt greeting,—"Wharfdale! Welcome, my own lovely valley, right welcome!" A few words will now suffice to wind up my story.

The good old clergyman, Miles Stapleton, has long been numbered with the dead. He is buried in the old church-yard, and a plain, unsculptured stone above his grave bears testimony of his former worth. He was a faithful minister of Christ, and verily he will have his reward. Gertrude Simpson has also passed that "bourne from whence no traveller returns." She died as she had lived, blessing the memory of her own Lisette. Their graves are side by side; one large, verdant yew casts its shade upon them both.

The Countess d'Almaviva and the devoted Ermance have both gone hence. The former married a French banquier, about a couple of years after the suicide of her first husband, and bidding a melancholy adieu to Wharfdale "and the old house at home," again winged her steps to the sunny south. Ermance, after the death of her April, 1848.—vol. LII.—No. CCIV.

father, bestowed her hand on a young clergyman, a man in every respect worthy of his bride; and she is now residing at a small village in Devonshire, over which her husband has spiritual charge. As a wife and a mother she is alike notable and exemplary.

There is yet one,— I would it were otherwise—whose fate I must record. Leicester Melville! oh! never shall I forget the first time I saw him after my return home. Many years had rolled away since we had last met: from youth we had both passed to old age. I had many memories, he had but one! Never after the death of his heart's treasured idol did poor Melville recover his usual spirit and activity. Shutting himself up at the Rosery, he shunned all intercourse with the world, and became dull, cold, and misanthropical. The summer of his days fled by unheeded and unimproved. On the departure of his former friends, he had lost all who had any sympathy with the poignancy of his grief, who had any memories congenial with his own.

The winter, the dreary winter at length came on! His mind, worn out by continual feasting on its own bitterness, gave way; and like the last beams of the declining sun, the bright rays of intellect passed gradually away. Impenetrable night set in. His

grey hairs and madness came together!

IRISH BALLAD.

THE DEATH OF KATHLEEN.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

FAREWELL, ye bright visions! be silent, my lute!

I shall wake thee no more in these desolate walls,
Where his step has not sounded, his voice has been mute,
Since the war-trumpet called him away from his halls.
Oh, that sorrowful day! with the dawning of light,
I saw my own Dermot depart for the fight:
With helmet and crest, and his shield on his breast,
'Mid a host of the brave he was bravest and best.

The young lilies grow in the soft-falling showers,

The sun over mountain and forest shines bright;

I have nothing to do with the sun or the flowers,

For the darkness of death gathers fast on my sight.

O Dermot! my lost one! as gentle as brave!

Already my heart dwells with thee in the grave.

And sweet is the thought, to this desolate breast,

Of a long blessed dream in the shadows of rest.

SHE IS BAREFOOTED PASSING BY.

SHE is barefooted passing by: in a silken robe I'm clad; But summer flowers are around us both, and the earth with verdure glad. She hath the smile of youth and health; in her rags she is passing fair: Whilst *I*, in my silken, jewelled robe, wear the faded look of care.

Have we drunk from the self-same fountain the bitter waters of life, And turned away with o'erwearied hearts from the path of the world's vain strife?

Ah! the lovely earth to rest upon is the rest of a broken reed, And the fairest flowers of summer prime the hungry will not feed!

Hath music breathed o'er the summer flowers to which sad memory clings? And the withered flowers mutely breathed of dead and perishing things? Do I deserve my silken robe? is she not better than I? Had I my deserts, mine would be rags, hunger and poverty!

From my ragged sister's touching plaint dare I turn in scorn away— Decked with the gems that would give her food, and warmth for many a day?

Coldly murmuring, "Trouble me not; I have nought to spare for thee!" Blessed Redeemer! where is my hope, shouldest Thou thus answer me?

C. A. M. W.

THE ADOPTED SON.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

CHAPTER I.

She clung to me with that embrace,
When hope has fled the stricken heart,
And tears bedew the anguished face,
Which from grief's bitter sources start.
She clung—Oh heaven! what strength was hers!
The while for pity still she prayed;
Yet not one pulse of mercy stirs
The callous bosom that betrayed.
I marvel at my coldness now,
I marvel how I could so leave!
But since, O since! I've learnt to bow
As one remorse constrains to grieve.

In the commodious and splendidly furnished library of one of those extensive and magnificent domains in the west of England, (which foreigners regard with envy, astonishment, and admiration, as forming a complete contrast to their cold, empty, marble palaces, from the literal crowding together of every luxury, as if wealth delighted to display the very wantonness of prodigality), was seated a gentleman, apparently lost in the contemplation of some minute object which he held firmly between his clasped hands, and on which he gazed with an intensity amounting to agony.

It was the miniature of a young girl of most rare and touching beauty, just the face to rivet the attention and absorb the faculties. Fair to the extremest transparency, with eyes of the softest shade of the opening violet, eloquent, earnest, impassioned; hair of that dazzling auburn the sun makes golden, when resting full upon it; a small Grecian nose; lips as vivid as the scarlet holly berries, when Christmas snows appear to render them more ruby; and a form of breathing, matchless loveliness, as far as could be judged from the exquisitely moulded throat and bust.

Lord Beauchamp, who was so entirely and painfully occupied, could not be more than eight and twenty; of a tall, commanding figure, with a fine, expressive countenance; large, dark, luminous eyes; and a brow of singular intellectuality, but marked with thoughtfulness bordering on gloom; his thin lips curved at the corners, with that proud haughty determination which neither sorrow nor contrition could quite subdue.

His eyes were inflamed with recent weeping, and his lips still quivered with the powerful emotions of his soul. After holding the picture to those agitated lips for a considerable time, in silent ecstacy, lavishing on it those noiseless kisses which come direct from the heart, and then murmuring those ardent blessings which the forgetfulness of love bestows even on insensate objects; he arose, and replaced it in a secret drawer of his escritoir, from whence, taking a letter which bore evident signs of having been very frequently perused before, he reseated himself, with the air of a man resolved to dwell on every sentence it contained, yet as if well aware that only fresh torture awaited him from the voluntary self-infliction. Unfolding it with melancholy deliberation, he read half aloud its heart-rending contents, which were to the following effect:—

"Now that I have only a few hours to live, it appears as if ages would not suffice to tell you all I wish, dear, most dear Oswald; to reveal to you all my love; to crave all the mercy necessary for the hapless infant, soon to be motherless, and who was, from birth, fatherless, through the world's shame. Oh! when I am no more, cast an eye of compassion on his destitution, for the sake of her who could not survive your desertion, even for him; whose affection for you broke that heart which ought to have struggled on to watch over his feeble and unprotected innocence, but could not,—indeed, indeed, could not!

"Do not, however, upbraid yourself with my too premature death. You have not killed me, but fortune: that fortune which at the very dawning of existence, placed an insuperable barrier between us, yet which, in the headlong torrent of passion, was swept away to swell the wrecks of hope, scattered on the desolate shore of destruction.

"I alone am to blame for all,—for all I have suffered, for all you have endured. Oh! how in tears have I lamented over the anguish of your heart! I should have remembered that the lion could not mate with the lamb, nor the eagle with the dove; but I did not. I only thought of the pleasure of seeing you, hearing you, adoring you. Every other idea was banished willingly, forcibly, from my infatuated mind. I feared, I dreaded, to awaken from the dream which lulled me to such sweet, such delicious oblivion. I will not urge my extreme youth in palliation of this inconsiderateness. No! I scorn so ordinary, so contemptible, a

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subterfuge; for who can compute emotion by years? Your PIRST whisper of tenderness transformed the girl into the woman,—the reflective, contemplative, deeply-pondering, mysterious woman. It taught me the subtlety of affection; the generous trustfulness, the hope, the fear, the shame, and the concealment inseparable from a clandestine passion. It taught me to shrink from a look; to tremble at a word; to thrill with pleasure, or quail with despair. It taught me to weigh my thoughts, to study my actions, to enslave my tongue, and hold a guard over my very slumber. It taught me

all, even to DIE, for the love I could no longer call my own.

"Oh! when I learned, from the same precious lips, that it was imperative on you to wed one nobler born, that it was incumbent on you, endowed as you were by rank and fortune, beauty and talent, with all that was admirable or engaging, to seek a suitable alliance, to quit the frail being who could offer nothing but her love, who had nothing else to offer,—how did I receive the crushing intelli-Did I utter one reproach? did I breathe one complaint? did I once rave about the perfidy of man, or invoke heaven to curse the faithlessness which had betrayed me to my ruin? Did I expatiate on the immense sacrifice I had made for you? — the sacrifice which kingdoms could not repurchase, nor aught on earth compensate? Did I tell you that when I forfeited my honour I laid at your feet the dearest treasure of my soul, to be trampled in the dust, and that you had so trampled it to the death? Did I call upon my woman's pride to assist me in expressing my most outraged feelings, and shame you into remorse, for your cowardice? Alas! alas! I had no pride to evoke. Resentment is for those we hate; then, indeed, is it fiercely, imperiously fluent in vituperation. But all my study was to SPARE you, to evince my devotion, to implore pity, in place of that love, the very light of my existence. How abject I was, how did I humble myself! Ah! it was too truly my turn to sue, to beg, to entreat; you had nothing more to ask, and I, alas, everything!

"Oh, when I fell weepingly on your dear bosom, twining my arms around your neck in speechless, hopeless agony; how did I pray, in the deep anguish of my heart, that they might only relax their

tenacious hold in the cold stiffening remission of death!

"How, at that moment, you appeared to suffer, also! your scalding tears washed away your impassioned kisses from my lips, and your convulsive sobs stifled the blessed words of consolation you attempted to speak. Another almost choking embrace; another hurried prayer; another outburst of wild frantic grief, and you were gone—gone for EVER! The father of my child, the husband whose vows the angels above had recorded,—yet, whose perjury now rendered me an outcast, disgraced, abandoned, stigmatized, pointed at as a creature to be shunned, an example to be avoided, unfit for pity, unworthy of mercy. Oh! could I do aught but die,

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—die, to conceal my shame, sorrow, contrition and love? No! no! no!

"When lovely woman stoops to folly, And finds, too late, that men betray, What charms can soothe her melancholy? What tears can wash her guilt away?

"The only art that guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from ev'ry eye,
To bring repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom,—is to die.

"Yes, death is all that is left to me, and such as me.

"Again, again I crave commiseration for our child; on my knees, I crave it. Spare a portion of your wealth to shelter and sustain it. I would have bequeathed it to my poor old father, well knowing, that he would have cherished the sole and most unoffending relic of his dear lost one, when the grave hid her from his indignation, and only kindled the tenderer regret which mellows even the darker shades of crime to the softened hues which pardon loves to contemplate; but, I had not the cruelty to leave him the eternal memento of the shame I had occasioned; I may be forgotten by him now, God grant I may! but the sight of my living child would have recalled the past, rent the veil which age benignly draws over the fading senses, and re-opened the torturing wounds of that anguish, time has perhaps partially, if not wholly, healed.

"If you find it difficult to protect him, if it is attended with inconvenience, suspicion, make a confidant of your wife, endeavour to create an interest in her bosom, for my hapless babe; tell her she has nothing to fear, for, that his mother is dead. Oh! if she really and truly loves you, if she loves you as I have loved, she will rejoice in the sweet opportunity of extending her affection even to

the infant not her own, because it is yours.

"One personal favour I must still request, and remember it is my last; never mention my name to him, never strive to inspire a curiosity, a desire, a passion to know his mother; let me be as strange to him as the grave makes its inmates generally to the habitants of earth, for, why should he be made acquainted with one he must despise for her weakness, and contemn for the obloquy she entailed upon him? instinct teaching me, that none are so obdurate, so implacable as the unhappy beings we have loaded with infamy, we have cursed with a banned and blighted existence. And even if my sincere and lowly repentance shall gain me a passport to the mansions of everlasting rest, heaven's tranquillity will not afford peace if I am conscious there, that my son, with advancing years, learns to loathe and abhor the memory of his poor, frail, sorrowing, and contrite mother.

"Adieu! adieu, if you are but as happy as my expiring prayers would have you, you will not fail in any one degree of felicity, either here, or hereafter. Still, my own Oswald, your fond and faithful Mary. Your name I have sealed with a kiss,—the last, these icy lips will bestow on any earthly thing,—my babe I kissed, for ever, before."

"Yes, still your own Oswald, indeed my Mary, for ever, for ever your own!" exclaimed Lord Beauchamp, folding up the letter,

"your own, even unto the tomb!

"Every succeeding day but strengthens the divine influence your memory exercises over my heart. My sole pleasure is to steal away, as I have now done, to gaze on your idolized image; to commune with you in heaven; to bring forth from the hidden storehouse of my soul the treasures garnered there; to recall your beauty, your innocence, your devotion, your agony and death. Here, withdrawn from all the world, unmolested even by that eye, which appears to silently, yet eloquently, reproach me with my neglect; I can indulge in the fond reveries fantastic grief begets, I can in the bitter conviction of experience admit that a union of ambition is a hourly misery, and that all the gorgeousness of wealth, the magnificence of splendour, but mock the heart aching beneath the sickening void of lost, and mutual affection. Here, unseen, and unsuspected, I can meditate on the pious fraud, essential to the fulfilment of your last most venerated injunction. O Mary! Mary! would that your pure spirit could inspire me with some heaven-born idea, some seraph-whispered scheme of success. My wife is tender and humane, charitable, full of womanly compassion, and melting sympathy; she would yield to the first touch of mercy, I am confident, could she behold our boy, as the deserted offspring of some unnatural parent; and instantly extend the white wings of pity over its hapless infancy. But to trust her with the fatal secret of its birth,—to hope to excite her benevolence through the medium of my despair, would be a frantic impossibility. Our hearts are too estranged, I have treated her too coldly, too indifferently, to merit the smallest shew of favour at her hands. Quick as the flash that heralds in the storm, she would penetrate the truth, her jealousy would be aroused; for death is not sufficient to conquer the dread of rivalry, nor the grave's corruption enough to assure a wife, that she has nothing more to apprehend from the superior fascinations of her, who could once enslave!

"No, my Mary! Our poor chi'd must be discovered by the intervention of Providence alone; found as a stranger, reared as a stranger, it must win love for itself, a name for itself, fame, fortune, all, all that makes life desirable, all, all the young and daring covet; while I must stand aloof, or only aid the work by my secret tears, my secret prayers, my secret hopes in the goodness

and beneficence of the Almighty.

"A ray of light bursts on my soul, quickening the pulses of my heart, and sending the dancing blood through my whole excited frame. Is it an inspiration from you, my Mary? I must think! I must think! My brain spins round in a giddy whirl, and my eyes grow dim, with the dizzy faintness of my breast! How wonderful that these overpowering emotions do not annihilate us at once!

"I fancy, but soft! is it not a dream? I can, and that without betraying myself, accomplish the important object in view,—become a father to our child, increase my own and my wife's happiness, and appease your poor shade, my revered, my deplored love."

He buried his face in his two hands, and remained absorbed in profound thought for a considerable time; then looking up, he exclaimed with vehemence, "No! no! the more I reflect on it, the more I see the impossibility of making Lady Beauchamp acquainted with the sad facts of this truly perplexing dilemma. It would frustrate my whole plan; subject me to continual embarrassment and suspicion; and render the poor babe an object of hatred and scorn. Every gaze, every word, every caress I bestowed on it, even my most inadvertent actions, would be watched, misinterpreted, grudged, considered a violation of her dearer rights, a heart-exhaled homage to the more precious memory of his mother.

"Then, instead of imputing my austerity, as she now does, to constitutional moroseness, she would know that I was capable of ardent affection, that the deeper regret for another closed my bosom to all other attachments, and that it was her doom to be united to a being whose only earthly pleasure was to mourn the dead, to lavish the faint remains of the soul's passion on the child of the DEAD. How much more wounding to her pride, her love, than imagining my apathy proceeds alone from insensiblity to female fascinations!

"Is such unexampled, such disinterested, such godlike generosity to be expected from human nature, as is required to make her willingly receive, willingly love, willingly witness MY love for the offspring of one who for ever excludes her from my heart?

"Boundless is the self-ahnegation of woman, I am well aware; but I dare not run the fearful risk of testing it in this delicate conjuncture; my own selfishness makes me tremble at the result, anticipate a failure: for it is far, far beyond me to comprehend such a sacrifice.

"Sweet heaven! in mercy guide me for the best! it is not for the gratification of vice nor the triumph of sensuality, I now implore your assistance, as my profane lips have been but too prone to do; but for the accomplishment of a sacred and imperative duty,—one you yourself strictly enjoin the necessity of fulfilling! Hear my prayer, then, O God, and GRANT it!"

CHAPTER II.

"When heaven and angels, earth, and earthly things,
Do leave the guilty in their guiltiness,
A cherub's voice doth whisper in a child's;
There is a shrine within thy little heart
Where I will hide, nor hear the trump of doom."

Maturin's Bertram.

Ir was a lovely evening, in the early part of the month of June, when Lord and Lady Beauchamp set out for a stroll in the park. The sky was beautifully serene; the soft, balmy air strongly impregnated with the delicious odour of a profusion of American shrubs, and rich gum-trees, which a recent shower had refreshed from the languor of meridian heat into fragrant and vigorous exhalation. The birds, nestling in the snowy blossoms of the thorn, sang their sweet vespers to the setting sun, and gratefully took leave of that orb, whose glowing beams would awaken them

to love and gladness on the morrow.

Poor Lady Beauchamp was peculiarly subdued by the harmony of the whole scene; nature appearing to sympathize in the new and attempered felicity of her heart. It was the first time, since their ill-fated marriage, that her husband had ever volunteered a tele-à-tele promenade,—the first time that he had bestowed the gentle and almost imperceptible attentions upon her, now thrilling her bosom with nameless, inexpressive ecstacy. Tears sprang into her eyes as the thought arose, that perhaps, at last, he might love her-might appreciate her devotedness. She knew his feelings had not been consulted, any more than her own, by their ambitious parents, whose only object in uniting them was to join two large neighbouring estates. Yet to her he had soon become all that was lovely, loveable, precious, and endearing; and oh, might she not, in time, become the same to him, if she had but patience to wait for the slow but sure blossoming of the ALOE of love? She must recollect the difference of their situations. He had been launched long on the world; had been initiated in its mysteries, satiated by its pleasures, learnt to compare things, and acquire fastidiousness

The finely polished edge of novelty was blunted by familiarity with all that at first excites, charms, intoxicates: the acute perception, the delicate refinement, the innate abhorrence of contact with the grosser materiality of sense over reason, had gradually yielded to the rude jostlings of the vulgar crowd. While she, pure

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and uncontaminated as the forest flower, had only viewed the same world through the elevating medium of poetry,—had been taken from the almost oriental seclusion high birth imposes on young English maidens, to marry a man nearly an utter stranger; without one hour's practical experience; ignorant of the very names of sorrow or disappointment, and only discovering that they really existed in a tangible form, when the innocent out-pourings of her heart were checked by the chilling repulses of him who inspired them.

"Oh," she mentally ejaculated, as she stole a timid glance at her silent and absorbed husband, "when his mind is less preoccupied—when he has shaken off the intolerable weight his too
great passion for study and retirement engender, and CAN perceive
how truly, how constantly vigilant I am for his happiness and
repose, he will repay me with at least a sweet, fond gratitude!
Any return from him would only be too priceless a blessing!"

A slight pressure of the arm on which she tremblingly leaned, seemed to sanction the tender train of thought in which she was indulging—seemed to assure her it was divined, RECIPROCATED; and a kind, considerate inquiry whether she was not fatigued, confirmed her sanguine anticipations of future bliss.

"If you are not tired, my love, we will go on to the Hermitage, where you can rest. It is a long while since we visited it, Emily.

"Oh, very long! How delightful, Oswald, that you should think it so! I fancied I was the only one who marked the distance of time with regret, since our last happy day there!"

As they turned into the narrow, winding path which conducted to the pretty, romantic cottage, a faint cry of distress struck on their ears. Both started at the sound, but Lady Beauchamp, recovering her presence of mind, first observed, "It must be a sick or wounded deer; for I have understood it is the instinct of those animals to retire to solitude when ill; the herd are so persecuting, then.

"Look! there it is, I declare, under that oak, Oswald," she continued, pointing to some white object lying on the ground; "come, let us see what is the matter with the poor thing:" saying which, she ran eagerly towards the tree, literally dragging her husband after her.

"Oh, heavens! it is an infant, and alone too! How imprudent of the mother to leave it here! One of the gamekeeper's wives, I suppose, gone with her husband to count the herd. What a lovely child, and how beautifully dressed!—too expensively, and with too much taste, for a peasant's."

The babe, as if encouraged by the gentleness of her voice, renewed its feeble cry more plaintively, stretching forth its little arms, as if to reach her bending neck.

She could not resist this pathetic appeal, but seating herself

instantly on a moss-grown stump of the tree, she took the infant on her lap, and endeavoured to soothe it by the most endearing expressions; those expressions which flow spontaneously from woman's lips, when her heart's commiseration is awakened for the hapless or destitute.

It soon rewarded her with one of those short, musical laughs, which break from the gladness of infancy, whose nature is too

harmonious for grief to have any enduring memory.

Lord Beauchamp stood with his arms folded on his bosom, entranced to silence at the contemplation of this almost scraphic picture: whilst a moisture gathered in his eyes, which but for shame, he would have pronounced a tear.

"Look at it, Oswald! did you ever see a more engaging creature?" exclaimed Lady Beauchamp, as, delighted with the fascinations of the child, she continued to admire and caress it, with prodigal profuseness. "Do! do look at its winning ways!"

There was no necessity to call her husband's attention so pointedly to the laughing, fondling little thing; for what else did he see or hear than that child's beauty, that child's mirth? Nothing,

NOTHING!

As Lady Beauchamp casually glanced from the child to the ground, a small slip of paper caught her eye, lying at her feet, which had evidently fallen there very recently, as it was perfectly clean and dry. On taking it up and examining it, she saw, written in a lady-like but weak hand, "To the compassionate and heaven I bequeath my child." "Then it is absolutely a foundling, poor little babe! Oh, how could a MOTHER desert such a treasure? Had it been mine, I protest, nothing but death should have separated us."

"And death alone may have separated that child from its mother," replied Lord Beauchamp, in a tone of singular solemnity.

"Well, my dear Oswald, it is quite apparent that the Almighty has thrown it on our mercy. We are rich, childless, or, were we not, room might still be found in our hearts for this friendless one. Are we not, therefore, signally called upon to protect it, to ADOPT it?"

A thrill of ecstacy, amounting to agony, rushed through Lord Beauchamp's entire frame, at this last sentence of his deceived wife. He dared not trust himself to speak; he even retreated a few paces from her, lest she should hear the wild throbbing of his heart. But, without heeding his emotion, she continued, "Pray, do not refuse my request. I feel drawn to this child by an irresistible but invisible cord; I feel that I could love it exceedingly, that it would be the greatest comfort, solace, amusement to me. May I take it home? Its little arms cling tightly round my neck, and its soft lips are pressed in sweet, innocent confidence to mine, as if, intuitively, it were conscious it had found a mother."

"Do with it as you will, my spotless wife. You can only do right in following the dictates of your heart, whose every impulse is as pure as the angels above. O Emily! you are too, too good for me! too superior! Your present admirable conduct overpowers, humiliates me. I can never imitate your virtue, nor steal one perfume from the rose, although so near it.

"I would not suffer another eye to witness this strange weakness," he continued, actually sobbing with contending feelings, as he beheld his child, Mary's child, in the sheltering arms of his virtuous, amiable wife; "but you are all generosity: besides, it is

your own sensibility which has thus unmanned me."

"Oh, this is the happiest moment of my life! May it be only the dawning of that felicity I have so long implored a merciful God to bestow on us, my dear, most beloved husband! But indeed, indeed, delightful as it is to be so praised by you, I cannot but feel that the noble exaltation of your own bosom overrates an act of common charity, magnifying it into one of sublime magnitude.

"It is by no means of so disinterested a character, I blush to admit. I expect a most ample recompense in the gratitude of my precious charge, in its love, worth, and talent. I shall be its sole instructress for years to come; its first lisp shall be your name, its first lessons your good and golden opinions, your great and inestimable qualities, teaching him to prize and imitate them. Oh, what a labour of love is before me! what an employment in solitude! what a resource against weariness or sorrow! I shall never be lonely now; never sad again!"

How opposite were the secret feelings of both respecting their

artless protégé, as they retraced their steps to the house!

Lady Beauchamp, marvelling at the ready compliance of her husband with her scarcely-expressed desire, her mere whim, looked at him with that boundless admiration, so earnest and so reverential, which the display of apparently extraordinary liberality excites in the really noble-minded; while he, restrained and intimidated by the consciousness of the flagrant deception he had practised on her unsuspecting credulity, shrank from those searching glances, which conscience robbed of all their benignity, and felt afraid to evince even the ordinary emotion such an affecting incident might well kindle in a breast not totally devoid of tenderness, lest she should penetrate the truth: envying her the free and unconstrained manner in which she gave way to the womanly sympathy of her heart, on the occasion.

Alas! for the dark, dread mysteries of some human hearts! What continual struggles at concealment! what terror of discovery! what perversion of every harmless phrase! what suspicion! what cowardice arising from hidden guilt! What subserviency it teaches! what concessions it compels! what slavery

it entails! what injustice it fosters! what remorse it awakens! what abhorrence of life it creates! and what a FEAR of death it in-

spires!

Wonderful that man can battle with such a foe,—and that, too, without a hope of victory or confidence of triumph! for, who ever conquered it, or broke from its galling chains, when once enfettered by them? Joy, mirth, hope, pain, and sorrow, may be forgotten; but guilt never!

CHAPTER III.

"Guilt hopes for peace, alas! but ne'er can find That panacea for the tortured mind; Still, still the hydra-headed, monstrous thing, Accusing conscience, rouses up to sting The bosom courting the serene repose Which only innocence spontaneous knows. Ah! vain the enemy to seek to quell, Endowed with procreative powers of hell!"

GREAT was the amazement of the domestics on beholding the slight, elegant figure of their lady bending under the precious burden she was carrying; and greater still their curiosity to learn in what manner she had suddenly become possessed of the lovely infant, so tenderly cradled in her arms. But that deference invariably awarded to superior rank, restrained every outward demonstration of it, and they were fain content to remain respectfully silent, until the countess condescended to explain the apparent mystery, which she doubtless would not fail to do immediately.

Much to their disappointment, however, and as if she really had no regard to their feelings, her first care was, to order some suitable nourishment for her little charge, naturally concluding it had been some hours without food; her next was, to consign it to the custody of her own maid, with strict injunctions to pay it every attention, until a regular nurse could be provided; which, although as in the case of Moses, there was no vigilant sister to bring its own mother for such delightful purpose, yet Providence, equally merciful, omitted not to send a kind, anxious friend to its succour:

for, on the following morning an application was made for the situation by just the nice, healthy, attentive person required.

Lady Beauchamp, in repeating over and over again to Martha Stevens, with the most benign solicitude, her wishes respecting the comfort of her sweet protégé, did not imagine that she was instructing one in her duty whose whole soul was devoted to the task. She was satisfied that the dear child showed no repugnance to her, on the contrary, seemed to welcome her as a fond, familiar thing; for a bright smile of recognition illumined its beautiful face, and its tiny arms twined round her neck in all the confidence of infancy.

In fact, Martha was no stranger; she was the sole being who in her humble heart, imitating the Saviour of the world, clung to Mary Hamilton with Christian love and charity to the last; remembering her only as the mild, forbearing young mistress she had served in her days of happier innocence,—the ready palliator of every fault; the prompt consoler of every sorrow; the gracious, the gentle, and idolized daughter of him she had been taught from her girlhood to venerate and respect,—her own village pastor.

When Mary stole at midnight from the simple home she had disgraced, Martha was her companion. When she was overwhelmed with agony at her blighted hopes, at her sins, her disobedience, ingratitude, Martha spoke of peace, of pardon, of mercy; Martha kissed the tears from her eyes, the murmurs from her lips; Martha recalled to her complaining heart the prayers she had herself instilled, of resignation and submission. And when the hour was come which verified the curse of our fallen nature, "In sorrow shalt thou bring forth," Martha, stifling her own sobbing anguish, aided the poor sufferer with earnest, unwearied watchfulness, until her pangs ceased, and her babe slumbered serenely on that bosom, the heavy consciousness of guilt had for ever robbed of rest.

When self-reproach grew past endurance, when remorse continually brought to view the aged and forlorn father she had abandoned, and she closed her eyes in death, to shut out the appalling image, Martha saw her laid in a distant and obscure grave; and then on foot bore her dying legacy to the abode of its noble father, planned with him the romantic mode of its adoption, happily beheld its success, and then on her grateful knees received the joyful summons to attend it in its new and more prosperous career.

Lady Beauchamp was painfully anxious to discover to whom the babe could possibly belong, examining every article of dress with the most minute scrutiny, in the hopes of finding a name on some of them at least, to lend a clue to conjecture; but not even an initial rewarded the prying search.

No one except the accustomed frequenters had been observed to

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enter the park the day the infant had been found, nor had any stranger arrived at the hamlet except Martha, who easily and simply accounted for her appearance, by stating that she was the childless widow of a poor soldier, who had died on his passage home from one of the recent battles; and that she had come into the neighbourhood to crave assistance from a rather wealthy relative, whom she found was also dead; and she was on the eve of quitting it in despair, when she heard of the situation she had providentially obtained.

Many and serious were the consultations respecting an appropriate name for the young foundling, at all of which Lord Beauchamp was present, and at times almost excited suspicion by the nervous agitation under which he laboured. Once in particular, when Lady Beauchamp jestingly proposed calling him Oswald, after himself, his trepidation was alarming in the extreme. In any other he would have pronounced it malicious design, but

in HER it could only be pure accident.

Martha at length deferentially suggested that Oakleigh Hamilton would be a pretty and suitable name for the darling, he having been actually discovered under an oak-tree near the village of Hamilton.

This then was decided on, much to her satisfaction; as by this pious fraud it would bear the name of its mother, almost poor Mary's expiring wish.

A beautiful child soon endears itself to all; for, cold indeed must be that heart which does not melt to instant tenderness at

its artless, infantile fascinations.

Every member of the household made Oakleigh a toy, a recreation, disputing with Martha her envied privilege of monopoly; and even bribing her with honied words, and magnificent promises of sundry ribbons and shawls, to relax it in favour of those quite as fond of the lovely little creature. But to Lady Beauchamp he soon became an object of most engrossing affection. She felt it was to him that she was indebted for the more constant and unreserved intercourse with her husband, which she now enjoyed; for Lord Beauchamp, satisfied in a measure with having complied with Mary's express desire regarding her babe, no longer secluded himself, to indulge in those mysterious communings with her memory; taking a greater pleasure in devoting his late solitary hours to the object of her last earthly anxiety; feeling the attentions he bestowed on it, and the smiles he received in return, acted as a soothing anodyne to his wounded spirit.

When he adopted the destitute offspring of his once adored and still lamented Mary, the fruit of his guilty love, the occasion of her premature death, he never once reflected on any after consequences, any sufferings, perplexities, disappointments. It was sufficient for the moment to shelter, succour, and befriend the isolated innocent,

the motherless one, thrown on his tardy justice and mercy. when a few fleeting years transformed the laughing, prattling cherub into the handsome, intelligent youth; when every succeeding day developed some exterior grace, some new and striking charm of mind; when a refined and cultivated education assisted the natural abilities with which he was most extraordinarily endowed, and he became the most fascinating, accomplished, and intellectual of human beings—then, then, Lord Beauchamp perceived, when too late to remedy the evil, that that which he had intended to be only an act of benevolence, a righteous compensation for past transgressions, a source of peaceful and holy gratification, would, in all probability, prove the origin of eternal misery and anguish.

Nor was this the sole cause of sorrow he had to endure in silence and secrecy. He felt that the son he must never acknowledge had become absolutely necessary to his very existence; that he loved him with the most ardent, enduring, exclusive devotion.

All great passions must be concentrated. By diffusing them they are enfeebled and diluted in their effects. Hence it was, with the exception of the tender and amiable friendship he had long since conceived for his truly exemplary wife, Oakleigh was the only object living, on whom he could lavish the warmth of his impassioned heart. Yet, him he loved with fear and trembling, foreseeing the day must come, when the evasive subterfuges which satisfy the heedless boy, would no longer content the thoughtful, inquiring man, curious to agony to learn his claims on his generosity,—why he protected him,—in fact, who, and what he was?

How reply to such interrogations? How answer them without

kindling the suspicions he so much dreaded to awaken?

How could he endure to behold that ingenuous brow darkened with the shame of illegitimacy? How could he endure to hear that joyous voice checked in the gushing current of the heart's gaiety? How could he endure to see that dauntless eye quail beneath each gaze it encounters; and for no self-committed crime, but, for the turpitude of him who had cursed his wretched child with a degraded and loathsome birth?

"Oh, my son! my own idolized, adored son, rather may I bewail thy death, than that thou shouldest survive only to load me with reproach and execration! Yes, far, far easier, would it be to weep over thy grave, as I have wept over thy mother's, than that thou shouldest still live on to blast with thy just hatred and abhor-

rence, the guilty author of thy despised being!"

The fearful anticipation of the misery the future might produce, destroyed every moment of present enjoyment, and, haunted by the gaunt spectres of coming events, which to the guilty, do indeed cast their shadows before, he knew no peace night nor day; and almost, at times, goaded to desperation by the hidden anguish of Digitized by GOSIC

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his soul, he was ready to confess all to his deluded wife, and injured child, implore their pardon and mercy, or failing them, put a period

to a banned and blighted existence.

Yet, when he beheld the perfect happiness of the two beings so precious to his heart, he trembled to interrupt their felicity,—he hesitated to step in between them, as the demon of discord, to mar their repose, to plunge one into shame and disgrace, and the other into doubt, distrust and jealousy. Now he was in full possession of the entire affection of both, why then madly risk the loss of such a priceless treasure?

No, no, no, he would still struggle on, and atone by patient

endurance for his offences.

As if to rivet the bonds of the hitherto isolated and estranged pair, more indissolubly, by the sole link of mutual sympathy thus thrown by fortune around their hearts, every hope of a family was crushed as soon as formed; until they both resigned themselves to the inevitable doom of being totally childless, but, for the adopted one, who shed the light of partial paternity over their desolate path.

Often and often, when Oakleigh rushed into the room where they were seated, glowing with health, after his gallop in the park, to fling his arms with impatient ecstacy round the neck of Lady Beauchamp, or to recount to Lord Beauchamp, with the voluble excitement of unrestrained confidence, the wonderful exploits of his poney; calling them papa and mamma, in the eager vivacity of the recital; they would, whilst contemplating his fine animated countenance, marking his eloquent and expressive gesticulations, and listening to his clear, musical voice, and that distinct enunciation, which so forcibly depicts the finished education, wish indeed, that he were their son, the heir of their proud name, the inheritor of their vast and princely fortunes.

At such times, Lord Beauchamp, unable to conceal his emotion, would rush franticly from the apartment, and hurrying into the deep recesses of a neighbouring wood, endeavour to lose in bodily fatigue and exertion, the agony of mind that tortured to delirium, at the idea, that, but for his own vicious indulgences of forbidden passion, all might have been precisely as he would now have it.



Sick as the earth, when by volcano heaved, Or mother, of her last fair babe bereaved; Is he, that hopeless-hearted, weary man, Who measures life's interminable span With sighs and tears, deeming it ne'er will end,—That death, which doth in turn each wretch befriend, Hath him forgotten. How his soul doth crave For the impassive quiet of the grave!

FIVE more years elapsed, in a state of almost unvaried monotony, their dull circuit alone interrupted by those paroxysms of remorseful repentance, equally inexplicable to the countess and Oakleigh; or, by those passionate outbursts of tenderness, which afforded Lord Beauchamp the most exquisite delight, when the demon of self-reproach would permit the poor tortured wretch to indulge in them, for his idolized son.

These fitful alternations of feeling, this waywardness of humour, accompanied, as it ever was, with the most profound and touching melancholy, and totally free from moroseness or caprice, only endeared him the more to the two amiable beings, who watched with the eyes of benign commiseration, his every movement; comprehending and responding, from the inmost recesses of their affectionate hearts, the deprecating, the imploring dependency and abandonment of the suffering object of their fondest solicitude, whose every look and word appeared to say, "Bear with me, for pity's sake."

The young and sanguine Oakleigh, however, felt no ennui from this uneventful existence, no yearning for the gayer, and more exciting scenes of pleasure and dissipation. Buoyant with health and spirits, and with a mind of the most perfect and childlike simplicity, he could not conceive it possible for any earthly state to be

happier than that which he enjoyed.

To him, ignorance was indeed bliss; ignorance of the world, of society, of men and manners, for it had been the policy of the conscious father, to rear him in the most entire seclusion; naturally apprehending a more extended intercourse with the heartless votaries of fashion, would lead to unpleasant surmises; and in time rend the veil of that mystery, which enveloped his luckless birth.

Nor did he experience any compunction, at this selfish appropriation of the youth of Oakleigh, imagining, with the lien is a sophistry of one who has himself erred, that he was

from like sin, and like contrition. "He can but be happy," he mentally observed, "and he is so; I am not robbing him of anything, on the contrary, I frame and conceive new sources of gratification for him; would the world do the same? would it not, rather, by undermining health, destroying principles, blasting ambition, and mortifying pride render him, now so content, miserable and dissatisfied, ailing in body and mind, unfit for earth or heaven?"

Nor was the fear of discovery, the sole motive which induced Lord Beauchamp thus to estrange himself and family from all society. Another, and a juster one influenced him, the wish to save that fortune for Oakleigh, which his education would require,

and of which his birth deprived him.

This desire, which amounted shortly to a most dominant passion, carried the contrite parent to the very verge of parsimony; and year after year he gloated over accumulated thousands for his darling boy; counting his gains with the delight only known to those, who are stimulated to action, by a strong and holy sense of retributive compensation, for injuries inflicted. "Thank heaven, Oakleigh would be amply provided for, thank heaven for that consolation!" This was his constant ejaculation, night and day.

A few weeks after Oakleigh had attained his nineteenth year, Lord Beauchamp was considerably surprised at receiving the following affecting letter, from the Duke of Somerville, an early and dear friend, whose long residence in Italy had gradually occasioned a cessation of their once constant correspondence:—

"My dear Beauchamp,-

"After years of such total silence, I am fully aware of the astonishment my breaking it will cause you; yet, deluded by the distance of time which has intervened since we last heard of each other, which lends the softening touch to memory, and invests the precious past with inexpressible tenderness; I cannot but hope, that the surprise you will feel on receiving this, will be of a pleasing nature; and that your heart kindling with old and never-forgotten youthful associations, will leap with ecstacy at the prospect of our again embracing, as mine is doing at the bare idea of such felicity.

"How strangely, how magically are the gathering mists of age, (the clouds which precede the tempest-storm of death) dispersed! as, hurrying back to the threshold of life, I again behold you, as you then were, the high-spirited, dashing man of fashion, the delight of the women, and the envy of the men, heir to an ample, unencumbered fortune, and still richer in health to enjoy the pleasures it could procure. Yours seemed a heart impervious to or care; one that nothing could touch, to shake its happy

thless equilibrium! Nor was I less favoured by fortune.

Alas! did I misapply the bounties of Providence? did I forget the poor and needy, and him that hath no helper, in my selfish prosperity; that I have been so sorely visited since? driven to exclaim with Jacob, "If I am bereaved of my children I am bereaved."

"I have lived an exile in a foreign and detested country, for the sake of the adored ones, I have only possessed to value and bewail.

"The climate of England was pronounced fatal to them; yet what have the vaunted southern breezes effected? That boasted land of promise, to which so many equally deluded parents bear their tender blossoms, only to have them shaken to the earth, proved of no avail to mine; they fell around me, as fall the frail petals of its native pomegranates, actually expiring with a mocking hue of health on their cheeks. Six fair creatures have I committed to the grave, watering with my vain and fruitless tears the turf that sprung up in spontaneous verdure, to cover their spotless remains.

"My tender wife, struggling between her conjugal, and maternal affection, yielded her gentle spirit in the contest. Haunted by regret, and weary, even to the heart's loathing, of every scene around, as recalling all I have lost; I hasten to quit a land enriched with my buried treasures; and, with one remaining girl, return to the less genial, but, infinitely more beloved shores of Britain; to die, like the aged Barzillai, 'in mine own city, and be buried by

the grave of my father and mother.'

"My Ellen is beautiful, more beautiful than it would become me to describe; for, added to the most exquisite charms which ever adorned a high-bred, carefully nurtured maiden of eighteen, is the more winning and soul-subduing one, of extreme feminine sensibility, a sensibility awakened by witnessing the desolation of her father's house; her father's heart lending a thrilling tone to her voice, an unspeakable grace to her every action, and surrounding her, as at were, with a purer and more subtile atmosphere, than mortals breathe below. She is literally worshipped here as a divinity, but, I rejoice to say, her bosom is invulnerable to the fulsome incense, daily offered at the shrine of her immaculate English loveliness.

"In her are centered all my hopes, to her I look for such an alliance as will perpetuate the yet unblemished honour of my name. You will, perhaps, marvel that such a stricken wretch should heed ambition, or indulge one aspiration for it; but, it is the cleaving curse of man's nature, the last earthly vanity he is swayed by, and over which death can scarcely triumph. So strong is it, in my else prostrate mind, that sooner than relinquish its claims with this, my sole remaining child, obdurate as such a confession may render me in your estimation; I would, I swear, consign her to the tomb too, and be alone, for ever alone; and how isolated her death would make me, God, and my own riven heart, only know.

"But of such a calamity I have no apprehension, for Ellen is as

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nobly proud as she is surpassing lovely; in that respect she is indeed the counterpart of her father, shrinking intuitively from the shadow of degradation. I firmly believe, one clothed in angelic attributes, if failing the gifts of birth, would only meet her scorn and derision.

"I shall not await your reply, so impatient am I to embrace you, and endeavour to lose in your cheerful society, the sorrow that has quite overwhelmed my soul; a sorrow which you, in your less chequered career, can have no conception of. No, man must be tried, to feel for man; unvaried prosperity dries up the springs of sympathy, and parches the flowers of commiseration, drooping around the self-engrossed heart. Yet, in your own felicity, endure with the misery I shall bring, for a while, to your hearthstone; only endure it, its gloom will render your sunshine the brighter. Tell Lady Beauchamp to open her arms, for my motherless girl is ready to fall in weeping gladness into them. And, O Oswald! do you open yours for me, for only on your bosom can I hope for peace, the peace of forgetfulness. In a few days expect us; yet, having resolved to come to you, those few days will possess the tediousness of years; for grief, as well as love, endows minutes with the slowest of time's movements, when anxious to attain its fondest wish. Until then, believe me, as ever, my dear Beauchamp. Your's, most faithfully,

SOMERVILLE.

"P.S. Perhaps you may have a son; then, indeed, will the most ardent of my hopes be fulfilled; for, for her father's sake, would my Ellen learn to love him, and her, he could not fail to adore."

Lord Beauchamp read this letter several times; but, he dwelt only on the postcript: "Perhaps you may have a son." "He kad a son! one every way worthy to win the fairest lady's love; but, alas, branded with a stigma, which would for ever render his vows unpropitious; for, would the haughty Duke of Somerville consent to unite his only child to a bastard? No, no, no. Nothing therefore was to be done, but deny him the hospitality he craved, and thus prevent the young people meeting; yet, how, alas, accomplish this, without exciting the very suspicion it had been the whole and sole business of his life to avoid? What a new and unexpected source of dread and anxiety was here! Yet how premature are my fears! Guilt doth indeed make cowards of us all! For, does it follow, because a partial father extolls his daughter, that she is so dangerously beautiful; or, even should it be so, must Oakleigh as a matter of course form that affection for the proud girl, which she would glory in rejecting? No, he may behold the charms with impunity, which are so fatal to the repose of the more effeminate Italians. At all events, come she must, and heaven, in mercy,

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regulate the rest! Still how completely does this inopportune visit overthrow the careful and painful study of long lingering years! It would have been better to have plunged the boy from his earliest youth, into the vortex of pleasure, than to have kept him, as I have done, in monkish retirement, with all his feelings fresh and uncontaminated, to kindle at the first glance of a bright eye, to consume his soul away, leaving nothing but the lava-ashes of despair behind!

"How shall I tremble at the first interview, how shall I watch the unconscious young creatures; wishing for the multiplied eyes of Argus, to pry into the secret recesses of their coy bosoms, and snatch from them the hidden frame which will destroy one, if not both; and that one my own son! Surely it would be wiser, kinder, to tell him the truth at once, and then leave it to his innate integrity, how to act! Yet, what could I expect, but, that he would fly for ever; and could I banish my child? or, rather, conceal it not, thou selfish love, to which he has been sacrificed; could I exist without him? No, such fortitude is not human, is not mine.

"I shall be there to watch, and warn, to snatch him from destruction, as the frantic mother snatches her tender nurshing from

the danger threatening its life.

"The duke, too, thinks me so happy, so enviably happy! Why all the tears, thrice multiplied, which he has shed over his six dead children and his wife to boot, would count as nothing, to the measureless floods I have wept for my living one.

"How soon,—how soon will he discover, that, of the two, I re-

quire compassion the most! for, I am the most miserable."

CHAPTER V.

Sweet dream! illusion! yet break not the charm, Forbear the trustful bosoms to alarm, Blest in the ignorance of coming woe. Let sage experience its lore forego. What if we have all proved love's fallacy, That hope is germane unto misery; We've had our season of supreme delight, Our day of brightness, ere our starless night, Leave then to them their happiness as brief: Anon, anon, their future, too, of grief!

For two months had the Duke of Somerville, and the Lady Ellen Trevor, been the happy and most dearly welcome inmates of Ham.

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ilton Park. Yet, was Oakleigh's cheek as flushed with the hue of health, his eye as sparkling, his laugh as joyous, and his manner as marked by the cheerful and contagious vivacity, which bespeak-

ing a heart at ease, imparts gladness to all around.

Never had he displayed more exuberance of spirits, never had he appeared more engagingly handsome, never had his varied accomplishments been so brilliantly elicited, yet, without ostentation, or effort, with the perfect ease and naturalness of one unconscious of any superiority, either of mind or person.

Infinite was the relief of Lord Beauchamp, to find it thus; as Ellen was far more beautiful, and fascinating, than even her

father's glowing description had led him to anticipate.

How did his heart pour forth the grateful thanksgivings, which are only inspired by escaping a great and dreaded danger, to behold that precious boy unscathed by such surpassing charms!

Now he might really enjoy the society of his friend. Now he might cease his painful and spirit-wearing vigilance, for, there was nothing to apprehend. Oakleigh might ramble with her among the romantic dells, and listen to the warblings of the nightingale, or the lulling murmurs of the waterfall, to his heart's content; day after day, the sketches he made, and her heaps of violets, proved that their time was more usefully occupied, than in fostering a hopeless passion. Or, he might sing with her, the melodious strains of a Bellini, or a Rossini; and although the words spake of love, and Ellen's voice grew tremulous occasionally in uttering them, still they had but a passing effect, if any, on the impassive young man by her side.

"Love is indeed capricious, and certainly blind," mused Lord Beauchamp, "or, else that fair girl must have awakened those delicious emotions, but once felt in the human heart; but once! Yet, how inconsistent I am! I am almost blaming him for the insensibility, which literally saves him from irretrievable misery."

The duke, who had expressly come only for a few weeks at most, still delayed his meditated departure, until the Autumn was very far advanced, and social fireside reunions had taken the place of the more scattered and tête-a-tête-like out of door excursions.

Tranquilized by the uninterrupted intercourse he enjoyed with the friend of his boyhood; and, perhaps, more happy from finding him a prey to hidden anguish of mind, as being from that the readier to sympathize in his; and happy, peculiarly happy, that his gentle darling Ellen had found such a kind instructress, guide, friend, and adviser, as the elegant, accomplished Lady Beauchamp; and such a refined, deferential companion as the unassuming, attentive Oakleigh, (of whom, however, he made no particular inquiries, taking it for granted, that as he was a protégé of both the earl and countess, he must merit the favour they so undisguisedly lavished upon him); he hesitated to leave a spot fraught with such real comfort and affection.

At length, one evening, but with evident reluctance, he announced the necessity he was under of quitting them, for London, on the morrow.

At this unexpected announcement, Ellen, who was seated on a sofa, by the side of Lady Beauchamp, uttered a faint shriek, and fell fainting on her bosom. Oakleigh sprang forward instantly, to proffer assistance, but the duke, haughtily repulsing him, rang for her maid, with whose aid, and followed by the trembling countess, he conducted his daughter to her apartment.

Oakleigh, stung to the quick, by the hauteur of the duke, and anguish for the suffering girl, whose feelings had so unguardedly betrayed her, remained silent, struggling against the contending emotions, which nearly overpowered him; whilst Lord Beauchamp, terribly enlightened by this apparently trivial incident, strode up and down the room, with a heart beating so loudly, that he dreaded it might be heard by his poor stricken son. But no! Oakleigh was too deeply and agonisingly absorbed, to be even conscious of

his father's presence.

Starting from his reverie, and raising his firmly clasped hands above his head, he exclaimed, with passionate indignation, "Spurned like a viper! not allowed to touch her. My Ellen, she whom I idolize; she who only this day, this very day, which, on my knees I blessed, for its felicity, confessed her love for me, swore with blushes and with tears, to be mine and mine alone! Those tears that I kissed off that pearly cheek, those vows my lips received from her's, I feel, I feel them yet thrilling with ecstacy my enamored soul. Oh, Ellen, Ellen! have we only dreamed of Have we now awakened to the blasting reality, you so dreaded from your father's implacable pride? You warned me so to dread, and—I have no father to vindicate my cause!"

A message now coming from the duke, requesting a few moments' conversation in private with Lord Beauchamp, made Oakleigh aware that he was not alone, and rushing from the room in inexpressible confusion, he sought his own chamber, to endeavour to compose his mind; but, whilst he was still buried in profound and bitter reflections, Lord Beauchamp entered, his face was startlingly pale, and his eyes red and swollen with weeping.

"I am glad to find you still up, Oakleigh," he observed, in a faltering voice, "as I wish to offer you all the consolation in my

power, my poor boy."

"I then have need of consolation, my Lord? Am I indeed an object of pity? I, so envied, so happy! What then has the duke said? conceal nothing from me, I implore you. What objections does he offer to our union; or, will he at once consent to it?"

"Never, Oakleigh, never will he consent to it; he has sworn it on his knees, while I, on mine, strove by prayer and entreaty, to stay the fatal oath."

"But why? but why? Ellen loves me."

"Yes, too fondly for her misfortune."

"Misfortune, my lord! is it then a misfortune to love me? Yet, it may be,—it may even be a disgrace,—for who indeed am I? Often and often have I asked myself the question, but in the heedless happiness of my luxurious existence, in my dream-like deception of being, I paused not for a reply. But now, but now, when the illusion is destroyed, and I am thoroughly conscious that I have been practised upon, deceived; yet, God knows for what; I ask you, my lord, as you hope for heaven's mercy, to answer me. You must, you must, for I can brook no idle delay."

"What! are the long years of obligation for boundless affection to be forgotten, to vanish, for the love of a few weeks' duration, Oakleigh? Cannot I, cannot Lady Beauchamp, console you for

its loss?"

"No! nothing, nothing can. I am not ungrateful, I esteem, I venerate you. I thank you for all you have done, for all you may yet do. But, what is that? what are the combined gifts of the entire universe, compared to the unique, the isolated affection of Ellen Trevor? O tell me, tell me, if you love me as you say, what is the insurmountable barrier thus suddenly erected between me and felicity. Tell me! see, on my knees I entreat you not to refuse! can you be deaf to my prayers? Can you be deaf to these choking sobs? O my lord, relent, be merciful, or suspense will kill me!"

"O my God! thou who hast never forsaken me, since thou first quickened me to sincere repentance, guide a miserable man, in

this most cruel emergency!"

"Guide him aright, just heaven! teach his heart the truth, compel his lips to give utterance to it; that I, at last, may know the dark mystery which blasts me on the threshold of bliss, that I, at last, may know my father."

"I am he!"

"You, my father! You! my benefactor, my friend! O, deny it! deny it! lest, forgetting indeed all that I owe you, I curse you for a shameful existence, and fling back the vile gift, for my aggrieved ghost to torture you to the frenzy I now endure. You my father? ha! ha! ha! ha! can man jest with man at the awful moment of approaching madness?"

"Oakleigh! I repeat I am your father: make me your murderer, if you will: heap curse on curse, until they reach the very gates of heaven,—I deserve it all; all you choose to inflict. Strike me to the earth; this bowed frame will not flinch from the blow!"

"My honoured father, forgive my intemperate grief! I feel I have greatly sinned against you, by expressing it. I, who have so often commiserated your secret sadness; and shall I be less merciful, now I know that I am the unhappy cause of it?"

"Oh, my son, my dear, generous son! would I could reward you for such noble sentiments! would I could crown your hopes! would I could recal the past! would I had died ere I stamped your birth with ignominy! Yet have I surely been punished for it; punished in the most sensitive part—a father's pride. Yes, my son; your perfection of character has been the retributive arrow, hurled by almighty wrath, to rankle in my tortured soul with the easeless agony of regret. If you had had but one fault, either of mind or person; one blemish, to reconcile me to the idea that you might have dishonoured my race,—but no! but no! in every respect you would have added lustre to it, my poor, wronged boy! Yet have you not witnessed my agony for years? have you not experienced the myriad acts of fond, atoning love? And now, Oakleigh, if my death could purchase your happiness, willingly,

joyfully, would I expire this moment."

"Alas! alas! it may not be! nothing can avert my fate. The sins of the father must be visited on the children. And I must learn submission to the inexorable, the irrevocable decree; learn to bid adieu to hope, happiness, joy, and pride, for ever. For what am I, that I should arrogate to myself such lofty birthright privileges?—an outcast, a scorned and hated thing, a bastard! Oh! if the young and profligate, when on the eve of plunging into crime, to gratify a temporary and lawless passion, would but pause to cast one glance into the dark future, and contemplate the hapless fruit of that guilty indulgence—bowed as I am bowed, spurned as I am spurned; ashamed to meet every honest eye, and shrinking from observation, lest the felon mark of his doomed birth provokes the scorn he is powerless to resent,—surely, surely, their better feelings would prevail, the baleful suggestions of selfish gratifications would be unheeded, and the world would have fewer of such reptiles as myself, crawling uselessly and despised over its ungenial and unpaternal surface! Leave me now, my father, I implore you; lest, in the loathing horror of my soul at finding myself the thing I am, I say that which will fall on your heart like molten lead, searing it to the core, with the fiery agony of the condemned below. I would not give you pain, my father, for all the brightest fortune could offer, if I knew it; but at this moment. when reason is yielding to despair, I cannot answer for myself,go, therefore, my lord,—go!"

"My lord! Oakleigh?"

"My father, my precious father, forgive me—I forgot; but go; pray, pray, go; I must be alone."

"My poor boy, heaven help you to forgive me.

Early on the following morning, the Duke and Lady Ellen took their departure; he, ceremoniously reserved, but she, despite of his presence, sobbed convulsively as she was led, or rather dragged to the carriage by him; and they smote on the heart of the

wretched Lord Beauchamp, who beheld in that sacrificed girl

another victim his guilt had made, as those sobs fell on it.

Oakleigh was spared this sad leave-taking, not having, as it was generally supposed, from motives of delicacy, appeared at the breakfast table. Indeed, he had not been seen by any of the family since the preceding eventful night. As soon, therefore, as the last sounds of the carriage-wheels died away in the distance, the countess, with true woman's sympathy, sought the chamber of the mourner, to pour the balm of hope into his wounds; for she had a tender, promiseful note from Ellen for him. To her great consternation she found it vacant, in great disorder, with all the marks of a hasty and clandestine flight. On the dressing-table was a letter, addressed as private, for Lord Beauchamp. This she lost no time in conveying to him, naturally concluding that its contents would verify her own surmises, that Oakleigh had been rash enough to precede Lady Ellen to London.

"Gone!" exclaimed Lord Beauchamp, with one of those sharp, shrill cries of agony which pierce to the very soul, ere he had read half the letter; "Gone!—Oakleigh, my son, abandoned me for

ever!"

"Your son, Oswald? Great heaven, what a surprise!"

"Yes, my son; my own, only worshipped, idolized son! Rad, read, and see how I have deceived you; read, and then de ert

me, too!"

"Me desert you, my poor, suffering husband; me abandon you, now in your most pitiable necessity?—never! never! Why, why did you not entrust me with this deeply important secret before? You know how I love the precious boy; how I have loved him with undeviating fondness from the first. I marvelled at my strong and ever increasing affection for him; but it was the blest intuition of my doating bosom taught me to adore your son. I thought it impossible for any circumstance to add to that affection; but now! but now! knowing who he really is, it amounts to complete idolatry!

"Now, too, I can account for that which I have frequently considered the effects of the wildest fancy—his resemblance to you. How, when looking from one dear face to the other, have I been bewildered to behold the same bland smile, the same intelligent glance, the same fine expression, nay, even the very tones of the voice were the same, thrilling my bosom with mysterious, almost holy ecstacy! Let us pursue the poor fugitive; let us track him step by step, until we overtake him, until he once more reposes beneath the roof of his father and his still fond foster-

mother."

"Dear, admirable, forgiving, angelic Emily! read the distracted boy's letter, and then you will see how hopeless is pursuit."

Lady Beauchamp picked up the letter, which had fallen on the

floor, and seating herself by her sobbing, prostrated husband, read with the deepest emotion the following hurried and incoherent

lines from Oakleigh.

"My father, have I then only found you to lose you for ever? Must all the years of that divinely-engrafted affection your kindness, your worth, your virtues have enrooted in the heart's inmost recess, be torn up by the hand of the most cruel adversity which ever blighted mortal being? Must even the yearnings of nature, whose pure instincts strengthened the hallowed and reverential love I felt for you, be stifled in that wretched heart, to add to its awful desolation? Yes! yes! yes! for ever are rent asunder the ties that bound us, invisibly, but powerfully; and I go to find the fame and fortune my birth denied me. I go, not to seek a name of which my own father robbed me; but to obtain that death which the spotless piety of your blessed and venerated wife taught me was sinful to self-inflict-or else, or else I might in this desperate moment, rush to the silence and solitude of that grave which, casting its benevolent shadow of oblivion over all earthly regrets, would teach me to forget how proud I might have been to be the son of such a parent as I am now quitting, to hide the disgrace he has heaped upon me!

"I do not mean to upbraid; I do not wish to afflict you. I repent already of my seeming harshness of expression; a tear falls to blot it out—the first I have shed since the blow descended which felled me to the earth. What a bitter tear it is! The softening memory of the many you have endeavoured to hitherto spare me, drew it from the dried fountain of my breast. Farewell, dear father; farewell, dear, precious mother; still, still permit the name from my outcast lips. The thought of you both, of your lavish love, will often wring a similar tear from the miserable wanderer, who may never share it more! Still shall I weep for you, when all other remembrances fail to touch my parched and

arid bosom.

"Pray for me; pray for the Oakleigh you have so truly and constantly loved; pray that God may forgive him for the pang he is too, too conscious that he is now occasioning. I go like a meteor through the sky, and leave no trace behind me. I go to steep some battle-field with the mingled blood of nobleness and shame; to lose a hated life; to die unknown. Sweet heaven support you! Now adieu to thee, my Ellen! my hope, my joy, delight, and wretchedness."

Lady Beauchamp folded up the letter with the most prolonged deliberation, fearing, when she had accomplished that mechanical action, her poor husband would expect her to say something consoling, and that, alas! she felt was impossible. She therefore observed the strictest silence, hoping that he would speak first, and thus give her a sort of cue to regulate her thoughts by his,

and, as it were, benignly humour his fancies. But he remained for hours immoveable, bent almost to the ground, with his face buried in his hands, through the fingers of which oozed the unwiped tears. And there, too, as immoveable, remained his patient wife, awaiting the propitious moment when she might venture to rouse him from the brooding sorrow, which was consuming his heart with the remorsefulness that ceases not but in

the grave.

This she knew was only to be effected by an entire and unreserved confidence; by a full unburthening of the oppressed mind. She, therefore, with that delicate interest, so opposite to a prying and impertinent curiosity, led him gradually to reveal all. She allured him to enlarge on every minutia; she even learned to gaze with composure on Mary's picture, to expatiate on her charms, to excuse his love for such a beauteous creature, to pity, to weep for the ruined, hapless, young mother, and to deplore that she, although unconsciously, had been the fatal cause of that separation which occasioned her death.

O woman! a ministering angel, thou, indeed, in the hour of adversity. When the storm bows us, and we know not whither to flee for shelter, thy arms receive us, thy bosom cradles us to rest, and thy smiles, on awakening, render all around brighter and

more cheerful.

For many months did the devoted wife pursue her anxious task, with an unwearied solicitude, a tender vigilance, which touched with responsive gratitude even the mournfully pre-occupied heart of her desolate husband. For his sake, she ceased not the most active and unremitting endeavours to gain tidings of the wandering and regretted Oakleigh; but despite of every effort, his destination remained shrouded in the most impenetrable mystery. Without money, and without friends, how was he existing? Was he still alive? or had he really, as he threatened, entered some regiment bound for India, and fallen unknown, and unlamented? He, so noble, so handsome, so good, so worthy of the love and admiration of the united universe!

The idea of his privations, sufferings, and loneliness, imbittered every moment of the miserable pair, and the certainty of his death would have been preferable to the awful torture they endured, from the suspense they were kept in on his account. To increase their anguish, Lord Beauchamp received a hasty summons to attend, in all probability, the death-bed of the broken-hearted Lady Ellen, from her frantic and repentant father.

"Come, I implore you, Beauchamp," wrote the duke; "come without a moment's delay; bring your wife, bring Oakleigh with you. I now consent to their union—would to heaven I had never opposed it! Ask him to forgive the blind ambition which pained him so much, which has so pained me since, which will perhaps

hurry my darling girl to the grave. Tell him, it is on my knees I revoke the oath I then uttered, substituting a blessing for him instead; on my knees I humbly entreat him to snatch her from the tomb. Oh! can his young and generous nature be proof against an old man's tears, an old man's prayers? Tell him, a frantic father appeals to him for mercy; the dying lips of love are calling on him to save, for happiness, the fond, young thing who cannot live without him.

"Come, come! my girl is grappling with death! Oh, come quickly, if you have any pity in your natures! I do not deceive you, I swear by the God who can alone befriend me in this dreadful hour; my Ellen is dying, has been dying for weeks and months. I never suspected her malady; I never suspected she could regret him so; for she never breathed his name, never reproached me by look or word; on the contrary, seemed anxious to spare me any pang I might feel for my conscious tyranny. And thus she has fostered, untold and unguessed, her secret sorrow in her own artless breast, until the ungrateful nursling has turned against her, to destroy.

"I could have resisted her wild upbraidings, her clamorous grief, her daring disobedience; but I cannot—oh! I cannot resist her pallid cheek, her sunken eye, her faint smile, only called up, too, when she sees me gazing on her with contrite agony. No! no! no! I cannot resist these too eloquent signs of a speechless woe; a woe which words could never describe! Come, then, my friends; come, then, my son; come, to stay an angel's flight, yet

a little while!"

"Oh! if Oakleigh knew this, how would he repent of his rashness; how would he bewail the impetuosity which hurried him away from all he held dear, from all who hold him dear!" exclaimed Lord Beauchamp. "Poor girl! poor girl! I fear we shall be no comfort to her, going without him. Yet, go we must, my love, and that instantly, for I have no doubt she is very, very ill; the young heart soon withers beneath disappointment."

CHAPTER VI

There is a young physician, Love yelept,
In the blest art a marvellous adept
For such sad malady—the sickness low,
Which tells the heart's infirmity and woe.
His skill alone the maiden can restore,
Now hov'ring on the dark, untrodden shore.
One smile of his, one whisper from his tongue,
The dismal shadows oft away have flung,
Encircling drooping Beauty for the grave:
And what sweet patient now for him to save!

Lord and Lady Beauchamp indeed found Ellen alarmingly ill; they were shocked beyond expression at the alteration a few months had effected in her. Not a vestige of the beauty which depends on health remained; but there was still the angelic sweetness of countenance, the feminine grace, the unstudied, simple elegance, which render the fading flower doubly interesting. She received her beloved friends with a flood of silent, passionate tears, in which they and her poor father joined. Then without uttering a word, she turned her tearful eyes towards the door, holding her agitated breath, as if expecting, listening for some one. At last, she said in a faint, stifled whisper to the countess, who was bending over her, "Is he not come too? I am quite prepared to meet him; the sight of Oakleigh can only do me good."

"He will follow us, my dear Ellen; he is ill."

"Ill!" she shrieked; "Oakleigh, ill!"

"That is, my dear love, he is not very well," said the countess,

alarmed at the energy she displayed.

"Oh! do not deceive me; if he were only ill he would have come with you. He is dead, dead first!—I know he is, I know he is."

"My sweet Ellen, be composed; Oakleigh is not dead. I would not deceive you, I could not deceive you; for illness such as yours, Ellen, spiritualizes the mind, and quickens the faculties to an intensity of perception which renders evasion impossible. You shall know all as soon as you are strong enough to listen to me, without having those emotions excited which would injure the health so invaluable to others, as well as yourself, darling," replied Lady Beauchamp, kissing her, tenderly, and replacing her fair head on the pillow.

"I am strong enough now; I promise to be quite calm. Sit down by me, then, and tell me what has happened since we parted.

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You used to be so fond of talking about your dear Oakleigh, once. You will find me as attentive as ever in listening to you, dear

mamma Beauchamp."

The kind-hearted countess could not resist this artless and winning appeal. Besides, she really considered it better to comply with Ellen's request, convinced that with a prepossession so pure and exalted as here for Oakleigh, there was nothing to fear from revealing the entire truth. On the contrary, it would rather tend to strengthen it, by exhibiting the object of her love under a nobler form: for what indeed could be more noble than Oakleigh's every sentiment, in the eyes of an enthusiastic, disinterested girl? Lady Beauchamp had not formed a wrong estimate of her character, for she highly approved of his proud resolve to seek independence for himself, in the only way left to his unfortunate class, through that glory, whose brilliancy eclipses even the stain darkling over an unhappy birth. When she had read his letter, a sort of indefinable hope took possession of her heart; that hope only known to lovers; that hope which indeed leads us on, nor quits us She felt, with Lady Beauchamp, that he was not when we die. dead, and from that hour she really appeared to rally in health and spirits; hers being rather that wearing lassitude of mind than any corporeal indisposition, from which she wanted rousing, by some stimulating, some active counteraction, to awaken her from the torpor of despair, into which the too wide separation from the only being who had ever kindled a reciprocal attachment had plunged her.

This was effectually done by giving her thoughts a new and busier train—the recovery of her lover; the discovery of his present concealment; the endeavour to convey that information to him

which would bring him back on the wings of hopeful love.

Every moment was now spent by the anxious group, not only in fond conjectures respecting him, but in active and incessant pursuit to learn his actual position. Whilst the yet sadly feeble state of poor Ellen confined Lady Beauchamp, commiseratingly, to her sick chamber, the duke and Lord Beauchamp were arduously engaged in making the researches requisite for the happy consummation, so ardently and devoutly wished for by all.

During the long intervals of their absence, Ellen was made acquainted, by her gentle nurse, and friend, with every particular of her affianced husband, from the time of his birth, to his fatal re-

jection, on account of it, by her father.

How did she gaze on the countess, with her soft, tearful eyes, as she narrated those thousand little incidents of Oakleigh's boyhood,

so delightfully told by the lips of affection!

How did she every now and then stop the beloved speaker, with the kiss of unrestrainable gratitude; then, flinging her arms round her neck, beg her to proceed; which she would, the while, Digitized by & SOGIC

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parting the golden hair from Ellen's brow, damp and dim with debility.

When, however, months and months elapsed, and still brought no tidings of the absent one, on whom her earthly happiness so entirely depended; hope once more expired within her heart, and

again she relapsed to the brink of the grave.

Then was the duke, sanguine as a boy for her ultimate recovery, maddened by this fresh, and unendurable disappointment. Then, too, was the equally disappointed Lord Beauchamp torn with that acute remorse, the partial recovery of Lady Ellen had lulled to temporary oblivion, in his lacerated bosom. And then, too, Lady Beauchamp, feeling herself called upon for new, and even greater exertions, laying aside all selfish consideration, smothering all personal emotions, choking down her ever-rising tears, she devoted every effort to reconcile the murmurers around her, to the decrees of that wise and beneficent Providence, who ordereth all things well. Difficult, indeed, was her task, but she succeeded in it, for she was assisted by *Him*, in whom she trusted for aid.

As Ellen was now entirely confined to her room, and mostly to her bed, everything was brought into it, in the hope of alluring her from her deeply seated melancholy, by her affectionate and assiduous friends, of whom she now was the cherished and treasured idol. Thus, magazines, drawings, novels, and newspapers literally crowded every table; none of which the poor, desponding girl ever noticed; appearing to shrink from everything which tended in the remotest degree, to draw her, even momentarily, from her own mournful meditations; conscious that her hours were too fearfully abridged to spare time for aught, save her secret

communings with Oakleigh, and heaven.

She no longer indulged in those fond, protracted conversations. She had learned all from Lady Beauchamp,—all! How worthy was Oakleigh of her love, how irreparable was the losss he had sustained

in him!

Twenty times a day, would her father and Lord Beauchamp steal on their tip-toes, to gaze in silent anguish on the wasted girl, who, with closed eyes and continually low, whispering lips, lay perfectly unconscious of their presence. Then, lifting up their distracted hands and eyes above, would they as noiselessly steal

away, to indulge their mutual and intolerable grief.

One day, when the meridian sun streamed into the apartment, with his overpowering beams, and despite of every precaution, sent one penetrating ray full on the pillow of the panting invalid, Ellen started up to seek for something which would more effectually screen her eyes, weakened by sickness and tears; and seeing the daily paper on the bed, just placed inadvertently there, by the servant who was arranging the room, she took it up, and began folding it, so as to form the sort of shade she required. But, sud-

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denly her eyes became riveted on a passage in it, then she kissed it over and over again, and then with a loud shriek, she fell back on her pillow, still, however, tenaciously grasping the paper.

Lady Beauchamp, who was at the window, started forward, exclaiming, in an agony of terror, "Ellen, my dear Ellen, what is

the matter?"

"Fetch papa, fetch Lord Beauchamp; I am dying, dying with

"My dear child, compose yourself, I implore; you must not

give way to your feelings, thus."

"Oh! how can I help it, when he is found?"
"Who found, my dear love?"
"Oaklaigh Oaklaigh !"

"Oakleigh, Oakleigh!"

"Oakleigh found? No! her brain is surely wandering!"

"No, no, no! Look yourself! Read, read!"

Still she would not resign the paper, the precious paper. So Lady Beauchamp, seating herself on the bed, and laying Ellen's head on her bosom, she read, indeed, the following astounding paragraph:—"Indian News: Invalided,—Lieutenant Oakleigh Hamilton, of the 92nd Infantry, to the depôt at Chatham; this distinguished young officer has actually risen from the ranks, in an incredibly short space of time, from his extraordinary bravery. As a gentleman and a scholar he has endeared himself to all his brother officers; and it is with a feeling of universal pleasure and congratulation, they learn that still higher promotion awaits him, on his recovery."

Forgetful of Ellen, forgetful of all, save the idea of at last being a messenger of joy to her husband, Lady Beauchamp darted out of the room; and rushing into the library, where he and the duke were seated, in melancholy conversation on the old, hopeless subject, she flung herself on his breast, in an agony of tears, without

the power of uttering one word, from overwrought emotion.

The first idea of both was, that Ellen was dead, and that she

dared not inform them of it.

"Speak, speak, I implore you," exclaimed the duke, in a tone of despair, "speak, although I guess the worst; my Ellen is dead, and I am, indeed, childless!"

"And I am her murderer!" shrieked Lord Beauchamp, ever

ready to accuse himself.

"No, no; Ellen is not dead! she is better; but Oakleigh---"

"Oakleigh dead! my son dead! How did you learn that horrible news, Emily?"

"You will not give me time, Oswald. I did not say that he He is alive, I hope, at this moment, and in England."

"In England! my son, my precious boy, in England? merciful heaven, I do not deserve such blessings at thy hands."

"You do, you do, my own husband! Your long repentance is

rewarded, for, has he not said, 'I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy,' and you are one of the chosen, my beloved."

"And you the angel to announce it, dear, dear Emily! But

now tell us every particular."

"No, come to Ellen's room, she shall tell you; it must be from her lips, now smiling in delight, so long, so long blanched in

sorrow, that you must hear your felicity."

They found Ellen still sitting up, with her cheeks flushed, her eyes dilated, and altogether exceedingly excited; and it was only after the administration of a soothing cordial, that she was sufficiently composed to impart the glad tidings she had so providentially discovered, and to listen to the plans of her agitated father

and friends, to restore her lover to her.

After various discussions, it was finally arranged, that application should be instantly made to the proper quarters, for Oakleigh's removal to London, for the best advice, and also, for the sake of being near his family connections. This merely nominal affair was soon effected through the duke's interest, when he, in his easy travelling carriage, set off, accompanied by Lord Beauchamp, to fetch him. The first impulse of Lady Beauchamp was to go too, to fly to the darling adopted son her heart yearned so inexpressibly to embrace again; but she conquered that wish, as she had done many, many equally as strong ones, for the sake of others; "for, how could she leave Ellen alone, alone to deplore the feebleness which prevented her going also? she, the most interested of the party; for by suffering allied to death, had she proved her affec-She would, therefore, remain behind, and, in fond and busy preparations for him, and quelling the impatience of the anxious girl, lose the aching space that must yet intervene between her and the happiness she knew would be hers, on his arrival."

All Ellen's thoughts ran on the bravery Oakleigh had evinced,

that he had achieved greatness.

"Oh, I do not mind how much he is maimed, or even disfigured, so that he but lives, dear Lady Beauchamp," she exclaimed, passionately; "he will always be handsome enough for me to love and venerate; for, I shall remember that he has purchased a name to bestow on me, that will glitter on the highest pinnacle of fame, when the poor baubles of my father's ducal coronet are dimmed by the dust of oblivion."

On the afternoon, when the travellers were expected, Lady Beauchamp seeing Ellen in a placid slumber, retired to her own room, to endeavour to compose herself for the affecting interview. On descending some time after, to the drawing-room, she was petrified to behold Ellen up and dressed, seated on a chair by the window, watching intently the way the carriage must come.

"Ellen, my dear, sweet, Ellen, how could you be so imprudent?"
"What, did you imagine I should not make an effort to wel-

come my Oakleigh? My destined husband? Do you think I could suffer him to enter my father's house, without being the first to hail his presence? You know I was not allowed to bid him adieu."

"Dear, noble girl; my blessed, blessed Ellen! all your sufferings are at an end now, and a lovely future awaits you, my own child."

Ellen now caught sight of the long expected carriage, and uttering a wild cry of delight, she fell fainting into Lady Beauchamp's arms; and it was in a state of deathlike unconsciousness, that Oakleigh pressed the first kiss of sanctioned love on her pale closed lips.

It were vain to endeavour to depict her ecstacy on her recovery, to find her head supported on his manly bosom; while her father, Lord and Lady Beauchamp, Oakleigh's old nurse, and every domestic of the house, stood round her, dissolved in tears. Neither will we attempt to describe the ebbs and flows of the tide of returning health, in the sadly wasted pair; but time is a great restorer, and love a still greater, for the day did at last arrive, when both blooming, both as happy, nay, happier than when first they met, there was, as they say in warm, enthusiastic Ireland, "a glorious wedding to the fore," the lovely lady looking lovely indeed, and the gentleman with the medals won in battle, on his brave breast, looking the personification of concentrated admiration; whilst the rest of the nuptial group were in admirable keeping with the affecting and touching picture of two fond young hearts made one, in truth and honour.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION OF FEBRUARY.

THE consummation of the Revolution of 1792 has at length been achieved. Though long delayed, the triumph of the French people has at length arrived. The Bourbon dynasty is at an end. Sophist Guizot and sham King Louis have received a righteous retribution. History has again its appropriate It has again been proclaimed that wrong can never become right, that no amount of cunning can make the false lasting as the true, that we live not in a God-forsaken world, but that virtue is still a more potent reality than vice. has again witnessed the noble sight of a great nation indignantly rising up and protesting against the injustice of years. Again have old forms been crushed like rotten reeds. has the sanctity that doth hedge in a king been found to be a pitiable delusion, and a lie. Again has a political society been re-constructed from its base, and its elementary principles Again has the old cry—and one more proclaimed anew. noble, it is impossible to conceive—Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, been raised, to the delight and amazement of a world. Of this heroic deed we would fain give an outline.

Europe had long mourned the ignoble sight of a king giving the lie to every one of the professions by which he had won the crown; a king in whose bosom the principles of honour, and the restraints of shame, were alike dead; a king who, to aggrandize his family, had sacrificed the best interests of the great people over whom he ruled; a king who, with unflinching will, had gone on from one deed of infamy to the commission of others yet more vile. Few men have led a life more rich in experience, and few men have learned less, than the royal refugee who has just landed on our shores. His father perished a victim in the whirlwind he had conspired to raise. Because Charles the Tenth had acted the part of a bigot and a fool, he had been seated on the throne. Himself an exile, in peril of his life, to him the lessons of adversity appealed in vain. Deeming men false as himself, reckless of popular hate, dreaming that against that arms and gold were a sure defence, he blundered on to his ignominious fall, till without one voice raised for him, one arm lifted in defence of his throne, he stood—

"The victor desolate,
The conqueror overthrown,
The arbiter of others' fate—
A suppliant for his own."

For years it had been known that there was something rotten in the state of France, that the people had been deprived of the fruits of the three days of July. Freedom had come to be but The press was a sealed thing, it dared not speak the truth. By the laws of September it was almost entirely deprived of power. "All mention of the king" with regard to any political measure, except in praise, was prohibited; all blame directed against the government; all attacks upon any class; all censures against either of the chambers; all criticism of the institutions of the country; all vituperation of any law, how unjust soever in principle, and injurious in its consequences, were declared délits of crimes; and the penalties extended from 600 francs to 50,000 francs, and from six months to ten years imprisonment; nay, the judges were empowered to double the maximum of the penalties, and to sentence to imprisonment for life, and to transportation. To secure the payment of the highest fine, the security had been raised to 100,000 francs, and the responsible editor was compelled to be bond fide proprietor of one-third of that sum. The security had to be constantly made up to its original amount after every penalty, or the newspaper could not be published; nay, more—after two condemnations of a newspaper, the judges could interdict its publication." The expenses of government had gradually swelled to the most enormous amount. During the Empire the war expenses on the average amounted to about 330,000,000 francs. after the disasters of the Russian campaign, when the whole army was re-organized, the total expenditure was 420,000,000 francs; but during the last sixteen years the average expenses of the minister of war were 500,000,000 francs. Under the Empire the budget of the ministry of the interior, in which were included the public works, and agriculture, and commerce, was In 1847 it had been raised 70,000,000 15,000,000 francs. francs. Under Napoleon, the total expenses for all the services of government, besides the army and navy, were 200,000,000 francs a-year. During the last seventeen years the expenditure for the same services has exceeded 900,000,000 francs a-year. Of this sum 500,000,000 were paid for salaries and sinecures, the rest was squandered away in jobs and corruption. enormous amount of taxation fell, as taxation in most countries generally falls, not upon the rich tax-makers, but the poor; it is from their scanty means that the riches of the state are wrung. The money thus collected was chiefly spent upon the persons

employed by government in the capacity of civil agents, of whom, in 1847, there were nearly six hundred thousand, at a cost of ten millions sterling, annually; whilst in England there are but twenty-five thousand of this class, with salaries altogether amounting to less than three millions sterling. In France it must also be remembered, that the registered electors amounted to but two hundred thousand, so that the government employés were actually thrice as numerous as the electors themselves. It is generally admitted that a numerous standing army, that a large national debt, that a numerous body of placemen existing together are sufficient to destroyall constitutional liberty; these three scourges France had. How they worked in increasing taxation, we have already seen. The Observer of March 12 published side by side the two budgets,—that of 1831 and that of 1848, the first and the last of the Orleans dynasty, which places the matter in a yet clearer light. We reprint them here:-

		1831.	1848.
		FRANCS.	FRANCS.
Ministry of Justice		15,553,780	22,048,770
,,	Affaires Etrangeres	4,871,200	6,048,350
,,	Interieur	707,000	9,911,192
**	Guerre	44,989,784	65,904,057
,,	Marine and Colonies	8,359,308	17,395,098
,,	Finances	82,983,072	96,750,881
,,	Instruction	31,251,665	39,046,810
,,	Commerce and Travaux Publics	12,725,400	7,702,800
		201,441,209	264,807,958

This gives an increase of 63,000,000 francs and upwards, or £2,500,000. in the year between the two periods in question.

The French system of centralization, a system much admired by certain politicians at home, left every thing at the mercy of the government. The number of mayors for all the communes of France is thirty-eight thousand one hundred and eight, and that of the adjuncts about fifty-two thousand; so that the minister of the interior had ninety thousand individuals appointed by himself, subject to instant dismissal, and his passive tools. The mayors, and their assistants, were, ex officio, the officers of the police in the rural communes. In towns one or more commissioners of police, in proportion to the population, were appointed by the minister, who had regular policemen and spies acting under their direction. In a few of the large towns there was, besides the ordinary commissioners, a general commissioner, and, in Paris, a prefect of police. The commissioners

of police were under the orders of the prefects and subprefects, but the general commissioners, and the prefects of police corresponded with the minister through a principal agent, the director-general of the police. It is difficult to give an exact estimate of the cost of the police in France. It appears, however, that the number of the rural constables was about thirtyfive thousand. The regular policemen in the towns and cities amounted to about eleven thousand. There were above six hundred commissioners of police, a few general commissioners, and a prefect; and their emoluments amounted altogether to about 11,000,000 francs. The secret police, whose agents were unknown, were annually voted 2,400,000 france by the chambers. In every company of the national guard there were two or three agents to report the opinions of their comrades to the police. Law and justice were corrupted at their fountain head. The judge was appointed by the king, and kept in dependence on the court. The procureur du Roi, who was at the head of the police in his arrondissement, and had the power to arrest. imprison, and detain, any citizen, who had not the good fortune to agree with him in laws or politics, was generally chosen for his strong party feeling; and as he was liable to immediate dismissal, was, consequently, at all times ready to do anything that might be desired by his master. Education, like everything else, was fettered. The system pursued was approved of by government. The books used in the course of study, as well as those read in leisure hours, had to receive the sanction of the minister; the consequence is, that according to statistical tables, few countries have such a deplorable amount of ignorance as France. Two-thirds of her population can neither read nor write; one-fourth in a comparative state of ignorance; one-fourteenth only able to read and write correctly; and not one in a hundred having completed a course of classical studies. In 1844 the returns were as follows:-

First class, unable to read and write	16,855,000 7,097,000 6,968,000 2,480,000 735,000
Sixth class, having completed their classical studies .	815,000
Total	34,400,000

And so wretched was the instruction given, that we find a large proportion of the criminals amongst the educated, and not the meducated classes. In the most ignorant of the French departments, Correze, with eight hundred and four ignorants in one

thousand young men of twenty-one years of age, there was but one criminal in ten thousand three hundred and sixty inhabitants. In the department of Creuse, where the ignorants were six hundred and twenty-one to one thousand, there was but one criminal in twenty-one thousand inhabitants; whilst in the Seine Inferieure, with three hundred and forty-six ignorants, and Seine et Marne with two hundred and twenty-eight, the proportion was four thousand four hundred and ninety-six inhabitants for one criminal, in the first, and in the second, six thousand one hundred and ninety-four. The general average of departmental criminal statistics gave one convict for every six thousand three hundred and seventy-nine inhabitants, and four hundred and eighty-four ignorants in one thousand men; while in the forty-three least criminal departments, the ignorants were five hundred and eighteen in one thousand, and one convict in eleven thousand eight hundred and twenty-nine inhabitants.

But we need not accumulate details, though they are plenty as blackberries in autumn. The boast of Louis the Fourteenth, "L'Etat c'est moi," was being realised in the reign of Louis Philippe. Government was the great master, to which all universal France was to be compelled to bow. Even the arts were prostituted, to advance the aims of designing kingcraft. The patent of the new theatre in the Boulevards was assigned to a literary minion of the ex-king, on account of his support of government measures in one of the Parisian journals. For government interference, and as a means of patronage and corruption, nothing was too disgraceful. It could license brothels, and pursue the trade of the pawnbroker. In love with infamy, fondling all that men of honour would abhor, wallowing as it were in the mire, no wonder that the government of Louis Philippe met with an untimely end; no wonder that a nation of brave and high-spirited men withered it up with their deadly hate. Had it been as honourable abroad, as it had been infamous at home; could Tahiti, Algiers, and Spain, bear witness to its generosity, as fully as now they can testify its cruelty and craft; still, in its rottenness it must have fallen to the earth, so corrupt was it at its core, so flagrantly had it outraged the rights and dignity of man.

But the grey-haired man's fall was nearer than he desired. Men saw the corruption that everywhere prevailed, and shuddered at the sight. In 1847, in different parts of France, no fewer than sixty-two reform banquets were held. The 22d of February was to witness a reform banquet in Paris itself; it witnessed far more than that banquet sought. The Monday night preceding was one long to be remembered. Troops poured into Paris, as the ex-king blindly imagined, to defend his throne.

He forgot that they were Frenchmen, and preferred the interests of their country to those of their king. They stood sympathetic, while the men en blouse sang the "Marsellaise," and the new chorus "Mourir pour la patrie." Towards evening the national guard was called out. In the Chamber of Deputies, Odillon Barrot impeached the ministers of having betrayed, abroad, the honour and interests of France, of having falsified the principles of the constitution, violated the guarantees of liberty, and attacked the rights of the people; of having, by a systematic corruption, attempted to substitute for the fair expression of public opinion the calculations of private interest, and thus perverted the representative government; of having trafficked for ministerial purposes in public offices, as well as in all the prerogatives and privileges of power; of having in the same interest wasted the finances of the state, and thus compromised the forces and the grandeur of the kingdom; of having violently deprived the citizens of a right inherent to every free constitution, and the exercise of which had been guaranteed to them by the charter, by the law, and by former precedents; of having, in fine, by a policy counter-revolutionary, placed in question all the conquests of two revolutions, and thrown the country into a profound agitation. This was signed by fifty-three deputies. Wednesday morning witnessed a mighty progress in the struggle. The national guard fraternized with the people, and marched to the Tuileries, demanding the dismissal of Guizot. Guizot resigned. Count Molè was sent for, but declined the task of forming a ministry. was then installed, but in the meanwhile blood had been shed. The Tuilleries was in the hands of the mob. The resignation of the king was refused by men who resolved not again to be duped, and while Louis Philippe fled, as if pursued by assassins, in the Chamber of Deputies a provisional government was declared.

The departure of monarchy in France was as ridiculous as can well be imagined. With no one to pursue them, suffered to go their way quite unmolested, the people being only too thankful to be well rid of them, the members of the royal family made, upon the whole, a somewhat ungraceful exit. The Duke de Nemours arrived in London very ungallantly, without his wife, whom he left to preserve herself as best she could. From an artful schemer, Louis Philippe seemed at once to have sunk into a doating imbecile. After lurking for a week in disguise—shorn of his royal whiskers, dressed like a sailor, he landed at Newhaven, rejoicing in the euphonious name of Smith. It is not improbable but that he may make England his adopted home. We trust that our conduct towards him will not be disgraced by the flunkeyism that in Newhaven

was not very extraordinary, but that in London would be very absurd. Whatever sympathy is due to the man who sought to govern by corruption for selfish ends; who became the ally of despotism wherever it prevailed; who craftily, one by one, destroyed the liberties he had sworn to respect and preserve; who was righteously expelled the land whose noble people he had foully wronged, we trust will be his. To do more than this were to sanction the crimes he has now leisure to remember and repent; to do more than this were to encourage the frightened kings of Europe in their opposition to reforms, they have

been compelled to promise, if not to grant.

It is useless to speculate as to the probable consequences, had Louis Philippe adopted a different course. Men in high station are generally in a state of the most profound ignorance as to the intentions and feelings of the people whom they rule. all we know, a little courage on the part of the king might have saved his crown. However, France has decided that henceforth she can do without a king. The order displayed during the Revolution almost warrants the belief that she is fitted for selfgovernment. Amongst other facts that may be mentioned, the following must be fresh in the reader's memory:-" The flight of Louis Philippe," says the National, " was marked by an incident which does so much honour to the feelings of our population, that we hasten to mention it. At the moment the ex-king was escaping by the little low doorway nearly opposite the bridge, and going into the little voiture that waited for him, he found himself surrounded by the people. Two cuirassiers stationed in the Place de la Concorde rushed to his protection; and this brave regiment, without however using their arms. opened a passage. An officer, seeing the danger, cried out, 'Messieurs, spare the king!' To which a stentorian voice replied, 'We are not assassins, let him go'-' Yes, let him go, let him depart,' became the general cry. The people have been too brave during the combat not to be generous after the victory." Again, the Constitutionnel states:- "On the night of Thursday, when the people were still under the impression of the victory they had gained, an individual posted up at the corner of the Rue Richelieu a written paper, containing the name and address of the persons with whom MM. Guizot, Duchatel, and Hèbert, had taken refuge. That indication was followed by an appeal to vengeance. Already the crowd was gathering round the spot, full of emotion, when a patrole of workmen advanced, with a corporal of the national guard at its head. The latter approached, read the placard, and cried out, 'My friends, they who make such dastardly denunciations have not fought in our ranks;' and he tore down the paper amidst the applause of all." The strictness with which persons detected

pillaging were immediately shot, speaks volumes for the intelligence and high character of the French. In the moments of greatest excitement, in the very crisis of the Revolution, the people conducted themselves with discretion and propriety. The crowd who broke into the Chamber of Deputies, and decided the fate of France, were no exceptions. Some one having directed their attention to the picture of Louis Philippe swearing obedience to the charter, cries of "Tear it down," arose. A workman, armed with a double-barrelled gun, who was standing in the semicircle, cried out, "Just wait until I have a shot at Louis Philippe," and, at the same moment, both barrels were discharged. In the midst of the confusion that occurred, two men jumped on the chair behind the president's seat, and prepared to cut the picture to pieces with their sabres. This was all the outrage attempted; nevertheless it was soon put down by a workman, who ran up the steps of the tribune, and exclaimed, "Respect public monuments! Respect property! Why destroy the picture with balls? We have shown that the people will not allow itself to be ill-governed; let us now show that it knows how to conduct itself properly after victory." This speech was received with applause, and produced the desired effect. A still more honourable sight was that of the multitude, at the suggestion of a student of the Polytechnic School, pausing in the midst of their triumph to bow down before the image of the crucified Christ. And well might they, the genius of Christianity, have been the nurse, in every age and clime, of freedom in word and deed.

To the power held by unworthy means of Louis Philippe and his hireling tools, have succeeded some of the noblest children France can boast. Many of them are men Europe had long learned to respect. Dupont (de l'Eure), the President of the Council. in a life already extended to upwards of eighty years, has long been connected with political affairs; in 1811, he was President of the Court of Rouen; in 1813, he was President of the Corps Legislatif; in 1816 he proposed the famous declaration in which the rights of the citizens were preserved; and, in 1830, he was appointed Minister of Justice. Lamartine, Minister for Foreign Affairs, has been but little known as a politician, because his lustre as a poet and writer obscured the less brilliant, but equally important, part he has long filled in the political affairs of his native More than thirty years ago he became deputy for Macon, and was long a diplomatist in the service of Charles x. Arago, the most illustrious name in science belonging to France at present, has long passed the age when enthusiasm gets the better of discretion. Cremieux, the Minister of Justice; Marie, Minister of Public Works: Ledru Rollin, Minister of the Interior; Bethmont, Minister of Commerce; Carnot, Minister of Public Instruction are all of them of greater or less repute as advocates. Men in the

very flower of manhood, long conversant with public matters, cannot be quite so visionary and inexperienced as some writers in England would lead us to conclude. At any rate, taunts from us, and we grieve to say we have had too many of them both in newspapers and in parliament, on this head come with but indifferent grace. Bacon was not the less able chancellor because he had mastered all learning, human and divine. Addison and Bolingbroke, Burke and Sheridan, would not have been better politicians had they been worse writers. Pitt and Fox were neither of them very experienced men when they began their political career. A mere university education, the mere ability to read Latin and Greek, 'combined with an utter ignorance of all matters connected with trade, has hitherto been no obstacle to the possession of political power, with us; though, if ever a nation required in those who conducted its affairs, an accurate acquaintance with the laws which regulate the acquisition and distribution of wealth, ours is precisely that nation. The plain American printer, Benjamin Franklin, was more than a match for the aristocratic court of St. James's. It is high time that the prejudices of birth should be exploded. It is high time that man's dignity and power be believed. A nation may be great, its annals may embody all noble thoughts, though its statesmen may not wear the garter; though it may be profoundly ignorant of blue ribbons; though it may not boast a single lord. If these things be essential to a nation's well-being, then, but not unless, France is utterly lost. We must mourn its fate, in sorrow and despair.

But the French republic calls up other feelings; it awakens anticipations far more glorious and bright. It has already done much. It has made liberty no longer a purple dream, but a splendid possession. It has called into political existence thirtyfive millions of men, most of whom, a few weeks since, were crushed as serfs by despotic power. It has undone the evils of the holy alliance. It has annihilated for ever the cold, heartless, unsleeping policy of such statesmen as Metternich. It has sounded throughout Europe the death knell of the tyrant, whether he be petty prince or imperial lord. It has spoken the language of hope to all who have been borne down by political wrong. Across the banks of the Elbe; over the vineyards of the Rhine; along the fair fields of the sunny south; amongst the hills and dales of Switzerland,—have floated its glad tidings of peace and joy. has taught man to stand erect; to come forth from his house of bondage, to burst his fetters, and be free. Political boons that have long been sought and indignantly withheld; that men have grown grey-haired waiting for, and despaired of seeing; whose advocates have lingered out years of wretchedness in dungeons or in exile,—have been conceded at once. The foolish lover of Lola Mnotes has turned over a new leaf, and has appeared in the

character of a patriot king. The rulers of Wirtemberg, Hesse Cassel, Saxony, Hesse Darmstadt, Nassau, Weimar, have fast followed in his steps. Hanover has done the same. The king of Prussia has not only as usual promised, but has promised to perform. Even the house of Napsburg has been compelled to bend before the coming storm. Germany is to be at last confederate and free. The resurrection of Poland from the grave is an idea already instinct with life. Events that have hitherto been slowly realised, by the united efforts of generations have followed each other quick as the lightning's flash. The chains that ages have rivetted are at once and for ever burst. Everywhere there is food for thankfulness and joy. That France is in a critical state, we admit. The earnest men who preside over its affairs have tremendous difficulties in their path. Government profligacy has left the treasury in a bankrupt state. Men, false to the cause of the Revolution, will plot to defeat the elections of next month. The social changes aimed at are such as no other government has endeavoured to effect. It may be, the members of the provisional government are unequal to the task; it may be, they may give it up in despair; it may be, that demagogues may pander to the passions of a people long deprived of political rights, and may triumph for an hour; but yet the three days of February will not have been in vain. Not in vain will have been the bravery of the living, or the heroism of the dead. The struggle were rich in precious fruit, if it but gave fresh spirit to the advocate of right; it were worth the price it cost, if it but filled his bosom with firmer hope and more enduring zeal. The poet's language can never be too often embodied before the world in deeds :--

"There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow,
There's a midnight blackness changing into grey:
Men of might and men of action, clear the way!"

In this time of change; of fear and trembling to the advocates of worn-out institutions and ideas, but of exultation to those who have faith in man; when old kingdoms are tottering to their fall; when justice is being dealt out to the wronger and the wronged; when the degradation of ages is being swept away; when all Europe is heaving with the throes and agony of a most momentous birth,—England's duty can clearly be perceived. It becomes us to look on France with a loving eye, and to hold out to her a helping hand. It becomes us to show that we rejoice in her freedom, and from our hearts wish her success. It becomes

us to show that we repent of the wrong we did her when we collected our bannered hosts; when we let loose through Europe the hell-hounds of war; when we seated on her throne a dynasty she had righteously expelled. We are wiser now. The English nation has risen up in its greatness and its strength. Our gold is now no langer lavished on every petty German prince; our statesmen are now no longer the tools of Metternich. We even question whether a home secretary will again act the part of an No one, at present, either in the House of Austrian spy. Commons or Lords, has had the hardihood to propose a war for the purpose of restoring to his lost estate the exiled king. are not even aware that the Iron Duke has hinted the propriety of such a step: from no mysterious letter, at present, has such a purpose oozed out. Our sympathies must go forth to France. We are members one of another: in its sorrows we share; in its joy we rejoice. Like us, it has a mighty work to do; like us, its mission is to teach the nations how to live; like us, it cannot falter or fall in its high career, without being a stumbling-block in the path of human progress, all over the globe. At any rate, far from us be all thoughts of war with France. The French must remember, the preparations now making are against the feelings of the English people, and have been voted because, unfortunately, there are more naval and military men in the House of Commons than such friends of peace as Cobden and Bright. The people are averse to war. They know it to be generally wicked and insane.

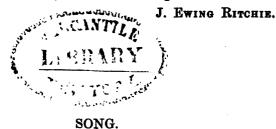
"To be a strife, however just,
Has no attraction to our mind;
And as for nations fond of war,
We think them pests of human kind.
Still, if here must be rivalry
Betwixt us and the French, why then,
Let earth look on us while we show
Which of the two are better men.

"We'll try the rivalry of arts,
Of science, learning, freedom, fame;
We'll try who first shall light the world
With charity's divinest flame;—
Who best shall elevate the poor,
And teach the wealthy to be true.
We want no rivalry of arms:
We make no boast of Waterloo."

From the recent events in France we may deduce a moral for ourselves. We have seen a monarch, deemed invincible,—in spite of his forts, in spite of his soldiery,—at a moment's notice driven ignominiously from his palace; skulking, a fugitive, in the land of

which he had so lately been the king; an exiled pauper on our shores. We have seen the son of a royal line, the heir of a hundred kings, by one blow deprived of the splendid destiny he had vainly been taught to believe in time would be his own. We have seen an aristocracy of illustrious descent, whose sons were chivalrous, and whose daughters were fair,—an aristocracy proud and polished, weakened, it is true, by time and decay, but still stamped with the imperiousness of its prime,—shattered at a stroke. We have seen a mighty continent, from one end to another, reverberating the cry of the mob who charged the Tuilleries and deposed the king. We have seen constitutions torn to tatters; hereditary privileges trampled under foot; men and minds at once made free. things have been done in other lands. That they have not taken place in our own; that our Queen is not a refugee; that our nobles are not blotted out; that Citizen Cobden is not publishing proclamations from the palace of St. James's; that Citizen Bright is not domiciled in Whitehall; arises from the fact that our government is constitutional; that our rulers have long been taught, in some degree, to respect the spirit of the age; that while Louis le Grand was gilding the chains by which France was gorgeously enslaved, our statesmen were struggling with success against the tyranny of the Stuarts. The scenes enacted in France can never be re-enacted here. We have no old soldiers to form barricades. We have no press gagged and fettered by the law. In place of two hundred and forty thousand electors in a population of thirty-five millions, we have one million of electors in a population of twenty-eight; and, by the Reform Bill, we have the power indefinitely to increase that number; our Leagues answer our purpose better than Parisian barricades. We have wrongs, huge and rampant, in our midst. Taxation must be re-adjusted. The growing expenditure on the part of the government, by which the vitals of the land are withered up, must be put down; placemen and pensions must be abolished; the workman must have a better chance of living by the labour of his hands than he has at present. But we can do these things better by moral than by physical force. Our middle classes deprecate revolution. They would act with the soldiers in upholding order and law. Without bloodshed, by us all political blessings can be won: but we live in times of peril and Ireland is on the brink of rebellion; the millions of Yorkshire and Lancashire cannot go through the fearful crises they have four times in the short space of nine years experienced, without involving the middle classes in their fate. The time for serious consideration has come. Sir Robert Peel has expressed alarm at the gradual increase of our expenditure. Mr. Cardwell "confidently hoped that a great deal might be done in favour of the depressed energies of the country, by way of reduction of the expenditure." Mr. Gladstone has declared distinctly, that every April, 1848.—Vol. LII. No. CCIV.

branch of the national expenditure should be reduced one-third, and that our colonies must be left to shift for themselves. We trust that the warning has not been given in vain; that our senators may learn and understand the signs of the times; that our aristocracy nursed in voluptuousness and wealth, may set their house in order, lest the wrongs of ages by an indignant people be visited on their heads. Above all we pray that our Queen, true to her woman's heart, may feel that the firmest foundation for a throne is not in the murderous instruments of war, but in a nation's gratitude and love.



THE GALLANT SPORTS OF OLD.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

OH! those were gallant times of old,
When hawking was the sport
Of belted knight, and baron bold,
At England's princely court:
"Awake, awake! the dawn doth break,
The grooms are hurrying on;
Bring out the hawks! the spaniels take!
To horse! and let's be gone!"

Those jocund times are past away,
When "good Queen Bess" was seen,
On plumed steed, in proud array,
To ride the woodland green:
"Away, away! no more delay!
The court comes sweeping by;
The queen puts off her state to-day,
To see the falcons fly."

Oh! those the noblest pastimes were,
That live in tale and song,
When high-born dame, and "ladye faire,"
Would join the jovial throng:
"Arise, arise! the orient skies
Announce the dawning day,
For beaming brows, and starry eyes,
Have chased the night away."

JUL 5 - 1940

